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THE BOOK LEAGUE MONTHLY

The SCENE of WAYNE'S Campaigns in the NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Lake MICHIGAN
BATTLE of FALLEN TIMBERS here
DETROIT
Lake ERIE
ERIE
Wayne died here
PENN.
Joliet
Fort Joseph
Fort WAYNE
FORT DEFIANCE
SANDUSKY
Cleveland
PITTSBURGH
WHEELING
GREENEVILLE
Treaty signed here
ZANESVILLE
OHIO
MARIETTA
OHIO R.
Cincinnati
Gallipolis
VIRGINIA
VINCENNES
Wabash River
St. Louis
CAHOKIA
Mississippi River
OHIO River
Louisville
Lexington
Harrodsburg
Fort Wayne — From an old print

A GENTLEMAN REBEL—

The Exploits of Anthony Wayne

JOHN HYDE PRESTON

VOLUME III · APRIL 1930 · NUMBER 6

THE BOOK LEAGUE MONTHLY

Vol. III APRIL, 1930 No. 6

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exploits of Anthony Wayne

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THE
BOOK LEAGUE MONTHLY
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A NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

I HAVE never thought until now how I should act if I were to introduce Anthony Wayne to a group of people in my own drawing-room. That may seem a fantastic reach, but that is what writing a biography amounts to in the long run. I should be very embarrassed. I would call him an old friend. That would be true, but it would not cover all my obligation.

But here, I hope, the book itself will help me, that it will serve to repair my failure to make a gracious, polite, and quite casual introduction. On this page I can only speak of Mad Anthony as a friend.

He is that. I feel towards him as towards one whom I have known a long time. I have gone through much with him. One cannot feel like a cool thin observer towards a man with whom one has shared, however vicariously, the days of youth, the love of women, the round warmth and hollowness of glory, the gayety, the bitterness, the jealousy, the fear, the joy, and the despair of life.

One can judge him and measure him, but it is impossible to think of him merely as the subject of a book. I have never once thought of him as that in all the two years I worked on this biography. Therefore, I cannot take a foreign attitude now.

I cannot say with precision just why or how I happened to write about Anthony Wayne. It was more a feeling than a decision when I started. The spirit of the Colonial and Revolutionary times has always been profoundly stimulating to my heart-action. I am old-fashioned enough to be thrilled by fighting men. I admire the child-heart of a good soldier. I had always written about literary men before—perhaps because every young author is thrown that way. I was struggling to get away from that circle—that vicious, homoesthetic, exhausting circle. I don't like literary men as a rule. The majority of them are always too tired. I prefer men of action. If the pen is mightier than the sword to-day I am perfectly resigned to that fact, but I cannot say that I think it a vitally exciting state of affairs. I am more inclined to sympathize with men who would rather shed their blood that let it run thin.

Because Mad Anthony was that sort of man he touched me deeply. I wrote about him because I had to. I needed to loaf with his fiery spirit. In him I found the quintessence of all fighting men. I hate the word typical, but I need to use it in saying that he was typical of the highest, clearest, rarest sort of warrior—the warrior who fights for the love of fighting, as if under a sort of spell, and with the dream in his heart—both knightly and boyish—that the glory of the field of arms will bring to his bosom and his bed a pair of deep soft eyes, laughing and dark and wild. Wayne married young, but the image of that other woman, the image of those smiling lips and those slumberous eyes and that rich black hair, the image of Molly Vining spurred his spirit to battle for twenty years, unto the last night of life at Erie when he died on the way home to marry her at last.

Even when he was weary and very sick that wonderful capacity for youth never entirely left him; it was with him to the end, and in the end it killed him. Wayne may stand as a symbol of the fighter and lover whose immortal boyhood is dead only when the man himself is gone.

I have been asked to say something of myself, but this is even harder than to speak of Wayne.

The fact that I was born in New York does not make me a New Yorker. I am a westerner more than that, a Washingtonian, because I lived in Seattle from the time I was two until I was almost nineteen. I came east only because I wanted to be a writer, and I thought New York was the pool to sink or swim in.

One can be a complete jackass only when one is young, and God knows I was young enough. I determined I would not take a job and would make a living by writing. I had to learn everything by myself, because I had always been an outrageous and rebellious student and had been regularly kicked out of schools.

I could never go through that again. I should never wish the struggle to be an author upon my worst enemy. It tears one to pieces—though it has its joys. One has to miss so much and the labor roughens—too, let us hope, toughens—the spirit. But, yes, one has to be young for that—so terribly young. It would be impossible now.

I gave myself five years to make the goal. How horribly slow it was! After two years things began to move, but never very fast. Yet continually better. That was encouraging, but it seemed to take forever. More years passed. Only twelve days before the five-year limit was up this book was accepted for publication.

This is my first book. My other work is in magazines here and there—mostly articles and some poetry. Never any fiction; that gift was denied me.

I love writing, but I love playing more. I always may be trusted to find an excuse for keeping away from my desk. Perhaps this is because I saw too much of it in those early years of struggle. I am happiest when I am dancing, or swimming, or ice-skating, or driving. That is why most of this book was written in the small deep hours of the morning. I live in the country, in an old pre-revolutionary farmhouse, all year around. I prefer the outdoors to the indoors, and the thing I like least is talking about literature.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON

North Stamford, Connecticut
25 February 1930.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE list of the biographer's helpers is an endless one. No writer can hope to thank every one of those who deserve thanks. Scores of workers in scores of libraries, who have taken time and trouble to help me run down some obscure reference or some forgotten letter, can never, unfortunately, all be listed. Some—those who were the most painstaking—I have succeeded in remembering. Others, who were also painstaking, never gave me their names, or if they did I have lost or forgotten them. They will have to forgive me. They will have to let my spoken thanks at the time be final.

More than to any one, I am indebted to Mr. Albert Cook Myers of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, who gave many days of his valuable time to helping me trace sources. His generous interest greatly lessened my labors. I am grateful also to his three colleagues, Miss Katherine Miller, Mr. Ernest Spoffard, and the late Thomas L. Montgomery.

My thanks go to the Hon. William Wayne, great-great-grandson of the General, who still resides at Waynesborough in Paoli, for his good friendship and kindness to me on my various visits to the old farm.

I am obliged to Mrs. Anne Read Janvier of New Castle, Delaware, and to the librarians of the Wilmington Public Library and the Historical Society of Delaware, for their helpful assistance in ferreting out material on Mary Vining.

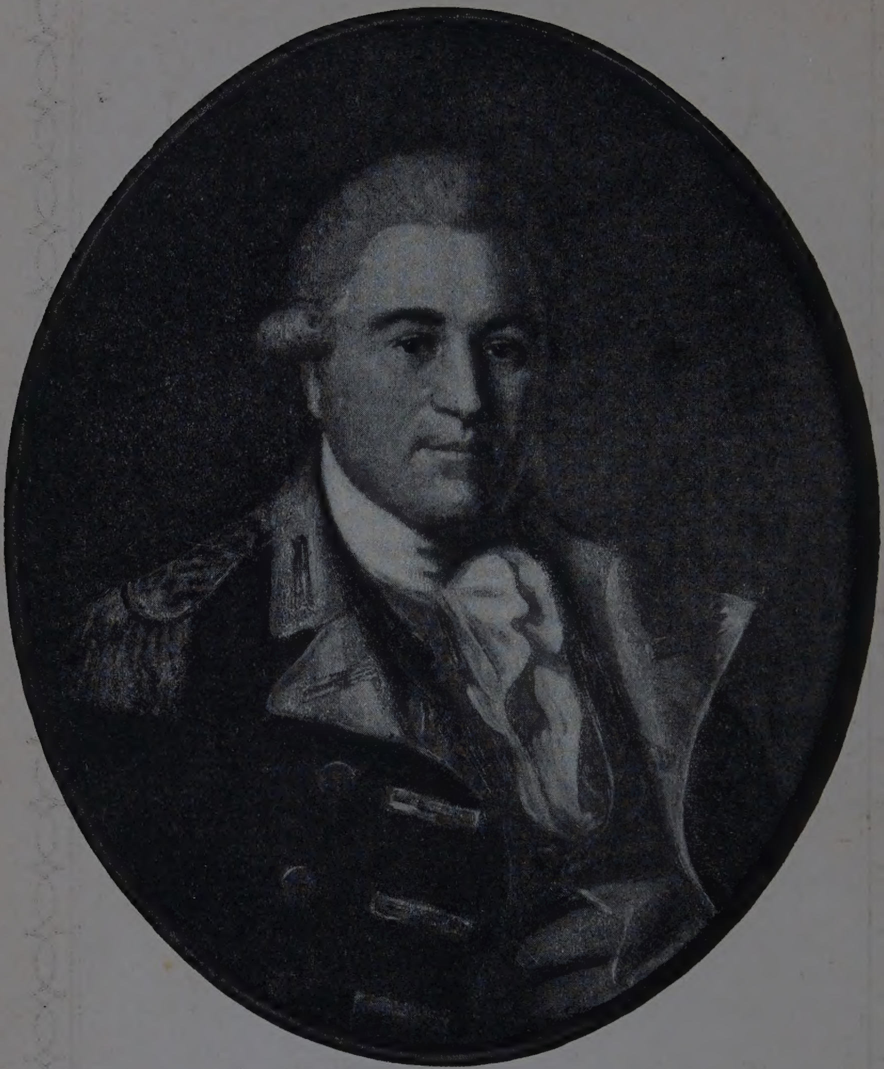
I am appreciative of the kindness of Major Farmon of the United States Military Academy at West Point for permitting me to examine the Orderly Books and Diaries kept by men who served under Wayne during the Revolution and the Western Campaigns.

My thanks to Dr. Lili Heimers of New York for her assistance to me in the matter of illustrations.

I am indebted to Miss Effie M. Prickett of the Connecticut State Library at Hartford, for her help in the exciting task of digging out the facts of the Wilkinson Cabal and in tracing the various lines of that intricate network of propaganda. Her assistance was of great value in our fruitless attempt to identify the Unknown Diarist by means of his handwriting, and prevented me from a bad mistake.

I have to thank Miss Mabel R. Hudson of the Public Library of Erie, Pennsylvania, for the trouble she took to supply much valuable information relating to Wayne's last days and his death at Presqu'isle.

Last but not least, I am very thankful to my father for his painstaking correction of the manuscript, thus saving me from many errors that might otherwise have been made.



THE GENTLEMAN REBEL IN HIS PRIME

Anthony Wayne, as he appeared in his early thirties, about the time that he first met Molly Vining (from a painting by C. W. Peale).

A GENTLEMAN REBEL

THE EXPLOITS OF ANTHONY WAYNE

JOHN HYDE PRESTON

* * *

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To
G. H. P.
and
M. V. T. P.

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A GENTLEMAN REBEL

CHAPTER I

SOURCE OF THE RIVER

I

It is close on to that moment at midnight dividing 1744 from 1745. The seeds of discontent have been scattered to the corners of the four winds. The old order is riding for a fall. George II is King of England.

At Waynesborough in the Colonies some men are congregated downstairs in the front parlor, celebrating the arrival of the New Year. These are the men who, with their sons, will soon pick up rusty flintlocks and shoot from behind mossy stumps at the cardpack soldiers of a pompous dynasty.

There is the sound of clinking glasses and rough laughter. One voice makes itself heard above the rest. It is Isaac Wayne's. He is proposing toasts, one after another. Everybody is slightly drunk.

Suddenly he lifts his glass high in the air, gazes at the ceiling . . . and then smiles broadly. All understand the gesture. They empty their glasses and emit a reverent, under-the-breath cheer.

In a bedroom upstairs Elizabeth Wayne is writing a letter by the light of a candle. She is saying that she expects to become a mother before the close of another day.

Listening resignedly to the gayety downstairs, Elizabeth frowns smilingly at the servant who is getting her bed ready for the night. Then both she and the woman laugh. But Elizabeth's eyes are serious. She must brace herself for the struggle that is coming. The first baby had died.

II

Early the next morning she was delivered of a son. There was a hushed bustle around the old place. Servants scurried hither and thither, carrying things. By the front gate the doctor's horse thudded the snow with his hoofs. From the chimneys gray wood-smoke coiled lazily to heaven.

The little creature was robust from the start; nobody had to worry much about his health. He came from a line of large bones and large hands, lusty voices and lusty spirits. Physically, the Waynes were rather splendid. They died of gout, but they never died of anemia.

He was christened Anthony. It was his grandfather's name. It was the name of no end of his hearty forebears. It was almost a family tradition.

To-day he is as well known by that name—with a prefix—as by his surname. . . .

Mad Anthony!

III

Anthony Wayne came into a world that was full of rough play and interplay; full of strong words, broad shoulders, incredible hardships, guns, and large families.

It was an age to produce strong men and women, big leaders, and simple loyalty.

But it was not an age to produce art, refined comfort in living, or a high order of thinkers. Life was the chief thing, the vital thing—coarse, jolly, gruff, filled to the brim with hard luck and swagger. It was the time for hot blood and powerful muscles. People who might have prospered in Europe by their intellectual and artistic gifts were repressed in this gorgeous, loud, impatient world of brawn; from it, distorted and abused, they often emerged mere eccentrics.

The eighteenth century in America produced some big minds—but they were practical, solid, nurtured on figures and necessities, with that undefinable vigor of homespun about them. They were the heads for the times; any other kind of head would have been superfluous.

IV

The Wayne genealogy is largely a matter of flashing swords, important military commissions, and the sound of gunpowder. There are variations, but they are not significant. Lead and gunpowder were in the blood; they ran in the family, along with a love of the soil and a love of high living. Isaac Wayne's brother, Gilbert, quietly amused and tolerant, used to say that he could never expect much else; and perhaps he was the only one of the lot who did not wholly approve of the fact that even the family archives smelt of stale musketry.

Centuries ago the Waynes owned big farms in Yorkshire and Derbyshire. They never stayed long in one place; they were always buying and selling land and trying to find some new way to expend their illimitable energy. When there were no wars to fight in, they struggled with the soil and labored to build up the traditions of sturdiness and wealth.

When there were wars, they were in their element. They all took to arms as naturally as one would take to the bosom of an ancient faith; and all could deal out a neat death with the lithe, hungry energy of swordblades. None, so far as the thin records can tell us, was ever greatly distinguished; but they held their own in their brisk world and left their modest marks.

There was a Captain Gabriel Wayne (or Waine) who fought with the king in the great civil war in England, and is mentioned as one who knew his business and turned his tables with skill. It may have been this same Gabriel who created the coat-of-arms which has come down to the present day. It is rather an ugly affair, with a chevron of ermine through the middle, and three gauntlets of mail in triangular spaces; the crest is an alert stag's head. On the later coats there is no motto—a fact that is very curious. The earlier ones bear the legend, *Tempus et casus accidit omnibus*—which, loosely translated, means that time and hard luck bring even the greatest glory to the dust. A philosophic motto for these cheerful Waynes, but this Gabriel may have been a sad fellow. However, there is another: *In te Domine confido;* it belongs in the realm of the hackneyed commonplaces.

V

The Waynes thought in terms of possession—of lands, of cattle, of houses—a strictly *bourgeois* ideal. The grace of sun and rain and fertile soil hung about yellow and green Yorkshire, and the Waynes knew how to capitalize what was at hand.

They liked to deal with actualities and certainties. They ignored the romantic glamour of the sea, because trading with foreign ports was too unsure a business. There was not a pirate among them; there was not even a considerable renegade.

They were simple and staunch. They worked hard and they worked well. They fought hard and they fought well. Life in general amused them and they liked high living.

In an age of religious contention they showed no symptoms of piety or the reforming urge. As a matter of fact, it is not on record that any of the Waynes were ever heard to speak of God with any great fervor, except when they lost their tempers.

VI

In the group picture before the beginning of the eighteenth century, grandfather Captain Anthony Wayne is the big figure. He stands out—a colorful bulk.

He was born on the border of Yorkshire and Derbyshire in the year 1666. He was barely seventeen when he took up his gun—as if carrying along on his part the torchlight of the family—and went to Holland, where he fought in the Low Countries under the illustrious John Churchill, who later became the Duke of Marlborough.

He was still in his early twenties when he joined the forces of William of Orange in the expedition to Ireland against King James II, and received a captain's appointment. It was at the famous battle of the Boyne Water that Anthony commanded the Royal Horse Dragoons and scored a brilliant, if somewhat eccentric, victory. This was the encounter in which his lifelong friend, John Hunter, rode at his side—and finally the two men went to the ends of the earth together.

When the fighting in Ireland was over, Anthony Wayne stayed there, and settled down near Wicklow. King William begrudged giving him pay for services as a soldier, but he allowed him a grant of the land that had been confiscated from the Catholics. Wayne and John Hunter started out in partnership; but love quickly knocked the arrangement on the head. Hunter married a Frenchwoman, and Wayne took to his heart a handsome Dutch girl by name Hannah Faulkner. They lived near Rathdrum, and money and children began to accumulate.

VII

For a long time there was only the peaceful idyl of country life for the Waynes, punctuated by dawns and sunsets and the coming of another child.

Then 1722. . . . The scene suddenly changes. Something has happened. Captain Anthony Wayne and four of his sons are on board a high-decked ship bound for America and the wilderness. It all descends out of a clear sky. Explanations are vague, elusive.

But there are some broad hints—and even some statements, the truth of which no man would like to hold himself responsible for.

These seem to center about a political scrape concerning William of Orange. William played rather free and easy with his subjects and their property, and to all appearances Anthony Wayne was very closely touched. While the exact nature of the trouble is not known, it was evidently deeprooted and the Waynes took enormous offense.

Then there is the other story of Anthony Wayne as a political exile, an enemy to his king, who was driven out of the country as one who would be less dangerous beyond its borders. This version is doubtful, as there is nothing on record to bear it out, and such things do not often go unnoticed.

One thing is certain: that Anthony Wayne did not, as some of his grandson's biographers say he did, come to America because he saw the romance and opportunity in the new country and was longing for adventure. That is absurd. Men who are almost sixty do not emigrate for romantic reasons. They emigrate because it is the only choice left.

That Anthony Wayne deserted Ireland for political reasons is pretty well attested to by the fact that his lifelong friend and neighbor, John Hunter, also picked up and came to America at the same time. They were both successful men, and we have no proof that either was crazy enough to think that in their old age a new fortune could be accumulated in a strange land.

As it was, the Waynes landed in the port of Boston, roamed about the little country for two years, and finally found their way down through New England to Pennsylvania, where they bought large acreage and settled about twenty-one miles west of Philadelphia. The place was called Easttown, a section of Paoli. The old Captain built himself a mansion and, according to the vanity inherent in the family, had it named after himself.

VIII

Waynesborough, on the old Sugartown Road, in the midst of that pleasant, rolling, comfortable countryside, is still as beautiful and staunch to-day as it was two hundred years ago, when the old Captain and his sons walked under the trees and looked over their work with a contented thrill of the heart. Made of light brownish stone, with inimitable white-point mortar work, with white shutters downstairs and green ones above, it stands to-day as one of the most princely examples of early colonial architecture. There are no frills at Waynesborough; but in the solid simplicity there is an air of magnificence that can come only from the perfect harmony of wood and stone.

Nearby is the Great Valley, with its deep sunlight on woods, where the Waynes used to shoot deer. In those hills is the White Horse Tavern of Paoli, where some tall men that we are going to hear about died one night in the rain, with bayonets through their ribs. Just beyond is a place called Valley Forge, where the Brandywine runs lazily through gentle ravines and under dreaming bridges with a gleam of dark water.

In the summertime Waynesborough is scent-delirious with roses and honeysuckle and climbing vines. Even in December, surrounded by snow, it wears its sturdy air of antique mellowness.

For three or four generations the Waynes added to the place. Mad Anthony built on the big kitchen. His son, Isaac II, made some changes and redid some of his father's work. He owned the place for a long time —almost fifty years—and made a point of suiting his heavy tastes. The musty brown curtains that still hang in the drawing room are his creation. He was evidently prudish, milk-soppish, and sentimental. It was this Isaac who destroyed the bulk of his father's personal correspondence because it was too frank, distorted the essential history, and went to his grave thinking he had done a moral service to his father's memory.

IX

Isaac the First, the vital Isaac, Isaac from Wicklow, settled down at Waynesborough with his exiled sire and his brothers, and together they started the farm that is running yet. Sometime in the 1730's—probably about 1737—Isaac, finding himself close on to middle life and a bachelor, walked suddenly to the altar one day at high noon. The lady who walked with him was Elizabeth Iddings of Philadelphia—a girl in her late twenties who hailed from one of the best families of the time. The Waynes, sturdy and headstrong though they were, seem never to have committed a serious *mésalliance*.

Elizabeth Wayne—the mists of time are over her figure. She is vague, remote, intangible. She does not move; she simply stands there as a fact. The old historians spoke of her as "a woman of remarkable abilities and great force of character"; but that is only a pet phrase they applied to everybody they knew nothing about.

Her son referred to her as his "poor old Mother"—and somebody else said that she was a small, dark person with bright eyes. There are no portraits of her. There are no important letters from her, to her, or about her. She lived to be a very old woman and saw her son one of the most famous men of the time—and yet no one bothered to chronicle anything in regard to her for the use of posterity.

We can only make guesses about Elizabeth. She must have been endowed with the gift of imagination, because her son who was to become a great general did not get his imagination from the Wayne side of the family. There was a streak of poetry, a very strong streak, in spite of his strict materialism—in Mad Anthony—that undoubtedly originated in her. His strange mixture of sensitiveness and rough vigor—which, when they come together, often produce a splendid force—seemed to have hailed from both sides; sensitiveness from his mother, vigor from his father. She gave him, too, the gentleness that was at times consuming, but could quickly make way for a grim hardness and a cruelty that were inexplicable.

About Isaac Wayne we know considerably more. Although he died almost twenty years before his wife, he had time to figure in his day—and an image of him survives.

It is the image of a tall man, his skin much bronzed by sun and wind; large eyes deeply set, a firm mouth, big hands, a fighting, hard-knocking chin—and the extraordinary good looks that seemed to distinguish most of the male members of the family. There was power in his shoulders, fierce keenness in his movements, and a combative cocksureness in his expression. His speech was blunt—the speech of one used to ordering men about. As he grew older, following his tough years in the provincial army, his manner became all the more accentuated. Brusque, hardened by life, somewhat childish like all aloof people, any excess flight of emotion embarrassed him to his stout Pennsylvanian core.

Yet his feelings were strong. He had staunch friends and staunch enemies. He was not a man who could be regarded with indifference.

In *The Chronicles of Nathan Ben Saddi,* an amusing and spirited bit of colonial target-shooting literature, Isaac appears as a politician and a soldier—strongheaded, passionate, crudely brilliant. Without talking much, he fought for his own way and made a reputation as a sport.

Isaac Wayne was a force in his community. William Moore, of Moore Hall, was a force, too. In politics the two men stood for different things. In the church they stood for different things. In private life they stood for different things. They were both strong, unforgiving.

They fought with their tongues to begin with. They glared at each other, full of hatred. Then they fought with their fists. The community itself took sides in this bitter quarrel between its two nominees for fame. The whole section was split up in feeling—one group for Wayne, the other for Moore. They opposed each other in all things. The fight became illustrious. It never ended. When Wayne was not hurting Moore by every conceivable means, Moore was turning himself inside out to get the jump on Wayne.

It was a magnificent hatred. It was this battle unto death that gave the child Anthony his first inklings of strife in the arena that lay somewhere outside the charmed circle that included mother and father and laughter and sleep.

◆

CHAPTER II

BOY INTO MAN

I

THE year 1745. . . . The great Vitus Bering has been dead four years. Thomas Paine, ugly and sensitive, is stealing a few moments for reading out of his cruel working-day. Edmund Burke is a student at Trinity College, Dublin. The Adams cousins are boys just approaching their 'teens in the little town of Boston.

In Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin, tired of publishing almanacs and writing laconic sermons, has taken up the new thrill of electricity, so recently discovered. Everything mechanical fascinates him. He is dissatisfied with the common fireplace; he sets to work and constructs his famous stove. Not only that; he has cut a hole in the kitchen wall, placed a windmill there, and turns his meat-roaster by the winds from heaven.

Down in Virginia there is a reddish-haired infant who is just learning to talk. It is this infant who is to grow up and write a Declaration of Independence for thirteen disorganized little states agitated by Rousseauean philosophy. Jefferson's brain had the rapidity and freshness of a mountain stream. It flashed brilliantly over the heavy surface of American thought, as a waterfall flashes over rocks. . . .

Small Nathanael Greene, wonder-struck by the sparks and shiny steel in his father's foundry in Rhode Island, is being told that he must never fight. . . .

At Mount Vernon, George Washington, tall and gawky, aged thirteen, is trying to amuse a flutter of ladies on the broad lawn by officiously and solemnly showing them the correct way to survey a turnip field. Most of the ladies look bored. All of his life Washington was to find that a certain type of woman reacted this way to his company.

II

Nobody has thought it worth while to save or record any of the important facts about Anthony's infancy or childhood.

There are some fancy stories, more theatrical in character than pious. There have been a number of simpering novels written about him, and parts of them are so near the truth that the figure has been distorted in the public eye. The idea of the "mad" general has been too inviting for resistance.

III

He was one for whom the idea of knighthood-in-flower had always a peculiar enchantment of its own. The child doubtless came to this special realm with an imagination tilled for planting. Armor gleamed for him in the white light of all that man could ultimately desire.

Yet . . . all his life, even when he had gray hairs, he always had very big ears for any kind of heroic narrative; because he was forever aware of himself and the possible comparison. The dashing figure he cut on his sleek black stallion in the after years was just a little self-conscious.

The figure of the boy at Waynesborough has the air of a remote legend. Only a few scattered things emerge into sight, as if caught by a powerful searchlight playing over a dark sea. The rest is lost in the night.

We know no more about his boyhood than we do about Washington's, and with less excuse, because Wayne came from a family that was far better known than the Washingtons.

Anthony's older sister, Hannah, was born when he was about three. The younger, Ann, the pretty one, came onto the scene in 1751. We know the dates of their marriages and the names of their husbands and offspring. That is all, except for a few affectionate references in their brother's letters now and again. Wayne never dragged his family into the limelight with him.

Gabriel Wayne III, Isaac's brother, had a daughter, Mary, who married a Captain Keating of the Irish Guards who had fought with young Washington in the west, and she went back across the seas with him. The year before Anthony Wayne's death she wrote to him from Waterford, Ireland, where she was a widow with grown children, recalled the "dim, dead days," and inquired about her brother and other members of the family she had entirely lost track of, and spoke of herself to him as "one you could not forget, as we spent our infant years under the roof of your dear father's house, Isaac Wayne, as brother and sister."

That is all. We have only that one letter. But Gabriel had a son, William, and another daughter, Susanna, who undoubtedly lived at Waynesborough during Anthony's childhood and were his constant playmates. It was this William who later went to Georgia and reared a family that became mildly famous in the history of that state.

However, when Anthony Wayne got into the most serious mess of his life at Savannah, when he was already the hero of the country, it was not Cousin William, but somebody else, who came to the rescue.

The habitués of Waynesborough undoubtedly changed from time to time, what with marriages and death and far journeys, but to all seeming it was a pretty full house most of the while. It was a big family; there were endless cousins; and the imposing place in Easttown was the center. It had no suburban atmosphere in those far days; it was strictly the estate of a country gentleman who had money and position and the envy of his poorer neighbors.

IV

Isaac Wayne's brother, Gilbert, ran a small school where the better-born boys of the neighborhood put on the underwear of learning. Anthony had been taught certain rudiments by his father—figures and the alphabet and a smattering of books—but when the child came to the age of about eight or nine, his sire picked up one morning and sailed off to join the army in warfare against the French and the Indians. . . . The Indians! The reddish, skulky shadow crossed his young mind for the first time strongly. It made a terrible impression. It hit him so hard that he lost the best part of his education in wild dreams.

The lad was placed under the dominion of Uncle Gilbert. A long course of classical learning was laid out for him according to the ideals of his new teacher—Greek, Latin, and all the truly liberal lumber of what was then considered a complete preparation for life.

It did not take Uncle Gilbert long to recognize the keenness of the young mind. And immediately a dream began to take shape; here, in the embryo, might be a savant who could direct the course of the new century to glory and prosperity—a statesman, a bright particle of genius. Gilbert's mind went back to the ancients for impetus. To be impressive for scholarship, to put all the important issues of living flesh and blood into a neat Latin epigram—there was his ideal, imported as it was. And here was good earth for sowing.

Anthony did not especially take to the idea foisted upon him. He could not understand what difference it all made to him, or his poor befogged uncle, or anybody else; Latin genders, the gods of Greece and Rome left his heart as cold as a clam. He tried for a while to meet his task, but finally he became indifferent, bored. He was scolded, and he braced up for a week or so. By some hook or crook (and much by his uncle's leniency) he waded on and on through the mist, half asleep, until one day there was talk of Caesar's Gallic Wars.

Suddenly . . . he is nothing but ears! Caesar!—what a man! He almost weeps in admiration. Hannibal, too! The road to Rome! For weeks he thinks and dreams of nothing else. He rehearses every battle scene, repeats every heroic farewell, imagines himself crossing the Alps. Magnificent purpose, the glitter of arms, spears in the sunlight; he forgets the cold and snow; the hardships seem so unimportant against the dazzling light of the day. For a little while he is a most docile and enterprising young Latin student.

But not for long. Pretty soon the lone love of Caesar gives way before the sheer and beautiful idea of war. Everything military holds an illimitable fascination for him—*la gloire militaire*—and never does he tire of the great tales of battles. Brawny knights at arms are still riding horseback in his mind; they always did; later, in spite of the horrifying reality of his campaigns, he was doomed forever to think of war in terms of glamour. Whenever he wrote the word "Death," he almost invariably wrote the word "Glory" in connection with it. That was the kind of mind he had. He was always essentially vain.

All through his life, and especially in his youth, Anthony loved to be looked at; he was forever attracting attention. This came from his father, who had a curious admiration for finery and lace. . . . Anthony took every chance he had to dress up in whatever looked most military, and then to stage a sham war for the benefit of his family and his little cousins. He would parade about, carrying over his shoulder a rusty, discarded old flintlock that was much too heavy for him, and call orders to an imaginary army. Or he would collect his cousins into a troop and march bravely on a concealed foe that lay encamped somewhere over the hill, to settle an ancient feud. "Dandy Wayne" was the first of his nicknames.

In 1756, while Anthony was still in Uncle Gilbert's school, Isaac Wayne was a captain in the Provincial Service, and was off at Fort Nazareth laying a long siege against the Indians of that region who had risen the year previous. Letters came back and occasionally the fighting father paid a visit to his family. Anthony was always after him on these visits, hounding him for stories. Everything was food for his mind to prey upon—the wild Indians, slinking behind trees, the big guns, the gorgeous uniforms, the exciting moments of battle that his father told about so casually. He could only fuss and fume now and wait impatiently for the moment when he, too, could carry a sword and a gun and thread through the impenetrable forest after these wary redskins; he had no way of guessing then how sick he would become of it some day—he who, himself, was to put the last protestor in his grave in the Ohio country so many years later.

Isaac Wayne went later to Fort Allen, where he commanded a regiment and modestly distinguished himself, after the manner of a hard worker and a good organizer. But his military experiences are rather shrouded in oblivion, and soon we find him home again with a seat in the Provincial Assembly. He quieted back into the ordinary merits of a good burgess; but the aurora of light shed by his few years on the field of arms went to his son's head like wine.

At school Anthony became puckishly unruly; he was high spirited, delirious with life, and he was driving the other boys to do things that they did not quite have the courage to do without his reckless example. Schoolmaster Gilbert, rather perplexed and much disappointed in his pupil, writes to brother Isaac in a put-out tone that things have come to a showdown:

> I really expect that parental affection blinds you & that you have mistaken your Son's capacity. What he may be best Qualified for I know not—one thing I am certain of; he will never make a Scholar. He may perhaps make

> a Soldier—he has already distracted the Brains of two thirds of the Boys under my Charge, by Rehearsals of Battles, Sieges, etc. They exhibit more the Appearance of Indians and Harlequins than Students. This one decorated with a Cap of many Colours, others Habited in Coats as Variegated, like Joseph's of old—some Laid up with Broken Heads and Black Eyes. During Noon, in place of the Usual Games of Amusement, he has the Boys employed in throwing up Redoubts, skirmishing, etc. I must be Candid with you, Brother Isaac—unless Anthony pays more Attention to his Books I shall be under the Painful Necessity of Dismissing him from the School.

V

In one sense, Anthony was born and bred in the correct locale; his impressionable years were filled with the sight and sound of warfare and the presence of big, sunburnt men who told tales about Indians and the border. The atmosphere was so full of it that by the time he had reached his middle 'teens all life itself was pictured in his mind in terms of fighting men. The world had been crammed with slowly shifting issues since the day he came into it.

The talk at Waynesborough ran insistently over the great knifing contest that the king was waging against the French and Indians in the western wilderness.

A young Colonel Washington from Virginia had gone out there with a little band of insignificant recruits with the intention of making the great French nation evacuate the Ohio. The young Colonel was confident; he had heard the bullets fly and they did his heart good. Back in England people were laughing at a remark he had made about the sound of warfare being music to his ears. But they didn't laugh long.

Young Washington, marching slowly towards Ohio, had come upon a French encampment in the night. The love of battle was upon him. He shouted the command to attack. The French camp fell. Ten Frenchmen were dead.

It was a serious move. Just how serious it was, the overzealous young leader had no idea at the time.

News of it traveled. There was high indignation. There were strong words used. Washington was called a murderer, and somebody wrote a poem about the young assassin from Virginia. The chip that had been so long on every shoulder was knocked off at last. Three countries were wide awake and glaring at each other, all of a sudden. The Seven Years War was on.

In a manner of speaking, George Washington lit the necessary match needed to ignite the flames of two great wars. He fired here the shot that echoed across the seas. Exactly twenty-one years later, at the meeting of the Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia, he was to make the gesture that said, by the simplicity of a uniform, to the vacillating group of patriots there, still vainly wishing for conciliation: "We cannot avoid war now; I am ready!"

VI

Just now very few of the Colonials were much interested in war with France; it was pleasanter staying at home and avoiding the major political issues. Besides, no one could see just what divine right the English had to the Ohio country.

There were some provincials who were willing to fight, but they demanded absurd figures for their services, and what is more, Braddock said, they went into battle like drunken wildcats. They shot from behind trees and old stumps—instead of marching up in a mass, magnificently exposed as really brave men should be. Washington even approved of this manner of warfare. Braddock, fearless but stupid, was horrified. Dignity, my lord! . . . remember, dignity, above all things! The provincials would never do; so the king's troops were imported by the shipload. They kept their dignity . . . and lost their lives.

Things went badly for the English for some three years or more. Braddock failed like a fool. Abercrombie—later the butt of a now famous taunt at Bunker Hill—blundered to the extent of thousands killed and wounded. Young Colonel Washington, with his badly jumbled force of Virginia rangers, was conducting a bad dream on the border. The clouds were at the blackest just at the moment when the saving rift came into the sky.

The rift was William Pitt—Pitt the incomparable—who took charge of affairs in England in 1757. The blundering stopped; no more incompetents were showered upon the weary regulars; mistakes and spineless defeats turned suddenly into miracles and brilliant victories.

The English flag was hoisted on a score of French forts.

The outcome of war is fairly definite. Only Canada remains. Quick action is needed. Entrance of the brilliant Wolfe, like a meteor. He sails up to Quebec, announces dramatically to his men at the zero hour that he would have rather written Gray's *Elegy* than take Quebec, and then marches on to the immortal battle of the Heights of Abraham.

The meteor descends, in a shower of scintillant sparks, and goes out. Wolfe is dead, but Canada is won for England. Except for New Orleans, France is out of the running. Aside from the Louisiana territory in possession of the Spanish, England has almost full sway over the Colonies. In a treaty drawn up at Paris in 1763, this much is stated.

Cessation of hostilities.

But trouble is not over. It is a short peace. England is a Freudian mother.

VII

Anthony's reaction to the state of war about him was eagerly affirmative; he wanted more of the same thing—because he was a child then.

In fact, he was a child all his life, in the sense that every great soldier is a child essentially.

The reaction of the country around him was at the other extreme. Fighting was a plague. The little colonies needed all their energies to concentrate upon the stark difficulties of life. Not much could be done in the way of getting a family started, if one's fields were to be used as battlegrounds; if fathers and sons were to be carried off to war; if one's short supplies and limited quarters were to be imposed upon by a rabble of soldiers.

Peace, in that struggling, hand to mouth world, was of inestimable value.

Up to the time of the Revolution, Anthony Wayne's native Pennsylvania was one of the quietest of all the colonies. Not alone that; it was also one of the most charming places to live in, from the viewpoint of ease, pleasure, and freedom. For, along with Virginia, it was closest to the old aristocratic régime, and yet it was freer than Virginia even. It was planned, it would seem, with an eye on the bounty of man and the beauty of life. Its foundations were domestic rather than religious. Live and let live and keep an open mind!—that might be said to have been the keynote of William Penn's generous character. The monstrosities and absurdities of early colonization seem to have been escaped in Pennsylvania. The brothers and sisters in spirit of Roger Williams and Ann Hutchinson were not driven forth into the wilderness because of their radical ideas, nor was there a scaffold ready for the first dissenter. The stupid, childish barbarism of Salem would have been unthinkable in Penn's quiet and tolerant colony. No one had to lie to save his skin, "because (to use Penn's own words) no people can be truly happy, though under the greatest enjoyment of civil liberties, if abridged of the freedom of their consciences, as to their religious professions and worship."

There is no Massachusetts fire and brimstone for a little honest indulgence, in this. The road, with no New England angles, is full of gentle curves and wanderings, up hill and down—wayfaring for epicureans. Life comes first, full and laughing—and after that the ethics, when they are needed to keep vice rare enough to be interesting. No black broadcloth and dour repressions. Virtue is not forgotten, of course, but it is sweeter and easier here—virtue as an instrument in the art of self-preservation, never as a bony hand squeezing out life. It is no wonder that the gentle and charming Franklin, devoted to free living and not too strict codes, should have come to Philadelphia. He had been at loggerheads with his family, had knocked his brother flat with his ready fists, had revolted in his inner and outer being against Puritan theocracy, so finally there was nothing left for him to do but to leave Boston—and there was a sweetness and invigorating grace about the Pennsylvania colony that profoundly touched his heart. And this adored race of women were prettier here, besides; and had affection enough to give away.

It was this delightful and crafty old *"fils de joie"* who was to give Anthony Wayne his first real job.

But not just yet. The boy is still struggling with the obstinate mules of the Greek and Latin cart. He is also glancing about his colorful world a bit and becoming more and more obstreperous. And Prof. Gilbert Wayne is slowly giving way before quite utter despair.

VIII

Isaac Wayne had money—enough money to make him rich even to-day—and he used it where he pleased. Young Anthony was brought up in "style"—far greater "style" than the bulk of his more illustrious friends—Hamilton, the Adamses, or Nathanael Greene.

If Anthony Wayne had ever had the faintest degree of horsesense in financial matters, he could have made himself rich from what Isaac left him, instead of going into bankruptcy. Years later he complained in his ledger that he had lost about thirty-five thousand dollars in stock "by Mr. Shannon's bad management." What he evidently meant is that Mr. Shannon (an obscure shadow of Wayne's entanglements and the agent who took care of Waynesborough affairs while Wayne was on the field of battle) didn't have enough common, everyday brains to take advantage of wartime conditions and cash in on the financial mistakes of the other patriots, or to snatch good gold from the Tories. Besides, Wayne himself was extravagant. He always was too companionable; he spent money like water on big dinners and unnecessary celebrations, and people "used" him. When it came to worldly things—this glory and these ducats—he liked to give the Narcissus in him a good chance to admire.

But he was brought up to it. The world that centered about his youth lived extraordinarily well—particularly the people south of the Delaware. Socially, it was a sort of golden moment. People became artists in hospitality.

Every cellar had its abundant supply of fine old Madeira. Flip—an amazing concoction of rum, beer, and molasses—was the ginger ale of the day . . . a less dismal day. Hard cider was made in huge quantities, and every autumn Waynesborough was stored with fifty to one hundred barrels to carry the family and their guests through the long winter evenings. People drank hard. At dinner they had individual bottles, pints or quarts according to their capacity. A one bottle man was a sober, careful person. A two bottle man was a good sport. But a three bottle man was a hero.

Isaac Wayne was a two bottle man. He inherited a powerful love for stout from his Dutch mother; but by some hook or crook his own son savored rum as the best of all and had a cursing distaste for "horrid whiskey."

It was an age of hard work, smashing parties, hot heads, and illegitimate children. It was an age of trouble, inconvenience, and worry. It was an age of laughing and yelling.

IX

Anthony was still impervious to classical studies; he was an incorrigible little brat dreaming about the life of a soldier. That was all very well, but there was no room in His Majesty's service for a home trained provincial, and the colonial troops were certainly not organized enough to warrant spending one's life in a militia of this sort. Uncle Gilbert had given him up. So the despairing father sent the lad off to the Philadelphia Academy (now the University of Pennsylvania), in a forlorn hope of ridding him of his impractical dreams. He was close on to seventeen, and it wasn't many years before he would have to take up his own work in the world.

At the Academy, he still persisted in holding up a duck's back to the lukewarm water of Greek and Latin. Mathematics he liked, but in no way was he a good student. He played too much and he could think only of escaping to the open air. He was always off somewhere firing pistols at a target when he should have been weighted down and sunk in books. Evening generally found him in an inn reveling with his fellow students, or chasing about with pretty girls of the town. Many a bright morning he tackled Virgil and Ovid with a face just out of his cups and eyes like scorched army blankets.

It is supposed that it was at this time that he first saw Polly Penrose. He knew a great many of the young ladies of Philadelphia, was a considerable beau even in his adolescent clumsiness, and undoubtedly Polly Penrose, whose family and the Waynes were friends, often met the young student from Easttown. But there is no sign that Anthony was taking anybody seriously just then; he was just playing about and trying his wings. Besides, Polly was only fourteen or fifteen.

In spite of all his good intentions to work hard, Anthony stuck it out at the Academy a very short time. One morning he was gone—and nobody seems to know just why or under what conditions. There have been speculations about it.

The real reasons seem almost to stand out. Although he had a certain brilliance of mind, he was downright lazy in the classroom. He hated the Academy; he hated textbooks; his masters bored him, and he worried their nerves to a frazzle with his pranks. What was the use of keeping a boy who only wanted to chase the girls and sip wine and riddle innumerable targets? The masters had enough good sense to let him go when he wanted to; in fact, they may have told him to get out.

The suggestions that he left with the thought of being wed to the beautiful Mary Vining (who, it is said, refused him) is ridiculous. Mary Vining was only six or seven years old at the time!

He was not to meet her until thirteen years later, a few months before the battle of Brandywine. Now, it is only 1763. He is just approaching his eighteenth birthday. A whole generation is to go by before the great tragedy of their love comes to pass.

X

The pretty moonshine of his dream of a soldier's career was being swathed in dark and lengthening shadows. Things were taking on a hopeless aspect. What was he to do? He might, perhaps, set up as a farmer—a gentleman farmer, with lands as far as the eye could reach. But the idea did not appeal to him. He was by nature too restless to be content with the magnanimous dignity of a great landowner. He needed a larger outlet for his energy.

In that day when slaves and hired servants did most of the outdoor laboring, a gentleman was rather poorly thought of if he labored with his own hands. There was no intimate messing with the brown earth. Anthony would have preferred this outdoor work, but it was put away from him by his position in the world. There was only one profession of the kind he favored open to young men of breeding and some brains (not school-brains, but working-brains)—and that was surveying.

This, he suggested to his father. He had already learned some of the rudiments for himself: at least it would afford him the outdoor exercise and the never-ceasing movement that he loved. Working under the bronzing sunlight, tramping through rough and trackless forests, exploring and plotting out new lands, and then plunging into a woodland pool for a swim, as relief from the long heat of the day—all this came to his fancy in a light so strong as to blind him, temporarily, to anything else.

He went into it with the headlong passion that characterized him in everything he did.

All the Waynes were well able to place their brightly painted planks across the dark streams of the mind. They kept out of the intellectual forum. Although it was an age of raging controversies and a flood of new-fangled ideas, thinking embarrassed the whole troop of them. They were placidly lacking the clear sight that drives men to despair.

Anthony Wayne did not differ much from the Wayne type. He was merely an intensification of that type, with a longer head, more courage, a very definite kind of military genius, and an urge for glory which carried him to the heights. Nobody fought harder that the American Colonies might shift off the English coil, but all through the Revolution, and before and after, he never showed himself much concerned over the problems of state that stared his adolescent country in the face.

He would fight—fight to the day's end and to the night's end—but beyond fighting his interest grew a little foggy. Yet he was far from a stupid man; he was a master strategist; people who knew him said that he was a brilliant talker when he once got started. In reality he had fine brains, but they were the brains that hold sway over military questions, over men, over visible situations; they were not the brains to direct a great commonwealth, to make laws, to settle international quarrels by peaceful measures, to regulate finance, or to create and carry out ideas and ideals.

As a young man, before he had learned just how far he could go, his self-importance was so exaggerated that he was given to rambling on about everything, talking loud nonsense, and demanding a hearing. This made him unpopular in his quiet world for a while, until people began to regard his self-evangelism as a broad joke. As he got older, he calmed down; but for years the people who had known him as a scatterbrained youngster always smiled whenever his name was brought up.

He was an ego; but he was not the ego that makes new life of whatever it touches. Like Washington, he was a determinator, not a creator. He could get the best out of what was before him, but he could never make good things out of nothing. Intellectual men like Jefferson could not interest him, because his understanding died when things got beyond the sphere of visible movement. His was the hand that holds, not the hand that shapes.

There was an evasive, and mysterious element of frustration about Mad Anthony that is difficult to define—the same element that we find so often in Caesar. They were both sons of well-to-do men and were spoiled. They both had that dreadful inner hankering for something beyond their reach, a something that pulls and distorts the character out of shape. A desire is born in men like these, but some other important attribute is lacking; there is no real outlet. Inhibitions accumulate in them. They are held down and restrained—by themselves, by their own ideas of themselves mostly. They seem to fit into no special place in life. For a while they are doomed to look like ne'er-do-wells.

Then slowly and subtly this unknown desire begins to affect the personality, enlarging the ego, inflating to unbelievable dimensions man's natural pride.

In the soldiering temperament, before the man finds his correct place, this is particularly true. And Anthony Wayne was born a soldier, reared a soldier, led a soldier's life. Like Napoleon, he might almost be called a professional, biding his time to fill an open breach when one should appear. Yet he did not have Napoleon's lust for power; he had no special desire to conquer for any ulterior reason except fame. The idea of fame went to his head early, and he had definitely planned what he wanted to do long before the pressing needs of his country called him to draw his sword. He lacked the excuse of being the man for the moment. Rather, it was the moment for the man!

◆

CHAPTER III

SPREADING WINGS . . . AND A WOMAN

I

Anthony was just twenty when he opened his little surveyor's office in Easttown and started business for himself. He found himself immediately in his natural element. All that he loved best in life and the world was centered about his new profession—adventure, exploration, the out-of-doors existence, freedom, danger, and a sneaking sense of superiority to other people in the more common walks of labor . . . and the dear feeling that these people secretly envied and admired him.

It was the nearest approach he could make for the present to the life of a soldier; in the end it was to prove the best possible training he could have undergone. It toughened his muscles, put his physical constitution to a severe test, quickened his eye; and, although he did not go very far afield at first, it taught him how to live away from the comforts of Waynesborough. Also, it made him wary and quick-witted with the Indians; and in that neck of the woods they were on their guard against white men because of the stupid and barbarous massacre of redskins which the Paxton boys had committed in Philadelphia the year before Anthony left the academy.

The Indians of Pennsylvania had been on excellent behavior until about ten years before; and now, although war was over, they were still casting their dark shadows over the little colonial world. But Wayne liked them; he got along well with them.

II

It did not take him long, once he had started his little business in his office in Easttown, to become a figure in the community. He had energy; he had dash.

Tall and striking, he carried himself with a leonine grace. All his life he was a singularly handsome man—a fine head and brow; large hazel, fiery eyes that fastened upon everybody he spoke to, intolerant eyes; a big straight nose with dilating nostrils; the kind of chin that denotes purpose, and purpose often attained at the cost of human values; a mouth common to sensuous and quick-witted persons who are daring in everything they understand.

His skin, though tanned and roughened by the outdoor life, always retained its glow; even years later when he took on the sagging heaviness of hard living around the contours of his mouth and eyes and chin, his complexion never became slow or muddy-looking. His step was strong and measured, neither the quick nor the rolling gait; he walked like a man conscious to a painful degree that he was a striking figure.

A number of his contemporaries spoke of Wayne as a "vulgar" man. Mrs. Caldwalder and other sensitive souls shunned him as "coarse." What they meant by these words is not quite clear. In his letters there is nothing more coarse than any man might say to another who was his friend. All men enjoy broad stories (and it is possible that women enjoy them more), but there is no sign that Wayne was any broader in his jokes than the rest of the world. Yet, at the very end of his life, at the time when all seemed to be going well at last in his long love for Mary Vining, people held up their hands in dismay and whispered about his vulgarity. Surely, they couldn't have meant that they didn't consider him well-born. No; they were referring to something about the man.

Possibly, vulgarity was simply their word for Wayne's rough vigor of thought and personality. He spoke openly and boldly; he set down bitter judgments on men—as he did on Benedict Arnold long before the treason was discovered—when to pass adverse criticism was like offending heaven. He did not mince words; and because he was straightforward and named what he saw, wrath descended upon his head time and again. Moreover, he had a smashing, red-flag temper, combined with an inordinate love for swearing; and when the temper and the swearing came together the result might have been called "vulgarity."

III

Commissions for work came thick and fast into young Wayne's hands. He was accurate, quick, and hard on the job; and people liked his ability and gave him plenty to do. In those days surveying was lucrative for one who was competent, for disputes over land boundaries were as frequent then as automobile accidents to-day, and sometimes as fatal; for no one was ever precisely certain just where his territory began and where it ended, and many a long feud started over a division line.

Anthony traveled about his countryside on horseback, working for this man and that man, and making a modest name for himself. There is still in existence in Philadelphia a plan he executed of Vincent Township; it is clear, orderly, precise, but all the extra space is full of fancy curves and decoration. In a short time he became so well regarded that often he had to travel considerable distances to meet his clients, and was away for days and weeks at a time.

And it began to be noticed that, whenever he could, he spent a mysterious amount of time in Philadelphia.

IV

The mystery soon died away, as the slim, blond figure of Mary Penrose loomed suddenly large upon the scene.

The handsome young surveyor had stopped flitting from one lady's face to another. All of a sudden, he had eyes for only one.

Mary Penrose's father, Bartholomew, who had died when she was three, had been a friend of Isaac Wayne's, a man whom he knew fairly well in a casual way and with whom he had done some business. It was through this friendship that young Anthony had come to know the Penroses. They had a big house in Philadelphia, run in affluence and style, and Anthony stayed with them occasionally when he spent his nights in town.

The family tree had grown on the coast of Cornwall. The tang of the sea was in their blood. They were big people, brawny, rather moody, full of Cornwall sea-changes. For generations they had been ship-builders and ship-owners, and large-scale trading was a family tradition. One of the quieter members of the line, the Rev. John, got his epitaph written by that most insufferable bore of English letters, Hannah More.

Bartholomew the first, Mary's great-grandfather, an important ship-builder from Bristol, came to this country in his late youth, struck up a friendship with a stout, energetic, and pleasant little man named William Penn, who had founded a modest colony on the Delaware, and was induced to stay over here.

The accumulation of wealth seems to have been a form of genius with all of them, and Bartholomew, who already had money, soon became one of the most influential moneyed men in his district. He bought property until he owned a little world all of his own. By the time his grandson became one of the biggest of the Philadelphia merchants, the family of Penrose was a sort of institution.

Mary, the great-granddaughter of the first Bartholomew, was a young girl of about sixteen in that spring of 1765, when Anthony first began to take their friendship seriously. She had a small neck, curly hair, and big eyes. She looked slim because she was tall, but in reality was rather heavy like the rest of the family. She was tall, yes; but her young six-foot lover towered above her. Her face had the ruddiness of robust health; but her skin was so delicate and thin that even the mildest wind would make her cheeks burn like fire. She was cheerful and enthusiastic, and chattered a great deal without saying much. She had large hands and ugly ankles. Her friends had nicknamed her Polly.

How long she and Anthony had been acquainted is unknown, but it seems pretty certain that they met first during his years at the Academy.

His love swept Polly off her feet. She idolized him; he was always a big, broad-shouldered hero who was going to rule the earth. She flattered him and pleased his ego.

In Philadelphia society they made a handsome couple. They appeared together so constantly that people began to smile.

Wayne, fervent and fast-working, began to make plans for marriage; but the Penroses seemed cool. He would need a little longer to prove his mettle. He would have to wait, knuckle down, and grow a few years older in the world of men.

V

In far away England are sounds and signs of ill omen. The Sugar Act and the Stamp Act have already been foisted upon the wary colonials. Protests and indignation against the ministry run high. George III, in haughty jackassery, has already begun to throw his fatal boomerangs. The sun of the nations has commenced to move away from the high noon of measured amiability, and to throw a dark shadow that is to lengthen and become the American Revolution.

VI

Enter a large figure into Anthony's life. Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

He, John Hughes, and about twelve associates had fixed their option on a hundred thousand acres of land on the St. John's river and another hundred thousand acres on the Piticoodzack. It was big business. They thought that Wolfe's recent conquest of Canada for England would open up a huge field of trade and money-making enterprise in these Nova Scotia regions.

Now it remained, before the purchase was definitely established, to survey these properties and determine their worth. And they needed a surveyor. Franklin, who had dashed off on his third trip to Europe, told John Hughes to cast his eye around for some promising young man who would be willing to risk an expedition like this, some young man who could stand a long job and a tough life.

Some one mentioned to him that the young son of Captain Isaac Wayne of Easttown had done some highly creditable and accurate work; also, that he had a hardy constitution, a love for adventure, and a gift for thoroughness.

This young man seemed sound to Hughes. He wrote to him. He told him what he and Franklin had been thinking about for a year or so and what would have to be done. Wouldn't he call some day in Philadelphia and talk it over, provided he would be interested?

Interested! . . . It was barely dawn the next morning when he saddled up and started off on the twenty-one mile jaunt to the city, tingling all over at the thought of his prospects.

Franklin had left everything in Hughes' hands, and the audacious and delightful "philosopher in homespun" was doing his mightiest abroad to repeal the Stamp Act, flirting incorrigibly with every marquise on the continent, and making love to the wives of all his friends.

Hughes and hustling little Debby Franklin took care of affairs at home, and Wayne was not to meet and know Franklin until some years later.

We know very little about Hughes to-day. Modest fame came to him through the fact that Franklin appointed him the stamp officer in Philadelphia, and that he jumped into the limelight by having his house stormed by an angry and drunken mob. Whereupon he resigned. But he took on the rôle, in some measure, of being martyred to the Crown. When he left his office he left history too.

Hughes told young Wayne that the idea was to fix the boundaries of the land, determine its value agriculturally and otherwise, and to take along a group of restless people who would be willing to settle and cultivate the ground on a strictly business arrangement. These colonists were to have use of the land gratis at first, paying a certain per cent of their profits to the directors in Philadelphia, with the option of purchasing their plots for a song and becoming incorporated with the associates. Wayne's pay for this job was to be his living expenses, and an equal share of the property and stock with the directors. He would automatically become a charter member of the firm. Hughes insisted that this was a great honor for one so young.

Anthony's work in the proposed undertaking would be to determine the possibilities of navigation, places where mills and all sorts of waterworks might be struck down, good earth-beds for roads, the presence of all mineral and ore lands of any description, how much of the country is swamp and how much solid ground, the prevailing species and extent of large timber, and streams and springs that could supply the colonists with pure drinking water.

The colony is expected to camp mainly on the spot where most of these helpful requisites can be found. And no mistakes can be made: every square mile of the ground must be looked over; or everything will be lost.

Altogether it seemed a pretty formidable array of tasks to be set upon the inexperienced head of a lad of twenty. But if Wayne would accept the command and take charge of the expedition as superintendent and head surveyor, Hughes promised that his fame and fortune would be made. He used beautiful words. He threw off high figures. He appealed to Anthony's vanity.

The charge is accepted. Thereupon the young man is introduced to a number of the other associates, including Alexander McNutt, whose son is some day to be the eccentric first governor of the Ohio country where Wayne is to do his greatest work a full thirty years later. They shake hands all around, drink to the success of the plan, and say things that have been forgotten. He is given the title of Advisor for dignity's sake.

Riding back the morning after to Waynesborough, he was bursting with enthusiasm and pride. He was a man now—of some importance in the world. As he jogged along, it was as if he were riding away, very suddenly, from his boyhood.

VII

All things considered, the scheme was the work of incorrigible optimists. It belonged in the same category as the green hill far away.

The strangest angle on it all is that it seems to have been so strictly a private enterprise. Franklin was doing some colonization work for the English government at the time, but this Nova Scotia business seems to have been a deal carried on only in Philadelphia. There are some hints in Franklin's reports which suggests that it may have been backed by English interests, but it was obviously no governmental project.

It is difficult to see why this scheme should have seemed practical to any one.

To try to colonize a trackless wilderness, an eternity away from the civilized world for the type of transportation in that day, is a project for a large commonwealth trying to extend its industrial domain rather than for a group of individuals who, as things stood, could hardly cope with the problems at home.

Anthony Wayne failed to see that. He loved the adventure beyond all. His youth was cheerfully devoid of the imagination that breeds fear, pessimism, or the vision of failure.

Franklin, who was shrewd except at moments like this, probably saw the thin chances of making an important success out of the gesture. That, at least, seems one good reason why he said and wrote so little about it.

VIII

The expedition came into Wayne's life just at the psychological moment. The thought of Polly Penrose and marriage was preying on his mind: the attitude of her family bothered him. He had to work to get her, anyhow; and here was the opportunity.

The preliminaries were rushed. Hughes felt that it ought to go through at once, and Wayne was whole-heartedly with him in his hurry. He seemed to want to get away in double quick time. He acted then as if he were under a heavy emotional strain and wanted to escape and forget his surroundings, to divert the vicious circle of his thoughts whirling about Polly, the Penrose family, and his young career.

The day for sailing came in midsummer. A bright day .The sunlight was glistening on the water. On the wharf were people—his friends, friends of his little group of colonists, inquisitive loafers—and their gay summer clothes made a soft maze of brilliant color.

The sails were set. Anthony's tall figure rushed about saying good-bye to people, boasting a little, feeling a little important, excited, but very gay and young and full of movement. He went on board. His little colony of settlers were calling and waving their farewells from the deck rails. From the northwest a steady breeze was blowing. The ropes were thrown off. More sails were unfurled and hoisted. The ship moved—slowly, gracefully—and then gained speed. There was a scuffling about on deck. The sun bathed everything.

IX

Evidently Wayne worked fast, because by autumn the lands were pretty completely surveyed, the rivers sounded, and a fairly thriving colony established. But to-day we have no means of finding out what sort of colony it was, what sort of men and women moved within its obscure borders, or just what the ambitious young superintendent found himself up against when that unavoidable discontent arose among his lonely people.

As the long fall wore on and the work became more and more routine, the thought of Polly Penrose at home began to haunt young Anthony's waking hours.

He began to have an inordinate craving for her company.

It took the separation to prove to Anthony that he really wanted Polly above all others. He was not old enough then to have had very wide experience with women; his amusing, naïve, adolescent letters prove as much; but he seemed to feel strongly that Polly Penrose was the first and last.

Judging from the tone of what he said, and from what others, like Hamilton, said of him, a great many women figured seriously in Wayne's life from time to time, and especially in what Franklin called "the dangerous time of youth." There are broad hints here and there concerning these females; there are even some pretty definite statements, but their accuracy is questionable; Wayne offended a great many people and their "revenge" sometimes took the form of random scandal about his personal affairs.

He was too handsome and vigorous a man not to have had numerous love affairs. He had that reputation among his friends. Washington himself spoke of Wayne a number of times as one might speak of a confirmed *roué,* one whose persistent flirting was taken more or less for granted, one whom no advice or blaming could ever reform. Yet, I should never think of Wayne as a *roué;* he was simply a strong man who was essentially human, with an emotional pattern that demanded a great deal of himself and of others. He was a hard drinker and a hard liver, and a certain amount of loving goes naturally with such a man.

About fifty years after Wayne's death, his son Isaac, after having written an unbelievably stupid memoir of his father in *The Casket,* and having told all he wanted known, burned, in a fit of pious vandalism, an enormous amount of material that he thought might embarrass the reputation he had given his sire. His children were all dead; he was too old to love women; so he turned, as an outlet, to an absurd and neurotic idolization of his father's memory.

X

In Nova Scotia the long winter of 1765-66 was settling down in earnest, and it was November. Anthony had been away from home five months, and now things in his far outpost of progress were pretty well started on their way. Loneliness came over him.

What little communication the colony had had at first with the outside world now became unthinkable as winter came. His associates had said before he left Philadelphia that he might have to bring back his report in person after a few months . . . if he could manage that . . .

He thought it over. It seemed so wise. It was better for the good of all. It would get things straightened out. He would appoint an overseer to act during his absence. It would be so interesting to tell Polly all about it.

XI

One morning late in December Anthony Wayne arrived, utterly unexpected, on a packet ship that docked in the port of Philadelphia. He was sun-burned and wind-burned under his little black fur cap.

He went immediately to call on John Hughes. Together they went over the business and Wayne affixed his signature to the Crown Land Grant of the purchased acreage which had been filed at Halifax the October before. And then, as he was leaving Hughes' house, he mentioned casually that he didn't think it very pressing that he should return before spring. The colony was in good hands, and now he felt that for a few months he could operate much better from Philadelphia. In April he would sail back.

XII

Once home again at Waynesborough, Anthony found himself sought after. The association with Franklin and men important in the world had put a halo of romance about him. People hailed him in town and on the country roads with a cordiality they had never showed before. His natural ability stood him in good stead. There were other surveyors just as competent, but everybody seemed to want him to set their boundaries; everybody liked to have him around, if only for the sake of the element of glamour that was lent by his little experience as superintendent of an important colonization in a distant land. Something of a worldly bearing had usurped the place of the youthful awkwardness of a year ago; there was an undisputable mist of success about his all-ambitious head. Men were beginning to value his favor. Women, young and old, cherished his attention and his boyish smile. People told stories about his doings. His extreme youth and his handsome face added charm to what was already his renown.

He saw Polly constantly. She was giving him spirit. In those months before he went back to Nova Scotia, she told him, he would have to work hard to establish himself more firmly at home, for Pennsylvania was to be the ground for all his future work. . . .

He had knuckled down since he first met Polly in the old Academy days, and he had gone far. It had been rapid work, almost flashy in one so young.

It soon became apparent that the Penrose family was well pleased. Very apparent; for toward the end of January, cards written in a hand of laborious regularity and sent to a circle of friends and prominent people announced that the marriage of Miss Mary Penrose, of Philadelphia, to the Hon. Anthony Wayne, of Easttown, was to be solemnized at Christ Church, on the Twenty-fifth of March, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-six.

XIII

Wayne seemed anxious to be married before the long journey back to Nova Scotia, but a pressing need that he return in April left little time to prepare for the wedding. All emergency help was called in; the arrangements were rushed. Anthony came and went at Waynesborough with the reserved air of one who is trying to conceal a tremendous inward excitement. Meanwhile, at the Penroses' house in Philadelphia, dresses of every description were being made and every thought was of ruffles and lace and yards of cloth.

Then February washes away, and there is a faint whiff of spring in the air, and it is March. And then it is the 25 March . . . and it is spring.

Christ Church, Philadelphia. Three o'clock in the afternoon. A bright, mild day. The cool little church is packed with the notables of the city; the list of friends has included everybody of prominence. John Hughes is there. Franklin has sent his felicitations from far-away France, wishing all happiness. Two beautifully dressed figures are kneeling before the altar; the groom, even on his knees, seems very tall, and the bride a slim wisp of a creature beside him. A hush is over all. The low monotone of the clergyman's voice . . . the barely audible replies . . . silence again . . . and then the two figures arise, their heads bowed, looking so young . . .

Afterwards there is a wedding feast at the Penroses'. Polly in a long white gown, seeming so womanly for seventeen, trying to control her blushes; and Anthony, with his mask of reserve broken down by the punch, with his lace and ruffles and white silk stockings from London, moving among the crowd as one of the finest Pennsylvanians. His father and mother receiving people with Mrs. Penrose—his two sisters, laughing and gay—adorable young Ann, with her hair still down her back. . . .

Festivities continued almost the whole night, while a carriage with a slumbering footman waited at the Penroses' door. Not until morning was it all over. Then the last blessings were given; the footman was roused; and they started off on the long drive, Anthony taking his bride home to Waynesborough.

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CHAPTER IV

CROSSED CURRENTS AND CROSSED SWORDS

I

When Wayne returned to the Nova Scotia lands in the spring, Franklin's project was already being spoken of in doubtful terms. Wayne was going back to take over complete management of the colony, as a sort of provincial governor, but even before he left Philadelphia clouds began to climb in the sky.

England was already threatening, and feelings were becoming more and more strained. It did not seem that American business could go far afield now with any assurance of success and safety. The colonists, too, were unsettled by the news from home; they felt nervous and afraid. They let their young leader know it.

The settlement survived for a few months longer; but early in 1767 the bubble definitely broke; the sun gobbed out. The company in Philadelphia preferred to withdraw the colony, and to wait for the return of the tides, rather than take a long chance with England.

Wayne was not sorry in one way; he wanted to be back with Polly, to get out of this spell-bound wilderness; but on the other hand, he didn't much fancy coming back to Philadelphia as the head of an expedition whose short life was only vaguely accounted for.

II

Once more at Waynesborough, he set hard to work, trying to build up a definite position for himself in a very indefinite world. He was restless; the fact that there still seemed so little chance of following a soldier's career ached in his heart and turned him a trifle sour. He had taken over the farm and was directing its cultivation and the establishment of an extensive tannery, with tubs sunk in the level ground almost under the shadow of the great house. The Waynes were big cattle owners for that country.

Anthony rode over the grounds. He told people what to do. He was perfectly in the line of a certain type of man in that period—the moneyed and aristocratic country gentleman. Yet, for one whose personality always permits the illusion of movement, the time between his marriage and the Revolution—that is, from the time he was twenty-two until he was twenty-nine—was a large pool in the course of a rapid river.

Wayne was not the type of man that makes the successful farmer; it requires infinite patience, and Wayne's patience was noticeable only when things were going at the fastest possible clip.

He traveled about the countryside considerably in those years, he and

Polly together very often. He was doing surveying on a large scale now, besides managing the farm, and his jobs sometimes took him many days away from home. As his circle of friends widened he did a good deal of visiting. He became a sort of expert authority in disputes over land boundaries and his word on such matters seems to have been accepted as final.

People began to speak of him in a tone of enthusiasm and esteem; his dash and energy were cutting a figure for him in that quiet countryside.

As time went on, he became more and more social; he began to revel in gay parties. He was a good drinker; he flirted with every girl in sight; he could tell stories and exchange quips with a swift grace. His friends in West Chester always loved to have him and Polly come to spend a few days with them. Anthony had the reputation for being the finest carver at the dinner table that the countryside had ever seen; nobody ever touched the meat or fowl as long as he was there to wield the knife. And even in after years, at those famous dinners he gave for his officers, his skill won the acclaim of everybody.

As the tannery at Waynesborough developed, Wayne sent hundreds of skins to the firm of Harper & Dick, in Jamaica; and the Spanish gold he got in return showed a lively business. The farm was astir with livestock—cows, pigs, goats, sheep. His dogs and horses Wayne loved; he was always a superb horseman; he could sit in the saddle with comfort and grace even in those last years when his game leg kept him from walking and he had to be lifted up. All those who knew him, who tried to give us word pictures of him, seemed to picture him at his best as a figure on horseback.

Being one who stood a little apart from and above the commonplace people around him, one who was always representative because of his money and social position, Wayne began to dabble in the practical politics of his region—partly, I fancy, for self-protection, and partly because it was demanded of a large landowner.

III

All during the spring of 1768 Polly was with child. When finally she was delivered of a daughter, the fact of fatherhood had a sobering effect upon Anthony.

They christened the child Margaretta. It sounds like an invented name. Nobody before or after in the family was ever cursed with its exotic heaviness.

IV

As the years dragged on, an ominous stirring in the world of men began to make itself felt in the peaceful and law-abiding county of Chester. It had not touched them very closely, but their ideas of freedom in government were outraged, and the menaced well-being of the country struck at their hearts, home-loving for the most part, content with their families and their little land. The air was quiet still, but it was the heavy quietness that precedes a storm.

In England the cauldron of trouble was boiling, and the rotund George III was stirring it casually, attired in a red apron whose strings had been securely tied by his ministers.

In the Colonies there is an increasing element of bad temper in the air, whichever way the wind blows. Excitement . . . indignation . . . fear. Some young bloods like Nathanael Greene and Anthony Wayne, dreaming of musketry and shiny bayonets, wish that a battlefield or so may enter in before the great panorama has completely rolled by. Patrick Henry, the Adamses, James Otis, and some others are giving forth on occasions brave utterances that are to be the delight of historians for centuries to follow. There are some fiery phrases. People are talking a great deal, and the word "Liberty" is enjoying a special vogue. There is an inflammatory group who call themselves "Sons of Liberty," and are organized for the purpose of resisting obnoxious measures; they are getting more and more support each day; they have already done some mad things. The idea of landing in the drawing rooms of the British agents and smashing furniture and glass seems to delight them.

Children's protest, all this. History, particularly our history, has seen many such societies. They are the outgrowth of impotence, sophomoric and lawless, generally working for private ends and thus resorting to desperate measures. They are always boiling with secrecy and fanaticism—the two certain signs of mental infantilism.

Soon they had killed all the sympathy and friendliness towards them that the Crown ever had. Bootlegging interests were so mixed up with theories about the rights of man that it was difficult to tell just which the Americans thought was which.

V

At Waynesborough, Anthony Wayne is reading copies of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. The excited state of the country is fairly blown at him, and he is wondering how much longer it can last. For all his ignorance of international statecraft, he realizes that this confounding of political justice with private commercial monopoly (and clever smuggling, by the bye) is leading to something strange and ominous. The family discuss it over the supper candles.

He is reading, along with a great many other people, his friend John Dickinson's *Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer,* which have only recently been published.

They were mild, these letters. They were too mild. That was the chief trouble with John Dickinson; his Sophoclean patience of mind stood in his way at a time when only heat and bravado seemed to stir men's souls. But these letters did their part; and it was a very large part, for it brought England to the sudden and unexpected realization that there were really some gentlemen in America, defending American interests, who had something besides loud voices and inordinate conceit.

In America their leaders were pleased. But the pleasure never went much beyond the leaders. The *Letters* were so finely expressed, so carefully intellectual, so devoid of hollow bombast, that the average colonist did not grasp the finer points of the book. But Washington, Hancock, and the Adamses read the *Letters* and were moved. Anthony Wayne was proud that his native state should have produced such a man. Yes, Dickinson was an excellent statesman; but he had not the temperament to make a success in his times.

Man out of place . . . he did his best but he could not acclimate himself. He came too early . . . or too late. He was not for his generation. The brawny and dashing men, though lacking his brains, could easily push him aside. If he could only have brought his fist down now and again and smashed something, the name of John Dickinson might to-day be emblazoned alongside those of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin. But, no; he sat in his study, arguing with himself, striving for complete impartiality, when he should have been shouting from the housetops. And, like a shadow across the blind, immortality slipped by him.

VI

Immortality has been playing with Samuel Adams. He is a little man in Boston who wears dirty clothes, has been a brilliant failure in every business venture in his life, and now accepts money from his friends in times of dire need. His nerves are on the rampage; the vicissitudes of his life would have shattered the healthiest nerves known. He is getting farther and farther down the hill; he pictures himself fading out like a sunset . . . and then he gets in, all of a sudden, as leader of the Caucus Club. The points of this club are not particularly admirable, but it gives Mr. Adams a chance to say something about what shall happen in the little town of Boston. The idea is strangely pleasant.

He is sore against life, and his wounds give him a fireworks temper. As the years roll on, he finds his hand in many gloves.

He had started out by encouraging the boycott on English imports; he had written letters and articles and delivered sizzling speeches on the subject. John Hancock stood with him. The boycott sailed through troubled waters with banners flying; it was one of the best things conceived of in years.

But Samuel Adams had just begun. His incorrigible fighting blood was up; he was out to father a revolution and he was not going to stop until he had become a successful parent. So he went on writing irritable articles and signing them by mysterious names.

His *Circular Letter* to the Colonies, pleading that the thirteen work together, took the lid off hell so that the royal eyes could peer in. There were too many ideas sprouting up among these young squirts in America; concerted action among the Colonies was becoming a possible thing.

Lord Hillsborough, bloated and bellowing with rage, ordered all the colonial assemblies to ignore the *Letter,* and tried to make the explosive Mr. Adams swallow his words. Too bad he didn't have a sense of humor, this Hillsborough. If he had, he might have imagined the ill-clad little man in Boston taking the words back into his mouth, running them sensuously over his tongue, and spitting them forth again, with redoubled energy, at the ministerial noses, his thumb at his own.

The Adamses, John Hancock, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, and almost all the other prominent merchants were fatting their calves from successful smuggling. John Hancock's sloop *Victory* was seized (and very rightly) because he was engaged in illicit business. Mincing excuses have been made from time to time for his smuggling, but they prove nothing except the futility of curtains. Everybody was doing it.

Hancock and a number of others denied a great deal of this sly business, but their denials mean nothing in the set face of facts.

Samuel Adams, on his part, denied nothing that could paint him blacker in English eyes. He seemed to want to appear as seditious as possible. His insistence was really neurotic; it amounted almost to an obsession. But all the while he was coming closer to what he really aimed at—an armed resistance to British tyranny.

And England bit hard. Stories crossed the ocean to court, swollen to fifty times their original size. A stewing tea-pot took on the dimensions of a hot springs. Yet, against the great background of history, and compared with real atrocities, this colonial back-biting was only broken furniture in a doll's house. But both sides at the time grotesquely magnified everything that occurred. It looked like the apex of time.

The final upshot was coming. The big snowball was rolling at last, faster, faster, down the long hill to war, gathering more snow as it went.

VII

The long quiet at Waynesborough was punctuated again in 1772 by the arrival of a son to Anthony and Polly. This was the Isaac that lived to such maudlin old age, destroyed the most interesting records relating to that side of his father that he wanted hushed up, and died thinking he had done a moral service to the country and to the memory of one of her great men.

VIII

Now, even in the peaceful county of Chester, the clash and booming in far-away Boston was being heard too plainly. The farmers of that sleepy district were disturbed. Arms were unthinkable; revolution would be the abortion of all their dreams and ambitions . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . If England kept on . . . well, a man must stand up. . . .

During those years something of that peace and reserve has come to Anthony Wayne, too, tempering him for a moment—how quickly to be taken away! Always that ancient dream in his heart . . . not so much the bitterness of actual war as the glitter of arms . . . and glory, glory!

There at Waynesborough his thoughts were being silently marshaled again; his thoughts were carrying bayonets. It could not go on, this tyranny from the other side, this lawless defiance in Boston, without a break of some sort. Again he got out his dog-eared copy of Cæsar's *Gallic Wars* and pored over it during the long evenings; and there was, too, the volume of Marshal Saxe's *Campaigns*. Military operations fascinated him, more and more. He was reading Shakespeare, too, whom he loved; reading "sad stories of the deaths of kings," and storing in his mind quotations from his favorite play of all, *Macbeth,* which he was to use so often in his letters to Washington and Franklin in the after years.

It seemed impossible here at Waynesborough that anything could disturb the peace of quiet midsummer afternoons, with the buzzing of bees around the blossoms, the warm sky, the trees and the wide fields in the washed atmosphere seeming to be cut out of solid green, with a shifting of delicate lights. Anthony, on horseback, was making his regular afternoon round of the farm.

Under a great elm tree on that gently sloping lawn behind the house, the women lolled in their long white dresses, talking and laughing—quiet talk and quiet laughter, in accord with the tinkling music of afternoon. A soft wind blew through the trees, embracing and swaying. Over all, a sweet touch of sadness, and the look of things as figures that appear in sleep. Occasionally a black servant would appear, carrying a kettle and from the great kitchen there came voices and the distant clashing of pots and pans. Supper was being prepared, and some one was drawing water from the well.

Later, Anthony, having washed and dressed, would join the ladies on the lawn—tall, smiling, immaculate in his exquisite well-hung clothes.

This world of calm and dreaming, and that other of dark forebodings and martial noises, seemed too paradoxical to exist under the same sky. Yet already in North Carolina, a band of farmers—tough fellows who were their own police and called themselves "regulators"—had formed a little regiment and attacked Tyron's English troops stationed there, attacked with the sudden anger characteristic of simple backwoods men, and had been unmercifully whipped. People thought after this first real steel and powder protest against the overrule had been registered that the Colonials were no match for the King's regulars; there could never be war.

George III's army of occupation had been scattered about the Colonies for some years now—a rowdy, disorderly, drunken crew of incompetents who did all they could to spread disease and irritate people and fan the international fires. They had gone about demanding everything, insulting, dragging their prostitutes along with them, and adding as many more as they could, staging revels, littering towns with torn paper, and singing *Yankee Doodle* in front of churches on Sunday morning.

Control was attempted, but their looseness still ran rampant and noisy. These troops were mostly a lot of ignorant jumpers, reveling in their new authority, and racing their horses in the streets. England was not foolish enough—and not wise enough—to send over her best soldiers; she might need them at home. The army of occupation was merely a threatening gesture in the first place, and anything in a red coat would do for the purpose. It was a bad move, nevertheless, because it put England in a worse light than ever, and people began to think these drunken brawls were a good caricature of parliament.

The reports of these things, reaching Waynesborough at last, were distorted and elusive. But when finally news of a street row and a snowball fight and general free-for-all in Massachusetts, ending up with the sound of gunfire and the killing of innocent citizens in the streets—when finally news of the illustrious Boston Massacre was circulated, hysterical excitement ran like a prairie fire through the minds of the quiet Chester farmers.

Then an engraving of the scene was shown about, done by a little printer by name Paul Revere. While the majority could never understand the high Sanscrit of internal and external revenues or illegal taxes, every soul with eyes to see could pretty well grasp the meaning of a picture showing seven armed men shooting into a crowd of quiet bystanders, like a performance at sunrise. The loyalists themselves were profoundly disturbed; the "lukewarmers" moved one step nearer rebellion; the Adamses took up the chance for publicity and poured oil on the fire. The troops were forced out of town.

The march was on . . . Samuel Adams at its head . . . denouncing . . . his hair flying . . . very red in the face. The crowd behind him was multiplying. At last everybody knew what was happening.

IX

Hillsborough, with all his lordship about him, dramatically declares that the English "will grant nothing to the Americans except what they ask for with a halter round their necks."

Old Dr. Johnson pounds the table at the Cheshire Cheese. "Sir," he roundly asserts, "they are a race of convicted felons, and they ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging!"

Personalities are fading and coming on like so many stage lights. They are to illumine the stage for a moment—with graduated degrees of brilliance—and then sink, most of them, into the genteel apathy of darkness. Only a few keep their light throughout the whole performance. There are even fewer—only those like Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Anthony Wayne—who are to preside over both prologue and epilogue.

X

At the moment when something had to break came the tea episode and Boston's nine o'clock party. Historians have done their best to paint this in the undying patriotic blood of faithful Bostonians. But there was nothing very patriotic or inspiring or even decent about this gesture from beginning to end; it was strictly a matter where illicit American commerce and high profiteering ruled with the divinity that was supposed to be freedom.

The port of Boston was blockaded. Roars came from England. People all over the Colonies had strong feelings about this rebellious, fatal action—pro and con. The noise increased. But Samuel Adams' dream was coming true.

The Committees of Correspondence exchanged highly charged letters. The great American orchestra was beginning to play together at last . . . drums with violin . . . the bugle with 'cello . . . And from it a certain hazy harmony emerged. But there was a distinct motif running through it all. It had a strangely martial character.

There had been many solo and group recitals throughout the thirteen Colonies, but now they all came together for the first big concert.

It was the occasion of the meeting of the First Continental Congress. The place was Philadelphia—quiet, white and gold Philadelphia. The date was that immortal 5 September, 1774.

XI

The First Continental Congress was neither explosive nor impressive in its outward garments; any little labor-meeting in Kalamazoo could beat it all to pieces on the flourish. It had the appearance at first of being a pleasant gathering of prominent men who walked about the narrow little streets in bright clothes and drank together. Washington's entry in his *Diary* for that 5 September reads simply: "Breakfasted and Dined at Doc'r Shippen's. Spent the Eveng. at Tavern." It does not sound very much as if his soul had been stirred by momentous events at hand or the prophecy of what might follow. The *Philadelphia Gazette* speaks of the meeting of Congress as one might speak of an enlivening break in the monotonoy of high society, and as little else. Washington's *Diary,* carefully dull except for the entries of the year 1781, merely tells of the places where he "din'd."

They knew how to get down to business, too, these delegates. One of the first things they do is to frame the famous Suffolk resolutions, and send young Paul Revere scampering back to Boston with these dynamitecharged papers in his saddle-bag. From now on, whenever the bright "tormentor-lights" of the Revolution spot Paul Revere, he is to be astride a horse. He is tired of engraving scenes of Horrid Massacres; he wants the woods and the wild roads and a steed. The pleasant little Boston engraver becomes a dashing spirit—with a legendary dash. We can fancy a horse-shoe on his coat of arms.

The Suffolk resolutions comprised an absolute declaration of Massachusetts independence. There was no hedging; it was all there, in plain English—all except the definite word of disunion, which was so broadly hinted at that it is worse than written. No obedience could be exacted from the people, the resolution said, to the Port Bill or to the illegal revenue acts. The present judges in court were to be ignored; commissioners were directed to pay no attention to their orders. Creditors were informed that they themselves would have to collect what was due them, and that a gun would be more effective than the bench. A militia for every town was to be organized, and to be instructed in the art of war. Any attempted enforcement of the British law was to be speedily and uncompromisingly resisted.

It is a mystery how these resolutions ever got by the more wary delegates like Cushing and the lesser Paine, but the fact remains that they were adopted, a Provincial Congress put into office; and Massachusetts became a thoroughly self-governing Colony, paying very little more respect to the Crown than she does to-day.

Other movements in the Continental Congress were not so drastic. There was the "Declaration of Rights," saying over again what had already been said for years, but said with more authority and smashing purpose. And then there was Galloway's conciliation scheme.

The attitude of the patriots' minds is pretty clearly shown here by the fact that they ruled out and suppressed this scheme the moment it raised its generous head. The idea of conciliation was becoming a danger evidently; it could no longer satisfy these rebellious spirits.

There followed the "Continental Association" to levy strict boycotts, designed to put English firms carefully out of business.

Besides which there was a rather absurd "Address to the Inhabitants of Canada." The Colonials, as we shall see, wasted an appalling amount of time in a cheerful dream about enlisting the help and sympathy of the Canadians, and Wayne was to spend many months over this foolishness. When we consider the circumstances—the French, free Catholicism, etc.—it all seems rather like the futile gestures of a comic opera. The Canadians naturally laughed.

And, right on top of this, came a false rumor, invented by some hardworking soul, that Gage had bombarded Boston—and Congress readily voted to help the abused town in her cause.

The delegates lingered on until the 26 October. Then they patiently rode home in the rain.

XII

When the final proceedings of Congress reached Waynesborough, Anthony Wayne registered an overbearing enthusiasm. He made some hot-headed remarks that made quieter people wonder at him. Against this ministry! he echoed over and over again—and he gave a broad hint that sweet, cool steel would soon enter the program.

He says he wants to show people how to use this steel, and make formations, and advance over rough ground. He says the farmers are expert shots and can endure rigorous weather under the open sky, and would make an excellent and dependable army of defense. And he says it ought all to be done now, before valuable time goes by, before the British can get the jump.

But people tell him: *Be patient; wait a while; things may be different —yet!* And he waits . . . nervously, anxiously. He has to wait, like Samuel Adams.

Meanwhile he serves on various committees. They are not very important, these committees—mostly county affairs. In the great dazzling bonfire of the day they are like little nervous embers on the side; but they contribute their part in the general conflagration.

In the July before the First Continental Congress came together, Wayne had proposed resolutions to the people of Chester county to work up a united resistance to ministerial outrages. He seemed to be their natural leader; at least his spirit of opposition was stronger than anybody else's in that peaceful valley, and his nimble tongue managed itself adroitly around the most nimble curves of the resolutions. They were simple acrobatics, but they were enough to convince simple people. He pictured the whole country with its hands tied behind its back, looking down the mouths of cannon. He pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand, crying for action. He was a bit theatrical.

When he became Chairman of the Committee of Safety, a few months later in that year, he strongly stressed the need of throwing out English imports by the boatload. He said the Americans should learn how to take care of themselves, and not have to depend upon England for the things of everyday life. He pled his heart out for immediate military organization. He crowded in every argument he could think of until his speeches fairly oozed propaganda—oozed like a jelly bag. He said he was ready at any moment to put a musket over his shoulder and drill men in the art of war. He neglected to remember that he did not know anything about the art of war, except what he had read out of books.

For a little time things hung in the balance. He waited breathless, while the dignitaries of the Assembly pondered and delayed and screwed their not-so-gracious faces into thoughtful contortions. And then a decision was reached. He was given permission to go ahead; he was to collect and train a county militia to be used for purposes of defense. For purposes of defense—exclusively.

CHAPTER V

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

I

The young gentleman-farmer from Easttown is in the field. The young gentleman-farmer from Easttown is wearing a uniform and carrying a bright new sword. He can speak words with accents of authority; he can give brilliant directions, remembered from Cæsar and Saxe.

He drills his modest infantry; he experiments with all the strategic positions he knows. He glories in it. No more dreams; no more dreams of bayonets and long muskets and the quick thrill of shot. No more dreams ... high reality holds the stage, marshaling the ancient stuff of fancy....

His forefathers' blood is in its true veins again. The customary family portrait is painting itself once more—with the same paints, with the same brushes.

The barbarous realism, the devouring egoism, the great misdirected flow of energy—these things that make a man delight in ordering men about, and turn out enormous military figures—are pounding in his blood.

He stands there in the middle of a field, calling directions, drilling, training the best shots to be marksmen. He stands with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, his head thrown slightly back. It was a characteristic attitude; later it was to become a mannerism with him . . . hand on hilt . . . head aloofly back . . . with almost a visionary's air . . . and a touch of proud laziness.

The young gentleman-farmer from Easttown is raising a militia. He thinks of Hannibal, of Cæsar, and hears the echoes of ancient, far-off wars. He is standing with his hand on his sword.

II

And then the hush of sorrow descends for a little while upon Waynesborough. Isaac Wayne is dead.

Just how deeply this touched his son we have no way of determining; in all of Anthony's letters extant there is little more than a casual reference to his father. He scarcely speaks of his parents at all; it is as if he never had any. The obvious deduction is that they probably did not interest him very much; for he had a habit of recording things and people that interested him.

The great house is ominously silent. Everybody goes about on tiptoe. The young recruits of the regiment under Anthony's training send him a polite message of condolence, in which they speak of his departed sire as "a man conspicuously friendly to the great Cause now depending between

Great Britain and her Colonies." There are flowers and tears and little things remembered.

III

As soon as the excitement of the first few weeks of training his scanty militia wears off, Anthony finds that difficulties are slapping his ambitious face. The men who came out at first with all enthusiasm are now getting a bit weary and are asking for grace on certain days—because apples have to be picked and fruit stored and wine made, and they have to direct the operations. The young commander, in a position that is not exactly official, has to grin and bear it. The whole parade is so voluntary that he finds discipline a hard thing to establish.

He has his own responsibilities, too. The death of his father had brought new weights upon his shoulders, and he had automatically slid into the rôle of provider and governor for his family. His sisters are married now, but there is his mother, and Uncle Gilbert is in bad health. The providing problem is by far the easiest, since he has been left a fairly rich man; but the arguments and debates on the side of domestic government weary him. He will be relieved when he can escape it all. And in his mind's eye he sees the relief not far away—assuming the shape and the shades of war.

In January, 1775, he rode off one bitter morning to the Provincial Convention to urge the manufacture of home products, saying that unless it was done the non-importation agreements of English goods were so much "hot water." He probably also pictured the country to himself in a state of siege, but he said nothing about the possibilities of revolution; his arguments were plentiful enough, as usual, without having to drag in prophecies that might go against him with the more staid members.

He had been turning over the pages of a few copies of the Boston *Gazette,* brought to him by a friend, and he is full of thrilling doubts about this idea of independence so brazenly put forth. But he keeps it to himself.

People are well impressed by him for the most part. In spite of his sweeping statements, his assumptions, his vanity, and his boastful self-assurance, his magnetic personality wins some of the most cautious hearts. Those whose sense of humor comes to their rescue are amused and say that he is young and hot headed. Others dislike him outright; they say so. And he laughs carelessly . . . but it is a laugh with a sting in its tail.

IV

The boil has come to a head. It is going to break in a moment.

At Concord, Massachusetts, the patriots have set up a modest arsenal where they keep their military supplies. The British get wind of this business and begin to investigate. It is maintained that the citizens have no right to house articles of this sort without express permission from the

Crown. It would be best to confiscate them. There is word that John Hancock and Samuel Adams may be seized.

Paul Revere is on his horse again, digging in the spurs. The little Boston engraver rides through the night, crying out electric warnings. There is a nice legend about it. Some of it is fiction.

Dawn brings a pleasant spring morning, very mild and sunny. The troops casually set out for the business of removing the patriots' stores. The idea of resistance from the jellyfish farmers is poo-hoo'd.

. . . . On the road near the green in Lexington, a stone's throw from Concord, suddenly there are yells and some shots fired. The redcoats are met by a bunch of fierce, earnest-looking men in torn shirts with open collars. They exchange insults and order each other out. There are cynical smiles from the "lobster-backs"—and then the smiles crumble away into amazement. . . .

Guns are leveled and there are quick bursts of angry flame. Down by that peaceful stream between Lexington and Concord. Quiet little Concord looking at the soft blue hills . . . dreamy, sleepy Concord, where the sages were to come. . . .

Hancock and Samuel Adams are strolling across a field. The sound of gunfire reaches their ears. Adams trembles his constitutional tremble—this time intensified by ecstasy. He grabs Hancock's arm. His voice pierces the air. "Oh!" he cries, "oh, what a glorious morning is this!" His eyes are those of an old man who sees a long dream suddenly materialize.

More shots are fired. Dogs bark in the distance. People around look up from their labors and ask: "What was that?"

V

It was not very long before they were to find out. News of it spread like a prairie fire.

Everybody knows Boston is going to be the center of heat. And they all come flocking there from miles away, ready to do battle—men young and old, attired in anything they could pick up, their hair flying, their clumsy guns thumping against their musty-smelling and ludicrous equipment. Everybody who involuntarily leads a few men calls himself a captain; there is a dangerous clash of captains. They want to know what they can fire upon; they want to get down to business at once. When Artemas Ward (not the humorist, obviously!), who comes to take command, tells his assorted collection to wait for orders, they fume and become impatient.

And all the while more men are coming. Ragged men, untrained men, angry men crying for redress—men who have never seen the grim, accurate face of guns or heard the voice of authority. There has been no call to arms; the nation is still getting ready; here again the commoners are forcing action down the throats of the leaders. And there is an aching responsibility, too. These nondescript creatures have brought nothing with them except their determination; they must now be fed and provided with uniforms—or excuses for uniforms.

From the Convention in far-off Virginia comes a voice. It is the voice of George Washington, the planter. He says he is prepared and willing to come to Boston's assistance with a thousand men, at his own expense.

There is another voice, too. It is speaking to the freemen of Chester county in Pennsylvania. It urges that all men come together in military organization and march to the defense of the rights of humanity.

This time Anthony Wayne does not mince his words; he speaks out boldly and clearly. He pounds his fists, his teeth set grimly, his eyes flaring—and nobody mistakes him.

VI

Right in the midst of this the Second Continental Congress meets in Philadelphia. Some are still doubtful. Can they still turn back? Still win England over to see the gospel according to Adams? Is there any hope of conciliation? Is war inevitable—yawning, dreadful war, and the lumbering skill of cannon? Must the little Colonies . . . ?

There is one man among them who makes no answer in words. He sits silent. But he sits in a uniform. The delegates look at the tight-lipped George Washington and stop asking futile questions.

An unknown young man with red hair and watery, dreaming eyes takes his place among the grave councilors. He says he whole-heartedly approves of the uprising in Boston, and adds that he would like to see the whole continent of corrupt Europe in just such an air-clearing siege. People stare at him, amused and interested. Afterwards some of them were to say that this young Thomas Jefferson was "the most delightful destroyer of dust and cobwebs that they had ever known."

Both the Adamses advocate extreme measures. John Hancock, President of the Congress, hopes to be appointed commander-in-chief of the patriot army now being formed. He wears fine clothes and a smile. Franklin, just back from ten years in Europe and fresh from a chat with Pitt, has brought back ideas of settlement with him; but now the fracas at Lexington and Concord rankles in his blood, and that faithful, patient blood boils for Boston.

And the delegate from Virginia sits there in his uniform.

Thrilling news comes one day that wild Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold have marched with the patriot army from Cambridge into the northwest and after grueling hardships have captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point—the forts where young Anthony Wayne is soon to be in command. They joyously send back the captured English flags, and Congress tacks them up on the walls of Carpenters' Hall with trembling fingers, thrilled, and delighted, and afraid.

VII

British troops are landing in Boston; shiploads of troops; they are being marshaled. General William Howe—Howe who was weak and courageous and self-doubtful—has come to take command. The patriot mobs—for mobs they were—are assembling under Israel Putnam from rocky Connecticut—rough old "Put," just away from his plow, gray-haired and fierce and blustering.

William Howe and Israel Putnam—what a magnificent contrast! How each epitomizes his own side of the combat! Howe, the card-player, who cleared away obstructions with a careful, persevering saw—Putnam, the wolf-hunter, who cleared away obstructions by striking them with a bolt of lightning!

VIII

There is an eminence called Breed's Hill on a little peninsula, just across the Charles river from Boston, with an excellent view of the town. It is just to the east of Bunker Hill and is the modest mound where the so-called battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On the night of 16 June, 1775, the enterprising rebels, seeing the need for action if they are to keep the tides of popular opinion with them, encamp and entrench upon the hill. When the British open their weary eyes in the morning they find they have some rough neighbors. Well! they had planned to occupy this hill themselves; they don't especially like the new turn of affairs. They will teach the Americans to be cocky!

A few hours pass. Men in red coats are standing about, and more are rowing in from the British ships, their brass buttons shining in the sun, their hats very tall. They look so trim and neat and business-like, like a pack of cards. They move about like a deck being dealt by a skillful hand.

In Boston everybody climbs rooftops and ships' rigging in the Charles river to watch the pleasant colors shift about on that familiar green hill. Nobody dreams that anything serious may happen. It is only a picturesque sham. They talk and smile and wave bright handkerchiefs.

The little village of Charlestown over to the right is smoldering in fire and smoke. But everybody thinks that it is mere coincidence that Charlestown should be burning at this moment.

On the peak of Breed's Hill there is a parapet of hay and new-thrown earth. There is not a visible movement behind it. Down the hill, the British seem to be drilling. Tongues of flame lick lazily over Charlestown, as the tongues of children lick lollypops. . . .

What are the British doing? They are running up the hill, those pretty soldiers, appallingly in order, moving rigidly together, like figures on an escalator. They are almost to the top, almost to the brown parapet. Are they going to charge over? . . . Where are the patriots? The nearest onlookers hear harsh voices, too distant to be distinct. Where are those voices coming from? One voice yells out above all the rest, very rasping: "Colonel Abercrombie! Are the Yankees cowards?"

The British are within twenty yards of the entrenchments.

Suddenly heads appear over the hay and earth—some grizzled, some pitifully young—and a burst of flame runs round the top like a pinwheel. The men in red fire back . . . but there is nothing visible to aim at. They fall apart . . . they stumble and lie dead . . . the rest scatter like a flock of frightened birds and rush down the hill.

Sir William Howe runs after them, and pulls them together. His face is deathly pale; his lips quiver; his beautiful white stockings are splashed with blood. There is blood on the soft summer grass. Men in gorgeous uniforms raise themselves on one elbow, holding their stomachs, cough horribly—and sink back writhing in pain. Behind that hay up there silence reigns, as awful as the silence of the stars.

The men in red coats rush at it again. Again guns come over the parapet, firing rusty nails and doctored bullets—and the British go down like cornstalks before a cyclone. The raging slag from colonial muskets tears their stomachs out.

Again they scatter down the hill. There are reënforcements. Tears cloud the eyes of General Howe. The third assault charges once more up to the breastworks.

The patriots are almost out of ammunition. Putnam hoarsely orders those who have some left to get back and pick off the red-coats as they climb the parapet; the others are to stay up in front for hand-to-hand combat and the slewing sharpness of bayonets. Joseph Warren, the philosopher, stands there with a La Gioconda smile on his interesting face.

The British come over. Scores tumble on the top and fall forward, victims of skillful, half-dressed boys. Others pitch and lie still from the awful exactness of steel. Then the patriots turn and run like the wind, throwing rocks and old rusty iron, their ammunition gone. Joseph Warren, resisting to the last, goes down forever, with all his philosophy about him.

The British deliver a cross-fire and the rebels melt away. It was Howe's only good stroke that day. But he orders no pursuit. He has had enough; he has had a good deal more than he expected. He said afterwards that Breed's Hill was the hottest thing he had ever experienced, and his intimate knowledge of such battles was not limited.

Boston is in turmoil. There has never been such excitement. Some shout and sing; but for the most part the people are depressed, wondering how this kind of thing will end, with the British so powerful. Was it not sheer luck on the American side? They could not imagine herdsmen and milkboys triumphant over the minutely trained forces of the Crown.

IX

The immense noise reaches the Second Continental Congress. John Adams rises to his feet and nominates Colonel George Washington of Virginia as commander-in-chief of the American forces.

There are some feeble protests. Why appoint one who has not seen battle for sixteen years and has never led over fifteen hundred men? But John Adams has his reasons. The tall gentleman from the south is aristocratic and rich and influential. The mob is beginning to think too hard, Adams reflects, and their thinking may prove dangerous. To appoint an aristocratic planter is the only way of safety. And so the nomination is approved.

Washington accepts. He starts out by making the cleverest move of all—by refusing all pay for his services. It wins him favor at once. The magnanimous generosity and patriotism astound and brace the people. Washington never needed a publicity agent.

Before the Congress adjourns, he talks to various men about the moves to take. He talks to young Thomas Jefferson. But Jefferson is not greatly impressed; he thinks all military men are misfits.

Jefferson goes back to Monticello—to think. Washington is off to Cambridge—to take command of his coarse, pastoral forces under a large elm tree.

The tousled, disordered head of the American Revolution has been given a powdered wig, and the commoners are delighted.

X

Pennsylvania is ordered to supply the Continental army with her quota of troops, and Anthony Wayne is commissioned to raise what will be called the Fourth Battalion.

He is also serving on the Committee of Correspondence, the Provincial Convention, and the Provincial Committee of Safety. He is very busy, dashing here and there, reading papers, making speeches, and still trying to find enough time to look after his little county militia. He is so excited that he can't sleep nights. He drags Polly to the very verge of distraction by getting out his pistol at any hour, lighting a row of candles on the lawn, and standing there in the dark trying to snuff them out at a distance of twenty yards.

There are some darkly contradictory statements regarding the attitude of Chester county even as late as this. Some were heart and hand for independence; others were immovably set against it. The natural deduction from most of Wayne's speeches of resistance would point to the fact that he had thought of independence as a possible and reasonable solution of the blundering overrule. That is, when he thought of anything but war; war he was never doubtful about. He seems to have been a tractable person when it came to things requiring the use of pure intellect; and it is likely that the pleas and warnings of his quiet people made him somewhat question the wisdom of complete disunion. Washington, we know, was all for armed resistance, but was leery of the struggle for separation. And there were others, just as patriotic though not so aggressive as Mr. Samuel Adams & Company, who felt much the same way.

At least there is a document written by Wayne as Chairman of the Committee of Safety, which throws some light upon the question. This is the way it reads:

> In Committee,
>
> Chester co., Sep. 25, 1775.
>
> Whereas some persons, evidently inimical to the liberty of America, have industriously propagated a report that the military associators of this County in conjunction with the military associators in general, intend to overturn the Constitution by declaring an independency in the execution of which they are aided by this committee and the Board of Commissioners and Assessors with the arms now making for this County, and as such report could not originate but among the worst of men for the worst of purposes, This Committee have thought it proper to declare their abhorrence even of an idea so pernicious in its nature, as they ardently wish for nothing more than a happy and speedy reconciliation on constitutional principles with that state from which they derive their origin.
>
> By order,
>
> Anthony Wayne,
> *Chairman.*

That would seem to settle it all, if only we could be sure that these are really the feelings of Wayne himself, and not those dictated to him. It sounds like dictation—all in one breathless sentence. It sounds like an official exercise. But it doesn't sound like Wayne. He wrote lively language as a rule, whereas this is as dead as a blown Mazda, with a vacuum inside. Even his most official statements have a certain quick elasticity.

But he must have sympathized partly with the statement, or he could never have signed it. Perhaps he needed to be stirred up and pushed before he could believe in "an independency."

XI

There was a young Englishman in the country who was pushing everybody, Wayne along with them. He had come over about eighteen months before with letters from Franklin. He hated the Crown; he cried aloud for spiritual and intellectual freedom. Freedom was an obsession with him; he was a sort of bricklaying Shelley. He wrote books about this freedom, books which sold as ice cream cones do to-day at a public beach, and he called them *Common Sense, The Age of Reason,* and *The American Crisis.*

His speech was earthy, direct and honest. He used the words that men used when they talked before fireplaces. He was not innocent, sometimes, of rather revivalistic tactics, but high emotional appeals were the fashion in that day. And he won his point. His books were read. People announced to one another: "This is just what I have been thinking for years, but have been unable to say it!" He made the common people articulate, gave expression to their dreams. And even those who were among the white and gold were impressed, too.

Wayne found his friends' drawing rooms buzzing with talk about *Common Sense*. For when men got to the end of that famous book they could not help feeling that something must happen soon. Because it ended so dramatically:

> Everything that is right and natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of Nature cries, *It is time to part.*

The author is a poverty-stricken little man living on Front Street in Philadelphia. His name is Thomas Paine. He is not considered respectable; he is dirty; he is ugly; he is as sensitive as an open wound; he is not in the best of health; he is afraid of women because an unfortunate sex psychology has left him impotent.

XII

It is a dinner at Metz, in Lorraine, given by some officers of a French regiment. The brother of George III is there as guest of honor. He is explaining about the uprisings in America and how a southern gentleman of very little experience is leading these simple people into a wholesale butcher shop. He makes some rather bitter jokes at the expense of the Colonials and everybody laughs. Everybody except a tall young man who looks about nineteen and has reddish hair and blue eyes. He doesn't laugh, but his expression fastens upon the speaker in a kind of ecstasy. He rests his chin on his hands and sticks his long nose out, absorbing every faintest syllable. Right then and there he takes a vow—to go across the ocean and help these magnificent people in their struggle for independence. He has a child-wife, but he seems to forget that fact. Everything—his wife, the table before him, the brother of George III—fades away before this glorious idea of adventure in the interest of liberty.

The name of the young man with the blue eyes is Marie Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert du Mottier, Marquis de la Fayette.

XIII

General Washington is struggling with his little troops at Cambridge. They are disobedient and have been taught no respect for orders. He growls and keeps on. He must not fail in this.

Neither must Anthony Wayne. He is having the same difficulties as Washington, though many of his recruits seem more ignorant than those under the great commander-in-chief. But he struggles through, driving, enforcing discipline.

In January, 1776, training is over. He is appointed Colonel of the Fourth Battalion of the Pennsylvania Line.

CHAPTER VI

ARMS AND THE MAN

I

WAYNE was given a few weeks longer to get his rowdy, swearing army of farmers into as fine a form as he could. Tall men, short men, fat men, slim men; men young, men middle-aged, men grizzled. It was motley and spotted, this collection. John Adams had written that "one would burst to see" the pompous and ill-mannered together, going through the manual of arms, sweating and stumbling.

Then Wayne's orders came. He was told to march northward through New Jersey and to join the assembled forces somewhere in the vicinity of New York—probably on Long Island.

Farewell to Waynesborough. Farewell to Chester county and the broad fields where men have been shooting at homemade targets. These things are to become dim shadows in the distance. The army was off under the flat grayness of late winter skies. They were marching through Jersey swamps. The dream of young Colonel Wayne had come true. He had wet feet and muddy clothes and high spirits.

II

The beginning of 1776 saw the Revolution as a thing well on its way. We who are so used to thinking of war as a science, minutely organized and relentlessly efficient, can hardly envisage the state of battle as the patriots knew it. Between the little bursts of gunfire about the country there were long delays in which there was no action whatever; encounters were few and far between; it was mostly marching and maneuvering and procrastinating. Armies simply encamped and waited for things to happen. They were usually without sufficient food and clothing, but they always had the holy grail.

There was a spirit in it all. There was a spirit—and there was not a spirit. Opinions clashed; people clashed. About thirty-five per cent of the population were seriously in favor of an armed resistance; about twenty-five per cent were so timid and uncertain that they remained perfectly inactive, waiting to join the side that forged ahead quickest; while the remaining forty per cent were so furiously set against war that they wanted even to suppress popguns.

In all the magnificent talk of "Minute Men" there is mostly legend. All these men rushing . . . everybody in the country picking up arms . . . in defense of their outraged property and liberty, and their threatened families . . . and dashing about in brilliant groups shooting down the British—mostly legend.

Wayne, on the bleak march through cold and snow, soon saw that his men's interest and enthusiasm had strangely abated. He saw they were troubled. He saw they had blue faces and sorry eyes. Not at all the expressions on their faces when they had made bayonet charges against dummy targets on the fields of home. This was war.

As they tramp along through the country they encamp at convenient farm houses . . . where there is oftentimes a young girl with amorous inclinations . . . where there is a double bed or two perhaps . . . and the little regiments shoulder their hopelessly inadequate equipment in the morning and march on, shy one or two soldiers who had wanted liberty above all things only the day before yesterday.

Some New Jersey regiments join them on the way. On they go. Often some of these poor weakened fellows pass their own homes, possibly, in the order of advance, and see the warm smoke from the chimney, and the old familiar colors of things about the house, and they go in and have a little drink because they are cold and food because they are hungry, and then another drink because it is so good to be back again with their wives and children . . . it is so good . . . and it is life again . . . and then the regiments go on lacking another man.

One can hardly blame them, poor fellows. They were supposed to be paid for their services, but there was no money. They were supposed to be clothed and provided with those green and brown uniforms of the colonial army; but there was no clothing except what they brought with them; there were no uniforms except those made out of nothing and everything to resemble uniforms. The officers had them, to be sure—trim buff and blue, with a touch of gold braid and a scantiness of lace—but they were the officers, please God. The rank and file had to stand up against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in torn and tattered nothingness, shivering with cold and hunger.

Yet men like Wayne and Washington punished these creatures with thirty-nine lashes across their bare backs, blue and cracked from the sharp winds and beds of frosty earth, for deserting the army in time of need. What a grim fiasco! Legally they were right; these men had signed papers declaring allegiance and they were going back on their word and insulting the divinity of martial authority. Yes, legally Wayne was right. Humanely, he was a distracted and anger-blinded and thickly impatient child. Jefferson said that a general learns his business at an appalling cost to other men.

III

In spite of much exemplary patriotism and burning ardor on the part of a few Colonials, the majority seemed ready to do almost anything except protect themselves and their interests against British tyranny. They would talk; they would join mobs and tar and feather loyalists;

but when it came to actual combat with the King's accurate regulars, a great deal of luster wore off.

Out of the total population of the Colonies in 1776, there were about three hundred thousand men who under the strictest of modern requirements could be enlisted for military service—and yet the colonial army and navy together could never boast more than about one-twelfth that amount.

Wives and daughters of the harassed leaders and patriots took up the cause, especially the daughters. Down in Virginia a group of young ladies took a heartless stand and formed a pact among themselves "not to permit the addresses of any person, be his circumstances or situation in life what they will, unless he has served in the American armies long enough to prove by his valor that he is deserving of their love." Other high-spirited young matrons seized a haughty suitor who was speaking with low contempt of the "rebels" and, stripping him to the waist, covered his torso with molasses and decorated the sticky part with iris from the garden—tar and feathers with an ineffable feminine touch.

Patrick Henry's speeches and Tom Paine's *Common Sense* were dwarfed by this sort of argument.

But nothing seemed to make it any easier to find men willing to fight. Washington was in despair. He said he would have never accepted the command could he have foreseen the impossible hardships.

Wayne, almost to New York, wrote that only about half his men had dependable guns, and that the rest were armed with nothing but "damned tomahawks." All was mud. The world was puddle-luscious. But he thanked God that it was getting a little warmer, because their supply of whiskey would never last if it turned cold again.

IV

Then the spring of 1776. In the great cosmic round it was another spring . . . with the frolicsome dignity of quick early flowers . . . with the immense, surging change in the fields and woods . . . and the brittle piping of birds.

But in the lives of the Colonies a strange grayness had settled, relieved now and again by scarlet-challenging splashes of blood.

Anthony Wayne was down on Long Island with his little regiments, waiting for orders. Not very far down on Long Island, however,—a little beyond Brooklyn Heights. But he liked Long Island. There were nice people there who had nice houses and good things to eat and drink. His soldiers liked it, too. The young colonel wrote that they were having a delightful time. With parties and dances almost every night, war was pleasant. Handsome girls sang for the soldiers, and kissed them when people weren't looking. And when they were!

But the young colonel was reflective. He said: "I am rather dubious.

We shall not enjoy it long, the accts. from Canada being very unfavorable —but *mum!*"

V

Below the bluff, in the water that was New York Harbor, His Majesty's ships lay at anchor, paced by nervous men aching for action and decision. Across the river the little Colonial troops were drilling in the streets around what is now Battery Park. Where the Telephone Building to-day rears its massive and careful shoulders into the amorous dignity of twilight, and where the Cunard Building stands like a broad-chested sentinel at the gates of the sea, one hundred and fifty years ago ragged men loaded Queen Anne muskets and fired at targets, while pigs snooted in the gutters. Other men stood about in long boots and gazed out at those ships at anchor, and wondered when, and how, and where something was going to happen. Still others sat about and wrote letters to Washington, and Washington answered—and the days passed, followed by weeks, in sodden processional.

Anthony Wayne sat over there behind Brooklyn with his meandering line of troops, waiting for Charles Lee to order him to go somewhere. But Lee did nothing. He only sat and shivered.

One morning about the middle of April the young colonel was introduced to a tall, pockmarked man who had a strong handshake and a somber, worried expression. Wayne had met his commander-in-chief for the first time. And something about George Washington appealed to him; he liked him from the beginning. In fact, the liking was mutual. The general said that the irrepressible enthusiasm of the young colonel cheered him.

Out there in the gray waters of the harbor one of the King's ships lurches and rolls awkwardly with the tide. On board there is a man whom we have heard of before, but who now is out of office, a man without a place in the world he has dreamed of as his own. William Tyron's anger is so sizzling, his nerves so frayed, and his mental amperage so low, that he actually looks forward to the success of a plot he has created to murder Washington, capture his officers, and jump New York by force. The plot is discovered. A man is hanged. And Tyron contracts an everlasting jaundice of the heart.

New York trembles on the verge of distraction. Everybody is at such a nervous pitch that all is forgotten except the tension at hand. Merchants go bankrupt and smugglers are driven to suicide. Nobody is buying. Money-saving has become an epidemic.

A comic theatre. Washington has erected batteries along the water front . . . about as effective as so many cardboard boxes. He knew the Americans would be helpless before a siege by water—and there was nothing but water—but he was rushing to his seeming-heavenly luck. John Adams said nothing about Washington's behavior in New York, but he must have wondered if riches and aristocracy were going to prove so effective after all.

Then the Virginia planter continued to play with fire and fate by dividing his scanty forces and sending a half over to Brooklyn Heights where Wayne was. It was by a stroke of that weird good fortune that attended Washington, even through his worst errors, that "Billy" Howe decided not to block the East river—by which action he could immediately have cut Washington's sadly inadequate little army in two and caught them like chickens in a corner.

Howe was a Hamlet without brains. He procrastinated; he reflected upon every possible move and performed none; he danced and jumped around and around, but he never jumped to the center. He was like a prize fighter who spends whole minutes looking for a good opening, and then finds the gong has rung before he can get in the punch. His mind was a grasshopper; it never went long enough in one direction to find the road.

Washington was playing a poor game. He showed right at that moment that he was a bad field general; but his opponent was worse than he. He simply sat in Manhattan and waited for the storm to break. Howe waited, too, for a while; but when he did move at last, he did not go far enough. Of all men to draw good hands, Howe was certainly the prince of blind and careless players. With about ten cards of one suit, he would bet no-trump.

VI

The history of those early days of fighting is full of monstrous absurdities. For men who could write statements of their rights like no others that we know, and who afterwards proved themselves capable of piloting the frail barque of the little United States out of the turbulent waters of debt and disorganization—for men like these to commit the military jackasseries of 1776 seems incredible.

Chief among these jackasseries was the one that set Wayne's little camp over beyond Brooklyn Heights in a hubbub one morning, cleaning arms and getting ready for a long march. He was ordered to go to Canada. Some of the army under Arnold and Morgan was already there, and he was to go on to join them. It never occurred to him whether it was wise or not. The only thing that occurred to him was that it was magnificent.

There seems to be no very solid reason why Canada should have meant as much as it did to the Colonials; but evidently they considered it part of the territory, or at least a country that would ultimately become a part. Only ten years before Franklin had sent young Wayne up there to settle land, and now the dazzling idea was to conquer Quebec—Quebec perched up on a high bluff in the wilderness, an infinity away from the seat of Congress, totally impractical for the uses of state, and certainly for the uses of war! Quite ridiculous! But the idea had become an obsession.

The Colonials hated the Quebec Act of 1774, prescribing perfect liberty to Catholic worship in Canada (which was mostly French), and they thought that because they hated it, the Canadians might be expected to hate it also. Samuel Adams & Company had a strange notion that any self-respecting person who was a lover of liberty could not possibly hold views on any important issue different from the views expressed by the company in Boston. They did not seem to realize that the wise Quebec Act, one of England's finest gestures, granted to the Canadians just that liberty which they most valued and which, as they informed the surprised Americans, they would be loath to see taken away from them. They thought the Canadians were fooling themselves. And the Canadians laughed, because there is an uproarious comedy in having a man come to your front door and say: "You don't really believe in this thing you say you believe in; you had better not be a dupe of soft treachery; come with us, because we need your help." It was simply another instance of that incorrigible Protestant thick-headedness in regard to Roman Catholicism.

America wasted an appalling amount of time and energy on this wild goose chase. When it was all over, nobody could say very definitely why it had been done—why Montgomery and Arnold chased after Carleton on those far heights, or why anybody in those chaotic Colonies thought Quebec, of all places, would be a good military outpost. Of course they were afraid of a British invasion from the north, but there was no good reason to go all the way to Canada to meet it. When it was all over, it was in New York State, not in Canada, that the play-writing Burgoyne was captured and lost his whole army.

VII

It was full spring by the time Wayne and his little army got started from New York. The weather was warm, and hot sunlight made men forget that they did not have enough clothes to keep them protected. Up along the Hudson, through those beautiful highlands, they plodded slowly northward, dragging huge cannons through the mud, sweating and swearing.

Men who have come back from the winter campaign with Arnold and are returning north again, march with Wayne's men. They are full of stories. At evening rest, before the light of fires, they tell gruesome tales. Tales of how men lay dead and frozen in the snow only a few months before. Tales of Arnold's silver fort in Quebec—a fort made of snow with water poured over it to make a hard wall. How they all sat patiently and carefully froze. Until New Year's.

There had been a stinging blizzard that night. Arnold thought it was the time to attack. So the first thing he had done that year, when

1776 had been but two hours old, was to send Montgōmery and young Aaron Burr against one side of the town while he himself braved the other. Cannons spat angry fire. The Colonials were wedged into a narrow street and had been mowed down.

The narrators repeat the shouts, the cries of men in mortal agony. They picture the rushing men. Morgan and Hendricks constantly in the front of things, with glorious flourishes. That lion Morgan, that burly, broad-shouldered, loud-voiced, thundering Morgan, fighting with his hands like some magnificent animal!

Then the climax of those tales. How the provincials had gone down like ripe apples in a wind storm. How they had turned and run for their lives, stopping at houses to fire out of the windows. How men and officers stretched out one by one in that silent, avaricious snow. How Hendricks had gone down, the victim of a sharpshooter's musket. How Montgomery lay still, like a wet sponge full of grape shot, smearing the white snow.

And now Anthony Wayne's little troops were going north to meet the men who had stood it as long as they could hold out after Quebec had finally collapsed, and now were coming with Arnold to join the fresh American regiments who had never heard dying men cry out in the snow, except in story.

In Albany they stop for a little rest. Anthony Wayne goes to visit General Livingston. The young colonel from Pennsylvania is a distinguished guest. He has a delightful time, but soon something comes up that troubles him immensely. In fact, three things.

Three young ladies—"accomplished, fine sweet girls, and very handsome," he says. They are General Livingston's daughters. He utterly loses his heart to these three graces. But he is a married man. Which is a terrible thing for them, and bothers him. He wants to be with them, and constantly is with them, but he writes to Sharp Delany, his old friend in Philadelphia, that, being a hardened sinner, "it would be cruel to endeavor to win the affections of an innocent good girl." He says that if he were single he might make some advances, but he hates to disappoint these delicious young things, and he is afraid they are in love with him. Poor young colonel! He wants to be just, but his heart is a sport. He knows it, and he is so honest and young that he is desperately upset for fear he may hurt somebody. Finally, he leaves Albany before he expected; he tells Delany that he had to do something "to keep out of the way of temptation." He only prays that he has not broken somebody's heart.

Modest young man!

VIII

The troops headed north. The wilderness engulfed them. On they went over swamps, through dark forests, across surging rivers. Men fell from exhaustion, and were left behind. The whisky gave out. Men cursed and drank the muddy water of streams. Then food gave out. Soldiers boiled their powder-pouches to make soup. Fast messengers were sent ahead to the next provision depot to get supplies; but before they returned scores of haggard men were under the soil.

Those who did not kill themselves from over-eating when food came at last, finally got on to Fort Sorel, on the Sorel river.

That "warrior drover, Wayne," as the fantastic André was to call him in after years, was a long way from home. A long, long way. It was a far cry from the quiet little Provincial Assemblies of a twelve-month past to the surging and excited camp at Fort Sorel. It was a far cry from the big sticks and paper hats of boyhood, or the ineffective little militia of defense drilling on Chester fields, to the gaunt and magnificent reality of the Fourth Battalion. This was the glory of war he had so feverishly desired.

But when it comes to him and he can see it full face, his enthusiasm seems to drop a little. His letters have a faint touch of that twilight chill that comes over dreamers when their dreams are realized, lacking, as they must, the rosy effulgence, the skillful variations of the vision. He speaks of the "Delightful as well as Gloomy Prospects," and something of the childish joy over his first command is missing. While he reveled in action, he was always just epicurean enough to love thinking of it just as well; there were more glorious possibilities. His castles were oftentimes damp as habitations, and to have to face that fact made him uncomfortable.

IX

Summer now.

The Colonial army is appallingly scattered. Those limited and inadequate forces are splashed here and there in little struggling groups, like ink blots on a map. Nobody seems capable of concentrating them. Here in Canada, at a dismal camp between Montreal and Quebec, the Pennsylvanians are hanging over the edge of a slow and futile conquest. Hundreds of miles away, down in the Colonies, people do not seem to be able to determine very exactly just what places should be defended, or at just what points attacks should be made. Washington is still in nervous occupation of New York, blindly trusting to the grace of God.

All movement is difficult. When troops do move for a campaign they are encumbered with unbelievable hardships. They go in rags, without food enough for prairie dogs, and often without arms and ammunition. The farmers refuse to accept the Continental paper money, behind which stood only the good will of the Colonies and no gold, so that the troops are obliged to kill or steal what they need, or march on with empty stomachs until they fall.

Sorel was all impatience. Colonel Wayne and his Pennsylvanians wanted to fight. Burgoyne was at Three Rivers (*Trois Rivières,* the

French called it) about fifty miles down the St. Lawrence, prepared to swoop in devastating invasions upon the northern colonies.

The Pennsylvanians wanted to have at him. They and their young colonel were hot for blood. Within a week after arrival at Sorel they put out in boats on the river. They were going to meet "Gentleman Johnny." On the 9 June they landed about ten miles above the enemy's encampments and began the march through those dark woods, with thoughts of a surprise.

Anthony Wayne was going into battle for the first time in his life. He had never seen guns spurt in his face before.

All went well at first. Then some one blundered. The guides had mistaken the roads, and led the army into a trap. They were sneaking along the edge of the river. The air was full of something ready to happen. . . .

Suddenly there was a great bulge of cannon from the ships on the water. Terrific fire. Men fell and stumbled. Wayne tried to get his men back into the woods, but nothing he could do seemed to bring them out of range. The fire kept up. Hours passed. Night was upon them. Nobody had had a morsel of food. They crossed swamps and interminable bogs. Men whimpered and cried out. Utter darkness. The fire had stopped, at last. They were lost, and the soldiers were weak and trembling. Then dawn came. . . .

Three more hours passed. Nobody had had any breakfast, and it was seven in the morning. They were just about to think themselves utterly gone astray, when suddenly they came upon a clearing. It was the fringe of the British fort!

"Hist!" from the officers. Silence now. Rapid work. Wayne calls orders to form. The surge of deep-breathing, hungry men. . . . Whing! What's that! There is a swift stir in the air. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a body of redcoats surges into sight, coming fast, straight out in front and perfectly in order, like the card-pack soldiers of Breed's Hill.

It is Wayne's first test, and it is a severe one. The British come like a tornado. He tries with every ounce of effort in him to shape his surprised men into some sort of formation, but they only waver and duck and seem not to hear orders. From Wayne's official report we might imagine that discipline was immediately established, but those who were in the fray said afterwards that the shock of the surprise was so great that those who stayed back flitted about hysterically, while those who went ahead "to amuse them," as Wayne calmly remarked when it was all over, fought like delirious wild cats with very little commonsense in regard to their position. It was only when they got field-pieces and howitzers smack in the face at the breastworks that they began to realize that a retreat was in order.

Altogether confusion reigns rampant. While some groups, shot to pieces, are trickling away, other late comers emerge from the great swamp and rush the fort. Regiments are hopelessly divided; everybody gets into the wrong place. And the British, carefully protected, stay within their own lines and pepper the Colonials joyfully. Wayne cries out and flourishes his sword and orders his men back into the swamp where they will be hidden, there to fire their answers. But it is useless; the English fortifications are too impregnable for diffuse American spurts. They give way before the heat. They are retreating. Suddenly Wayne finds himself left alone with William Allen, twenty men, and five officers. Everybody else had disappeared; they could be heard crashing through the woods, cursing and shouting.

Would Wayne retreat, too? For a moment he was at a loss. He might so easily be captured here. He looked at Allen, who was pale. And then he had one of those sudden rushes of brains to the head that seem so characteristic of his thinking in tight places.

He did not retreat. He stayed. He told the remaining faithfuls to spread out and fire as often as possible, for the mere sake of noise, so that the British would think that the greater part of the army had stayed by, and would not venture out from behind their fortress until Hartley and the rest had led the retreating soldiers well out of reach. They kept it up for a while—almost an hour. Grueling work. Putt, putt, putt! . . . like a mockery. But it fooled the British.

Then Wayne turned and made a wild dash for safety. A little force of British regulars piled out of the fort and came on in pursuit, but soon they wished they hadn't. The British were as useless as babies when it came to hand-to-hand combat or encounters in thick woods. They simply lacked the skill of fighting behind trees.

Wayne's good senses stayed by him. The moment he had collected his troops once more, established mild equilibrium, and bound up his bleeding wounds, he began at once to assist Arnold in his retreat from Montreal. For the British were coming on now, coming on, red with anger and encouraged by the victory at Three Rivers. Arnold sent out a young male peacock named Wilkinson—who, many years later, is going to try to murder Wayne—to get reënforcements from Sullivan of Pennsylvania. But Sullivan is nowhere to be found, and Wilkinson went on from place to place throughout the district, only to come upon "straggling men without officers, and officers without men."

Then he ran upon William Allen, and Allen told him, according to his *Memoirs:*

"Wilkinson, this army is conquered by its fears, and I doubt whether you can draw any assistance from it; but Colonel Wayne is in the rear, and if any man can do it he is the man."

Wilkinson found him at last, very much at his ease, he says, walking along a road—affecting that casual air that he was given to taking on in moments of extreme excitement, as a kind of shield.

Wayne was resourceful. He posted a guard at the bridge to stop every man who looked fairly alert and at least half fed. Within a few hours he had formed an emergency detachment out of sheer chaos, and a few hours later they were starting off to Arnold's assistance. Then the word came that Arnold had escaped by himself and no longer needed help; whereupon Wayne directed his forces to join Sullivan, who had been artfully lost.

In the midst of all this grim horseplay a touch of genuine comedy entered. The opportunity for a practical joke popped up and Wayne, true to himself, took advantage of it.

They were marching along an eminence; there was a plain below. Just at the moment that somebody discovered Sullivan and his bedraggled crew crossing this plain, somebody else in Sullivan's troop, who evidently did not have very good eyesight, gave warning that the British were on the hill. Wayne's detachment was mistaken for a party of enemy scouts. Sullivan immediately shouted excited orders and formed his men. Drums beat; bugles sounded. Consternation below. Absolute panic, Wilkinson says it was. Wayne calmly took out his field glasses and focused upon the scene, evidently delighted at Sullivan's fright. . . .

Then, after he felt that the poor men below had been fooled long enough, he stepped out magnanimously to a high rock. He uncovered his head and waved his hat and flashed his bright sword in the sunlight, while his men mockingly cheered.

His childish joy was complete. It was a beautiful gesture, he thought, in the coveted rôle of *le grand sauveur*. But it is said that when the two men came together at last, the exhausted Sullivan looked sadly reproachful for a very long second before he really laughed.

The moment Wayne got back to camp at Sorel, he sat down to pen a letter to Benjamin Franklin. A long letter, this is—describing his maiden battle, and containing reflections upon the art of war. He tells how the situation stands at present, says he had been slightly wounded in the right leg, and then thunders down a remark that must have made Franklin pause and quietly smile. In plain English, without reservations, it glares from that page of meticulous handwriting:

"I believe it will be Universally allowed that Col. Allen and myself have saved the Army in Canada."

Perfectly characteristic. All through his letters such statements appear repeatedly. It is hard to say just what there was about him that made him write such monstrosities. His friends spoke of his "overconfidence," and tried to excuse him on the grounds that hot-blooded men like Wayne are not responsible for their enthusiasms.

"Universally allowed . . . Col. Allen and myself . . . saved the Army." He wrote it because he liked to hear the sound of it. He believed it because he liked the sound of it.

X

In the month before Washington evacuated New York, red-haired Thomas Jefferson wrote a declaration which contained definite expressions of opinion, abstract and quite otherwise, and made statements concerning George III and his kingdom which were considered almost treasonable by the more cautious souls.

But on the shoulders of this Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson, at the age of thirty-three, was carried into that limited arena of fame, where the world is the grandstand. From then on, few group pictures of the leaders ever left out his tall, keen figure. His mind was a high-powered electric current; its voltage could have burned out every fuse in the intellectual America of his time.

XI

At about the same moment that the pompous delegates were affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence, Burgoyne was following Anthony Wayne in hot pursuit from old St. John's, through trackless wildernesses, to Lake Champlain.

And the patriots fled, fled in torn uniforms and with empty stomachs, on and hopelessly on, exhausted and afraid, to *Isle aux Noix* as a momentary resting place, having escaped British vigilance for a while. But not for long. Burgoyne finally nosed out their lair, and again they were up and off, headlong for Ticonderoga where, when reënforcements were met at last, they intended to make a stand.

But it was a long way. They pushed on hard. Hearts of lead . . . feet of lead. . . . The British were just behind. Men sick . . . men weary and thin to the bone . . . men sad and heavy with life . . . men who fell and were left . . . while the rest pushed onward. With the British fast behind.

Altogether it was an excellent retreat. Wayne was dealing with men who had never seen the quick eyes of guns until a few weeks before, and his carefulness and timely trickery would have done credit to many an older man with a force of hardened veterans. As it was, his men must have seemed pitiful specimens in the eyes of the God they prayed to for mercy and assistance. . . . Their clothes were torn to shreds; their guns were rusty . . . their bodies were unkempt, and their beards vagabonding all over their faces and necks.

Wayne faced it thoughtfully. He watched spirits drop. He saw men becoming careless and improvident, and often turn contemptuously towards their fellows, snarling like curs. Something had to be done. Back in the Colonies, the stay-at-homers considered this sort of condition romantic. "Their lank, lean cheeks and war-worn coats, are viewed with more veneration by their *honest* countrymen, than if they were glittering nabobs from India, or bashaws with nine tails," said the *Pennsylvania*

Journal. But Wayne knew this sort of talk at home was only fat sentimentality, cheap and slimy-mouthed. He was not dealing with journalistic propaganda; he was dealing with war and with disheartened human beings.

He thought, and he thought well, and he issued strange orders. They were greeted with laughter and derision; everybody could see that they had their comic side, but very few saw their enormous wisdom. Here are the orders:

> A barber for each company shall be nominated for the purpose of shaving the soldiers and dressing their hair. The Colonel is determined to punish every man who comes on parade with a long beard, slovenly dressed, or dirty. He hopes the officers will think it their duty to see that their men always appear washed, shaved, their hair plaited and powdered, and their arms in good order.

When the orders were received everybody looked at him in amazement, and wondered if the tall young colonel was not a wee bit mad. . . . Lost in the lonely vastness of the northern woods . . . retreating without food and clothing . . . yet with shaved faces and with powdered hair! . . . The soldiers said it was as if a woman should paint before going to bed alone; and he could do no more than fortify himself with what tolerance he had. He wrote to Washington about it:

> I have an insuperable bias in favour of an elegant Uniform and a Soldierly Appearance, so much so that I would rather risk my life and Reputation at the head of the same men in an attack, clothed and appointed as I could wish, merely with bayonets and a single charge of ammunition, than to take them as they appear in common with sixty rounds of cartridges. It may be a false Idea, but I cannot help cherishing it.

It was one of the soundest ideas a man ever had. Washington himself wrote that "I perfectly agree with you as to the importance of dress," but that he was afraid that few could see it in any light but that of absurdity. Stillé, the most dependable of Wayne's biographers, calls it a "little piece of pardonable vanity."

Vanity?

Wayne's understanding of military psychology never attained a higher reach of intelligence!

XII

When he got to Ticonderoga in August, Wayne wrote a swaggering letter to his "Dear Girl"—his pet name for his beautiful wife—really a gay letter, but tempered by worry and a touch of sentimental despair. He has been interviewing his troops, now trim and fed and powdered once again, and he remarks: "I have now the finest and best regiment in the Continental Service; we are viewed with admiration and pleasure by all the officers of the Army, and we have rendered our Camp almost Impregnable."

It sounds like a schoolboy. He goes on to say that he is prepared for any event . . . "and Death or Glory will attend us," and he says to tell his friends that if he falls he will fall in "the support of their Rights —and the Rights of Mankind." The idea that he is going to be killed seems to possess his mind; he constantly refers to it. He writes to his beloved sister-in-law, Sally Robinson, flirts with her rather clumsily for a while; and then he asks himself why he is flirting and confesses, "It is a mistake I often make, and I shall endeavor to correct it." (He never did.) He sends his regards to certain young ladies in Philadelphia—"the sweet Miss Biddles, and my dear Miss Griffiths"—and speaks of a "fixed and tender friendship"; but very soon his mind is back brooding upon the hazards of his life. "I hope," he says, "we shall all once more have a little rural dance together, but if the fate of war should have it otherwise —farewell—farewell forever, and remember that you once had a faithful Ant'y Wayne."

"Death and Glory . . . the fate of war.". . . It is rhetoric, undoubtedly, but the proud man stands behind it.

And then the northern autumn, beautiful and sad—mortally sad. Winter is not far away.

The awful silence of the first snow is upon them.

. . . And long days and nights with only a fire and one's thoughts.

◆

CHAPTER VII

THE FOUR HORSEMEN RIDING NORTHWARD

I

The absurdity of the Ticonderoga stronghold impressed Wayne from the start; but he could see nothing better than to hold it—at least until Burgoyne jumped down upon them for some action. The whole rub, however, was that they should be so hopelessly isolated from the rest of the Colonies that needed their help, with "that insurmountable barrier, Albany," between them and civilization.

Wayne told Franklin almost at the outset how impossible it was to maneuver intelligently without being able to get any word of what was happening to the rest of the army in the other parts of the country; for at that time no letters or news of any kind were coming through. They were like men in the dark. And Wayne found his enthusiasm and hope of the first few months waning away, as if lights were going out about him, and he wrote that he had serious "apprehensions for the brave and generous sons of America who will be obliged to bear the brunt of the day."

Evidently the thing that depressed him most of all was the fact that the raw recruits who came into camp for the purposes of reënforcement had never been taught the bare rudiments of order and obedience. A coarse lot. They thumbed their noses at superior officers, and lolled all day. Many of the Pennsylvanians were no better. They blew their gold on liquor and whores, but refused to contribute enough to pay for a new uniform. Of course there was no reason why they should, except the reason of good will and coöperation in the time of need; but they were about as public spirited as ground-hogs. They were big muscular devils, famous for their hardihood and toughness; but they were, with a few exceptions, rotten shots—which may have been one reason for Wayne's insistence upon the bayonet.

Bloodgood, who was a teamster in the army at Ticonderoga, wrote years later of Wayne's men:

> They were the most quarrelsome, & I regret to say, profligate set of men I have ever seen together. They had plenty of money with them, and spent it profusely. The vices of insubordination, gambling & rioting marked their battalion, and we ourselves had great trouble with them.

"We ourselves" means, of course, that Bloodgood was not in Wayne's detachment, and evidently he left before Wayne became sole commander in the north.

Wayne prophesied, and prophesied with awful exactness, that because of the enforced idleness and delays that would have driven Job to the river, the men would soon become impatient of command and careless in their ways of living. He knew that the enemy had sent out spies—just as he had—and that the sight of a dissipated and improvident camp would give the British the cue for an attack; and he knew, too, as he said, that they were "artful."

His whole insistence was on action of some sort. He was not a man who could rest. The impression he gives is that he needed action as a means of escaping himself. A great part of him was all escape or gratification. This boastfulness, this vanity, this insane desire to be forever changing and striking at conditions—this was what many men called madness in him. Mad Anthony! Much of truth is behind that name, so idly given.

He wrote to Tom Robinson:

> And since the sword, my dear Tom, must determine whether we shall be free men or slaves, I most fervently pray that all intermission may be cut short, and that those wretches who brand us with vile epithets, vain boasters and cowards, may meet us front to front; when, if we turn aside, may God shut the door of Mercy on us!

But nothing happened, and the door of mercy swung in the wind. As time went on, Ticonderoga became more and more intolerable; Wayne's horror of the place was made manifest in every letter he wrote. It was damp and gloomy; the soldiers were getting disgusted and were taking up with stray women to a degree that made them stupidly useless. Wayne protested, but his protests did no good, and he had too much sense to call a strict halt on it all. He knew that while such a life temporarily ruins some men, it keeps them all going at the same time. In fact, Wayne was so wise in regard to this side of fighting that he often saw secretly to the necessity of women on a long campaign, and he sometimes went so far as to have them examined by the camp doctor. Examined for all diseases, in fact. He saw what had happened to Montgomery's men in Quebec and was careful not to let such a devastating thing repeat itself with his forces, who had enough to battle against as it was.

One can see that Ticonderoga got on his nerves. When he told Franklin about it, in begging for help and supplies from the negligent government, he became almost Poe-esque. His thoughts had echoed back to his beloved Pennsylvania, and he rhapsodized:

> 'Tis the Garden of America, 'tis the Parragon of Creation. And pray, it may be inquired, what kind of place is Ticonderoga? I shall tell you. When God made it (if he ever had a hand in it) it was surely done in the dark; it is one confused jumble of stones, without order, beauty or profit.
>
> It puts me in mind of the ancient Golgotha, as the skulls of the *mighty slain* are so plenty here, that our people make punchbowls and ladles of them.
>
> The common men convert the thighs and shinbones of Abercrombie's men into tent pins.

But Franklin merely writes back that he is sorry and helpless, but that America is still untrained in supplying troops, and that Wayne and his men have to bear the appalling inconveniences "with a Soldierly Spirit."

That sort of talk is magnificent at the pen's tip or at the tongue's tip; but it does not digest so well in an empty stomach. Only well fed men babble sentiment about a "Soldierly Spirit." Hungry men know that flesh comes before spirit of any kind. It is no wonder that Wayne found that the problem of desertion was becoming a serious menace.

II

Finally food came to Ticonderoga. No uniforms as yet; no clothes, but food! The men got so drunk on the taste of wine that everybody went half asleep on parade. Wayne and Colonel St. Clair sat down together to a feast.

Wayne wrote to his brother-in-law, Colonel Penrose, that he was actually hiding his ribs at last by dint of claret and port, and the "good Creatures" that he knows as cheese and potatoes and venison. He was always a powerful eater and drinker, and he was likely to indulge himself immoderately.

III

From almost every document and letter of this period in our history, a certain fact strides out beyond all others, literally waving its hands. The fact concerns the hopeless incompetence of America as a general mind, in trying to direct and manage the Colonial army. It seems constantly throughout the war to be making an incredible botch of things. All of America's genius militant during the Revolution was in the field-head, in adroit marksmanship and the dazzling skill of attacks; it was never in the affairs-head, where state governments worked in mental dampness and thick cloud-effects.

There was a whole world of internal dissension apart from the fighting world. The colonies were quarreling among themselves in a way; but the great quarrels were those that boiled in the political cauldron of state governments. There was a mess of local argument. Just when Wayne most needed the help of his native colony in his Ticonderoga episode, Pennsylvania was spending all her energy on her own politics. Men were in control who wanted to change the charter, and other men were in control who wanted the charter touched by nobody.

When Wayne begged for help from home—more men and adequate supplies of food and clothing—he was placidly told that the governors were debating the wisest turn to take and would soon come to decision. They were afraid they might anger the people if they devoted too much money to the army! Sharp Delany did all that lay in his power in pleading Wayne's cause, but it was like talking to a dictaphone: his words merely came back at him with the impress of futility. He wrote to his abused friend at Ticonderoga that when he came back from that wilderness "I shall give you a long talk, showing the weakness, folly, Ambition of politicians. Before matters are brought right you may be Witness; you must witness to them all."

But Wayne knew all that at first hand; he was not interested in hearing long talks at home. If Pennsylvania was going to help him, he wanted something done; he would leave to some one else to make abstract statements about the failings of governors.

He told Franklin that he thought the army had been "shamefully neglected" and that they should have had a "speedy supply" of the necessary articles of living long ago; and he went on to say: "I am totally unacquainted with your Politicks; I shall therefore waive the subject, and like Uncle Toby ride my own hobby. . . ."

So he had been reading *Tristram Shandy* in the weary stretches of those nights. . . .

IV

Burgoyne's army was playing about Ticonderoga like bees around a hive. They were stationed everywhere—400 here, 500 there, 300 in another place, and so on, endlessly. And Wayne could do nothing. The enemy scouts infested his territory. He had to drive them off.

A party of riflemen went out one morning to attempt it. By night they had not returned. Days passed. Scouts went out to look for them. Somebody had the idea of going to Sabbath Day Point. There, in the waters of the Harham Islands the bodies of the fine riflemen, stripped and frozen, glistened in the sun amid the floating ice cakes.

Wayne's soldiers were becoming rebellious. They were not getting their pay; their letters all begged for coats and stockings and shoes. Most of them had signed a year's contract with the army and did not mean to stay a day after that contract had expired; certainly not, if army life was going to hover around the seventh circle any more.

The men were hired to fight, and they would fight; but they wanted their money and they wanted their food. They were tired of going around in rags, "miserable sharp looking Caitiffs, hungry lean fac'd Villains," as Wayne termed them. They had spent all the money they brought with them. And now they wanted fair play. They worked hard for advances, some of them—for advances meant more salary, in promise at least—and then commissions were bestowed as crazily as the gifts of fate. A lazy swaggerer would become a colonel, while an honest and capable man would go for months without an appointment of any kind. This sort of thing naturally raised a constant state of jealousy and backbiting. Francis Johnson, one of the best of the Pennsylvanians, wrote to Wayne: "I confess it chagrin'd me to see a Dutch Tavern keeper and a fat son of an Epicure promoted over my Head!"

It seems that the more men kicked and fumed against service, the higher they went. Promotions became mere inducements to remain in the army. So that the quieter men, who were determined to stick through thick and thin, were neglected because of their silence.

Things have the touch of absurdity in this situation. "Our Fleet" (on Lake Champlain), which Wayne repeatedly speaks of, consisted of a lot of oversized gondolas and a few schooners with a capacity of about eight guns apiece. And this is his "formidable Fleet . . . on which I think we may ride Triumphant if we please." The fortresses of the region, as Johnson pointed out, were left defenseless in the rear and never guarded except at points where attacks could be logically suspected. "Oh, the *miserable* State of this Country!" he exclaims. "And we are obliged to place our dependence upon such *miserable* Engineers." . . . Even the optimistic Benjamin Rush thought that "the military spirit of our countrymen seems to have subsided . . . and a torpor seems likewise to have settled upon the citizens of America in general. I apprehend that we have overrated the public Virtue of our Country."

V

The long winter settled down with deadening finality upon Ticonderoga. Famine and disease began to run rampant. Men died off by the dozens, and whole regiments were sick unto death. There were no beds for them to be put on; men lay on the frozen ground, wrapped up in torn blankets, and breathed their last to the cold terror of the stars. They struggled along without medicine and without any sort of expert attention. The hospital became "the house of carnage" in Wayne's letters.

Almost every man who was not dead or weakened beyond the instinct of self-preservation, threatened to leave immediately. Other regiments were on their way from the Colonies, but there was no word from them; Wayne told Schuyler that he supposed they were wandering through the awful stretches of those woods, lost somewhere in the snow, and that the survivors could be expected to straggle into camp some time before spring.

And Burgoyne, in that sad north, seemed willing to hold out on them forever. News came of Washington's retreat from New York. Everything seemed to be sinking farther and farther down into the maelstrom of despair and failure. Wayne asked whether or not his friends were all dead.

As for himself, he kept well. His steel constitution threw off germs, and by some hook or crook he managed to hold onto his spirits in tolerable fashion. His heart tired, his hands deathly chilled, he sat down and wrote an amusing letter to Sharp Delany.

> Last night has froze Lake Champlain to the Centre—it is one solid mass of ice—our poor fellows scarcely felt the Effect of it—for my own part I was so Congeal'd that after turning before the fire for three hours by *Shrewsbury Clock*—I was not half thawed until I put one Bottle of wine under my Sword Belt at Dinner—I have been toasting you all but I cant *toast*

> *myself*—for by the time one side is warm the other is froze. However, I'll still keep to the Internal Application—here's God bless you all.

As the old year drew to a close, "Death that *Horrid Grisly Monster*" was taking devastating toll among the Pennsylvanians. Unless more troops could be sent immediately, Wayne despairingly cried, there would not be a soul left to defend the garrison. All the New England regiments were leaving the first of January, and every other man on the grounds was pleading for relief.

Wayne was now first commander at Ticonderoga, which was then supposed to be the second most important post in the country, and he felt that failure here would be disastrous for his reputation and hard on the morale of the depressed Colonists. St. Clair, the second in command, didn't help him more than he had to; and Wayne said that he did not understand why St. Clair sometimes acted so strangely. Honest, faithful young colonel! His eye had never been trained to see the sly deviltry of jealous men, striving to get the jump on him!

New Year's Day arrived. Nothing had been done. The New Englanders joyously departed. Men cursed and wept. It was a pleasant birthday for their commander. The other troops, whose terms of contract had also expired, agreed to stay on until reënforcements were sent, but no longer.

About the middle of January, 1777, seven hundred men arrived, and "those poor Emancipated fellows" who had gone through hell these long months were let go; "worn out and unfit for further duty"; and they marched to Albany, where there was a recruiting station and everybody got drunk. Alas, they got drunk and signed contracts for long service, which nearly drove them mad when the sober moment came and they realized what they had promised.

Harper, the adjutant-general, said everybody was reeling, and that the recruiting officers would sit up all night with a man (and a bottle) in order to induce him to reënlist. A great many of them did just that, but none ever came back to Ticonderoga. It was said that once a man had been there, his stomach turned inside out at the thought of going back. "The ancient Golgotha . . . the place of Skulls.". . .

VI

In February Wayne was appointed Brigadier-General. That he deserved the appointment is not a thing for question. He had been for months in command of the biggest of the northern military posts in the capacity of colonel! To-day it seems so absurd that we cannot help marveling that the American Revolution had as much coherency as it did.

After that, Wayne's whole idea was to go to the assistance of Washington. He was sick of this stultifying inaction. Everybody was sick of it. He wrote that his men all called loudly upon him "to lead them on to take a just Revenge or meet a Glorious Death." . . . Death . . . and Glory. . . .

He told Polly that he would much rather fall in battle than sit still any other place. He meant it, too. At least, he meant that he would much rather die than perch on his seat at Ticonderoga.

Then something was to stab his dream of honest and long-suffering soldiers, and stab it bitterly. It was during the second week in February.

Anthony Wayne, used to the high hand, thought he could cower his troops into silence by simply exercising his divine right of disciplne.

When he went on to gun-fire that morning in February he found that there were some men in the world who did not think precisely as he did. An officer rushed up to him with the staggering news that an infantry company was under arms and ready to break through all opposition, because they were going home. By God, they were going home! This is the way Wayne tells the story:

> On my arrival at their Encampment, I found them drawn up in Order, and beginning their March. On asking the cause of such Conduct, they began in a tumultuous manner to Inform me that their time of Enlistment was expired last month, and that they looked upon themselves as at Liberty to go home. I Ordered them to Halt. That I could not Answer them all at once—I directed their leader to step out and speak for them. A Serg't Advanced—I presented a Pistol to his Breast—he fell on his knees. to beg his life—I then ordered the whole to ground their Arms—which was immediately complied with. I then Addressed them, when they with one voice agreed to Remain until the 20th Instant and Return to their duty.

Wayne shoving a pistol against the heart of a spokesman for an armed and infuriated regiment seems rather absurd. He was (from a legal point of view) commanding men over whom he no longer had any jurisdiction; but I suppose he felt that order had to be maintained at all costs. However, some of the men, riled at his assumption of power over those who were rightly private citizens, tried to start a mutiny. Wayne struck the chief abettor across the face, and sent him to Albany for court-martial.

By trying to display his authority he unwittingly put himself on a level with the commonest soldier. The fine Brigadier-General slapping a two-for-a-penny officer! It is like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. He evidently had forgotten his Cæsar.

VII

This is only one instance of Wayne's much-berated "discipline." Throughout his whole career he seems to have delighted in showing men the corner of their own street. At its worse, his discipline drove men to commit cold-blooded murder, under Wayne's own special supervision.

His mental picture of a well ordered army seems to have been inextricably tangled up with a bunch of whipcords. Thirty-nine lashes across a bare back, already bluish and cracked from cold, stood for him as symbolical of a general's finest dictatorship. During these years, his idea of training men into obedience never went beyond that of a tenth-rate schoolma'am. He thought that a whipping-post was the beginning of respect. Later in his life he became more humane, but he was always merciless when he lost his temper.

Washington and most of the other officers entertained ideas that were equally primitive. This glorified bullydom seems to have meant for them the very hand of power itself. They had become so used to whipping slaves they thought the same punishment ought to be visited upon soldiers.

These forms of reprimand went so far that the men were sometimes permanently injured; contemporary records speak of a surgeon who was often on hand at occasions of this sort, to care for wounds. The whole *régime* seems to have developed into a kind of sport at times, where men delighted in inflicting tortures upon their comrades, with the unspeakable cruelty that generally characterizes children and madmen. Even Washington saw the "inhuman" side, and called a halt on these more rigorous forms of punishment after a while.

La Fayette was horrified at the American idea of discipline. He said that men could be taught to obey without being made cowards, and that to appeal to their better natures was wiser than to appeal to their fears. He thought that floggings degraded both the culprit and the man who punished him.

Strange that the two men who most condemned our "aristocratic" idea of discipline were both noblemen! Steuben and La Fayette—a Baron and a Marquis.

It seems curious that Wayne, who in some things so well comprehended the psychological reactions of men, should have blundered so flat-footedly in the matter of army discipline.

His system seems never to have quite thrown off the empericist germ. He had it always, with that terrible urge to run men and hold them in his power.

VIII

Slowly the big curtain begins to fall upon the nightmare at Ticonderoga, upon the hungry and frozen men, upon disease and death and life without benefit of hope. The stage begins to darken; people are leaving the theater.

If Burgoyne had come down upon Wayne then and rushed the enfeebled garrison, he could have carried it like a feather before a wind. But he did nothing of the kind. He waited too long, and only grabbed it at last, to march straight on into the arms of General Gates and utter defeat.

Anthony Wayne was called back early in April to join Washington at Morristown. St. Clair was left in command of what there was at Ticonderoga—almost as a man who is hired to salvage anything good out of a wreck.

St. Clair stood the place as long as he could and then drew the final curtain together by mysteriously evacuating the fort at the approach of Burgoyne. He was severely criticized for his move, but nobody at the moment seemed to realize that there is a limit to the time that a man can endure "the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

IX

Not many months before, at the end of the year of disgrace, 1776, Washington and Nathanael Greene had attacked the hired Hessians one blue-cold morning at Trenton and scored one of the most brilliant victories of the Revolution.

This was wine to drooping spirits. Enthusiasm sprang up all over the Colonies like grass in spring. Those who had been long hesitating, blazed forth in a flame of patriotism. Thousands of men rushed to enlist. . . . It was not the "Colonial Army" any more; ah, no. . . . It was the Army of the United States of America.

The current of favorable feeling also surged in France, hanging upon the verge of alliance with America. For a year the French had been coöperating by means of smuggled guns and ammunition and the articles of war. Beaumarchais, author of *Figaro* and a versatile gentleman of means and gestures, was at the head of all this, disguised as an exporter engaged in legitimate trade with the Colonies. A fortune was expended. Money rolled and flowed. "Beaumarchais' Lost Million" is one of the story-books of time, redolent of mystery and romance.

La Fayette, having chartered a ship for his adventure, was escaping his outraged family, who wanted to throw him into jail as a fool.

X

When the long march from the northern wilderness was over and Wayne joined Washington at Morristown, New Jersey, to take command of the famous Pennsylvania Line, he found the army in one of those terrifying states of flux and disruption which had worn him out at Ticonderoga. Men were leaving. Men were coming. Nobody seemed to know the precise state of things. This man belonged here, and that man belonged there, or should, or could, and everybody belonged everywhere.

The militia and state battalions that had first made up Pennsylvania's quota of troops could be called upon no longer, as their terms of promised service had expired. Some were willing to reënlist, but most of them headed hot-footedly for home.

New recruits were pouring in by the hundreds—raw, young, inexperienced, many of them hardly old enough to shave. Organization of some sort was imperative. The old order of regiments was disbanded, and new divisions were made. Men who, in our efficient day, would scarcely be considered ready to leave training camp, were commissioned to instruct them in the art of war.

Wayne and Washington and everybody in a responsible position lived at a pitch of nervous tension that kept them barely on the sane side of distraction. They were hopelessly outnumbered by a well trained enemy; and nobody doubted for a moment that the British were perfectly aware of the conditions. Why they failed to strike was another question. Why they failed to strike . . . sometime . . . in those long, sleepless nights . . . in those unending, despairful days. . . . The men were told to be forever on the alert.

The British seemed to be perplexed, too. One of them wrote: "That arch-rebel Washington is now at Brunswick, but how long he will remain the Devil only knows (for the Lord won't have anything to do with him)."

Then slowly, painfully, the American army came to take on some definite shape and form, as a statue emerges, stroke by stroke, day by day, from the mute marble. The uncontrollable youth and the sprawling vitality of the men finally began to marshal themselves into coherent order and design. Wayne was nervously pleased . . . but he was also filled with misgivings. For all one might do, for all the promises made and contracts signed, still men were disgruntled and unhappy and rebellious; still they quarreled and deserted . . . without warning . . . though not without the awful reasons of hunger and illness and despair. Washington, who wondered if "the game" was not "pretty near up," wrote to the President of Congress such a letter as men write only when they feel that clammy chill of futility descending, like a cold fog, upon the heart:

> Can anything (the exigency of the case indeed may justify it) be more destructive to the recruiting service, than giving ten dollars bounty for six weeks service of the militia, who come in you cannot tell how, go you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment?

The answering gestures of Congress were those of despair and hopelessness. Government factions quarreled; state factions quarreled; party factions quarreled. Any satisfactory sort of mutual agreement between states or parties seemed an idle day dream. Everybody had a different idea . . . of how to raise money . . . how to provide food and clothing . . . how to divide the ratio of national responsibility between the army and the treasury.

Take Pennsylvania, for example, with all her internal conflicts, her endless fights as to a constitution—and her subsequent disregard of the pressing emergency of troops. At times during the history of this chaotic period, Pennsylvania seemed a much more dangerous enemy to herself than did all the British army.

XI

As spring glides disturbingly into summer, there is that appalling silence and rigidity that seems to come upon the Revolution so often; there is no movement; there is only waiting. Waiting to see if the deliberate Howe—more interested in his fascinating mistress, Mrs. Loring, than in war—is going to march upon Philadelphia. Waiting to see what Bourgoyne will do. Waiting to see how this new militia will turn out in the end. Waiting for definite word, and definite directions for activities. Waiting—yes, for courage!

Wayne is given command of one of the five divisions that make up Washington's army. They entrench themselves upon the Heights of Middlebrook, eagle-eyed for the slightest stir on Howe's part, and adopt the ancient policy of Fabius. Wayne is sent forward towards Brunswick as an advance guard, but his troops make a hesitating scouting party.

Then there was a slight fracas between Brunswick and the Somerset Court House, with a quick scramble of rifle fire at close range; and the British were badly repulsed, and they nimbly retreated to Amboy.

The only thing Wayne got out of it was the conviction that rifles and muskets should be exchanged for bayonets, and that field-fighting was the only way to get the British goat. He told Graydon that the redcoats were afraid to face him openly any more and hid themselves with entrenching shovels as quickly as they could. Graydon says, in his *Memoirs,* that Wayne "entertained a most sovereign contempt for the enemy." He alludes to his "vaunting style of speech," but adds that he "can fight as well as brag, like Marshal Villers." Wayne's statement that the bayonet was more effective than any other weapon Graydon seems to have regarded as a kind of bravado; which seems rather surprising, as Graydon wrote his *Memoirs* years afterwards, when he must have seen perfectly clearly, remembering Stony Point for one thing, that steel, and not lead, had done all the decisive damage.

This insistence on the bayonet, upon the unturnable finality of steel, was a gesture in desperation. Maneuvers *in extremis!* They occurred and reoccurred, without end. Bad news swamped Wayne's spirit from every side. Polly was not well, was feeling persistently miserable, and nobody seemed to know exactly what the ailment was—though we may now deduce that it was a sort of nervous prostration. And then reports came from Waynesborough that the farm was in bad shape for want of efficient labor; and Wayne wrote home, quite casually, to suggest that the neighbors lend a helping hand!

The education of his two children worried him—and yet he could do nothing but stay in the camp, and plead, and wait, and plead. His nerves were in the state that makes a man say and write ridiculous and high-flown sentiments, with capital letters, about the "pristine luster" of Sacrifice; about Liberty; about the Blood of the Fathers!

Life and liberty looked like black frosts for a while. The reports that reached camp were weighted down by disheartened reflections upon "the sickly State of our politicks"—which seemed especially sickly in Pennsylvania. Rush and Richard Peters and some others wrote to Wayne in despair. Congress had offended all that was once ideal by substituting a "Mob Government for one of the happiest governments in the world." Rush was somewhat hysterical over the whole affair, seeing it "big with tyranny" and stained with the splashes of party jealousy. "Come," he writes, " . . . and let us weep together over the dear nurse of our childhood. . . . At present she has lifted a knife to her own throat."

She was merely making changes from the original charter that insulted certain aristocratic prerogatives, and shocked people who had not yet had time to become used to democracy in its farthest rational limits.

XII

General Howe was getting irritated at the Americans' game of hide and seek. General Howe was close to his wits' end. He teased about Washington's impregnable encampments at Middlebrook, trying to coax the wary commander out of his lair by every means his distracted mind could conceive. There was an occasional exchange of gunfire between advance guards, but the center remained static. Those Americans were like kittens on the dodge; and Washington and Wayne had come too near being broken before to take chances on the wheel. They stuck tenaciously to the fortress on the heights, while the British, like patient red magnets, tried to draw them out and on. Wayne was afire with his incorrigible craving for action; and when Washington sent out advance posts he generally chose Wayne to lead them, probably in order to calm him down.

It was an infinitely risky business. But Wayne's method of attack at this time had become characteristic of him; he was to change his ideas of strategy very little during the nineteen years more he had to live. There were variations always, of course, but the principle remained almost unaltered throughout—the principle of that awful, weird-thin exactness of steel. If ever he thought he could go all the way with the bayonet, he would never hesitate to jump the opportunity. But when his presence was discovered in warfare, his first move was generally a terrific volley of cannon, followed by more, until the smoke became so thick that his men could not be seen . . . then swift, with those swift bayonets, straight to the wavering red figures of the men beyond.

Those who, like General James Grant, were not trained to this sort of warfare, fled in confusion. They hated this ambush. Even though it won battles, it discountenanced everything in the science of war. And it was only war as a science that most of them knew; not war as a desperate game of fighting men; they were to learn about this last from inexperienced farmer boys.

But Howe was distracted; he did not like to have one of Wayne's men take the head off his horse in the dense smoke of battle; he wanted a clear field, and erect, straightforward tin soldiers.

Wayne went about thumbing his nose at everybody and everything; he was drunk with the joy of power. He was already speaking of the British themselves as "rebels." It was after one of his advance post fracases that he wrote to Benjamin Rush:

> This Howe who was to March through America at the head of 5000 men had his coat much Dirtied, his Horses head taken off, and himself badly Bruis'd for having the presumption at the head of 700 British Troops to face 500 Pennsy'as.

His syntax and youthful ebullience are equally characteristic . . . and amusing. These early letters are always vaguely punctuated and spelled with first-rate originality.

XIII

Then a great silence comes upon this outpost of empire. General Howe has evacuated New Jersey—God knows for what mysterious reasons. Everybody hazards a conjecture. Nobody has any idea what Howe is going to do. For a moment he becomes almost an enigma, with all his complicated motives. He gets to New York and loads his troops on transports in the harbor—and there he sits all during July, letting stray rumors ooze into the public mind about his forming a junction with Burgoyne up in the north.

Washington's opinion is that Howe is heading north without doubt, having despaired of Philadelphia. The ships, he says, are merely a camouflage to hide the real intentions of the British. He waits and wonders. . . .

But not for long. One morning the sun comes up against the white sails of the British ships as they sail past Staten Island and head for the open sea.

The theory that Howe is going to Boston is exploded when a week passes and he does not arrive. And the mystery deepens. Everybody is on pins and needles. Washington and Wayne pace the ground at Middlebrook and bite their nails. They kick the toes of their dusty boots into the dry, hard ground, and mutter gravely. . . .

Then other news arrives. It is a cyclonic blast—the sort of blast that chills the spirits of men like a sudden winter of the heart. Ticonderoga, which Wayne considered so safe, had been evacuated by St. Clair. The British have taken advantage of a weak spot in the defense—stupidly left open by the sorry St. Clair, in spite of Wayne's warnings—and now the long work of the previous year of horror is undone in a night.

Wayne is heart-sick; Washington astounded. The latter says it is "an event so mysterious as to baffle conjecture," while the young Pennsylvanian goes about with his eyes down, mumbling and shaking his head. St. Clair's blunders had already begun to haunt him; and they were to haunt him, and hound him, unto the very end. Always just behind or just ahead—a man who makes a mess of all he touches, forever undoing what Wayne had labored in blood to do, or setting traps, quite unconsciously, for Wayne to stumble into when he followed.

That the men hated each other is apparent. Yet there was probably no intentional harm in St. Clair; he was simply a bad general who was cowardly, and vain, and inordinately stupid. His pale, delusion-scared face was typical of a certain type of man who is always down at the heels in a high position, making blind mistakes, and buffaloing his superiors. That Washington made a tragic error in holding him in a responsible position seems certain; he should have done the same thing with him that he did with Lee. Why he didn't until it was too late, is a matter he failed to explain.

XIV

Then one hazy afternoon in August Howe's great fleet of white swans sailed majestically into Chesapeake Bay, and dropped anchors and the bodies of hundreds of dead animals into the placid waters. The animals had died from heat in close quarters . . . whereas, the anchors had been in the gunwales for three solid weeks.

When Howe took his bearings, he found himself just forty miles southwest of Philadelphia.

As soon as this news reached Middlebrook, the Americans drew up their tent pins, slung their musty equipment over their backs, and started southward. They wore what they could find and many a man marched in a uniform stolen from the dead or captured British regulars or the hired Hessians from Germany. They sang songs to keep their soggy spirits up, and cocked sprigs of green in their shapeless hats to show just how much they cared for reverses. Even Wayne himself had mostly mud and gravel in his goldpans. Graydon tells us that at this time Wayne's beautiful blue and white uniform of those early days at Ticonderoga, where he had shone in immaculate neatness, was now departed the way of all decent things, and that he appeared, probably sore and shamefaced, "dressed in character for Mr. Heath or Captain Gibbet, in a dingy red coat, a black cravat, and tarnished lace hat." The last humiliation for a Wayne!

Towards the end of August the army marched into Philadelphia, through the quaint, quiet streets, and out again. With drums beating . . . with the click of horses' hoofs and the slithering monotony of the feet of men . . . with shouts and smiles and the firing of guns.

Wayne, in an important looking and bright uniform at last, rode on a magnificent charger at the head of his men, his head thrown back, his sword hilt glittering in the summer sunshine. Up ahead rode Washington, and at his side was that young man with flashing blue eyes and red hair who had been at the dinner table that night at Metz. La Fayette knew little English at first (and Washington never knew any French), so that a translator rode between them. He was a thin, intelligent looking boy of about nineteen, whose name was Alexander Hamilton.

Behind the army there surged a mob of noisy, sluttish women who always followed the soldiers wherever they went, and robbed the dead and flayed the living. They were really more indolent nymphomaniacs than prostitutes, because no sensible prostitute follows men in rags who have no money and no steady supply of food. Every just picture of the Revolution includes them, gambling, drinking, and cursing in hoarse, phlegm-thick voices.

Wayne evidently did not see Polly in Philadelphia; but she came with the children one day about three days later to Naaman's Creek, a little distance from Waynesborough, to spend a brief hour or so in his company. He had written her an imploring letter—full of sad sobriety—begging her to come at the appointed moment, as he strongly hints that this may be the last time that the fortunes of war will allow him to see her. A vast tide of gloom seems to have been running in his blood in those months; all was subdued, and a tone of resigned pessimism usurped the place of boasts for a while. He seems to have seen Death stalking through those quiet fields of home . . . this time without the ancient halo of Glory.

The army pushed on south of Philadelphia and encamped not far from Wilmington, Delaware. The enemy marched up from the Chesapeake, with Howe intent upon becoming a legendary figure by the capture of the "rebel capital."

Anthony Wayne, fearing another interminable delay, wrote to Washington from his division headquarters, suggesting that he be allowed to select some three thousand of the best men, and lead them in a surprise attack upon the British while they were upon the march and unprepared. He said that he had no doubt as to the success of such movement, remarked in child-comic pleading that it had been practiced by Cæsar at Amiens and Alesia, and quoted Marshal Saxe on the subject of sudden assaults and their advantage. He said here in words what he always thought:

> There is a general rule in war: that the Irresistible Impulse of the Human Heart, which is governed by mere momentary Caprice and Opinion—Determines the fate of the day in all Actions; and as similar Causes Generally Produce Similar Effects—I wish I could see it practised (not only on this occasion) but to carry it farther—and make the assault on the Enemy without Risquing too much.

Washington apparently was not impressed; he doubtless thought it would be too uncertain a business, and he had had enough of catching at straws. Wayne already had a reputation for recklessness and bravado, had just confessed that all he did was "governed by mere momentary Caprice and Opinion," and Washington saw darkness too much to risk the best of his eleven thousand men in testing the possible virtues of an abstract theory of war. So he told Wayne to wait.

Just what would have happened if Washington had permitted him to go ahead is an interesting speculation. Howe divided his forces at Warren Tavern, and neither division knew the exact whereabouts or strength of the American army. What is more, the last thing that either Howe or Knyphausen expected was an attack. Washington, meanwhile, seemed to know the precise locality of the British. With that information, together with a carefully selected body of men led by such a person as Wayne, a night assault would have probably taken the regulars entirely off guard, as they were on the march in a strange country and were without competent spies. The British themselves did almost precisely the same thing a few weeks later at Paoli, and routed Wayne's entire force and killed hundreds with scarcely a loss on their own side.

If Washington had been willing to accept Wayne's suggestion and allowed him to act according to his own wisdom, the fatal scenes at Brandywine and Paoli might never have been, and Howe might never have known glory as the proud conqueror of Philadelphia.

The history of the American Revolution, for both sides, is a history of neglected opportunities.

◆

CHAPTER VIII

INTERMEZZO

I

In the midst of all those weeks of waiting—suddenly there is a pair of great brown eyes, the lithe, swift, imperial figure of a girl, and a smile that made big, sunburnt, broad-shouldered men stammer and get red in the face.

Rumors began to fly about a slim goddess who lived in Wilmington and was more beautiful than any woman that man had ever laid eyes upon. Some of the officers had met her or seen her, and they had survived the event the best they could. But the officers' mess became a verse school—clumsy, stumbling verses that men were fairly tearing out of their hearts. Wayne was amused. Who was this woman?

La Fayette knew her. He tried to tell Wayne something about her, while Wayne sat with him in his headquarters, screwing up his face in a desperate effort to get some meaning out of the young marquis's funny, tripping accent, and the boyish Hamilton lolled on the ground near them, trying to help Wayne out of his muddle and roaring with laughter.

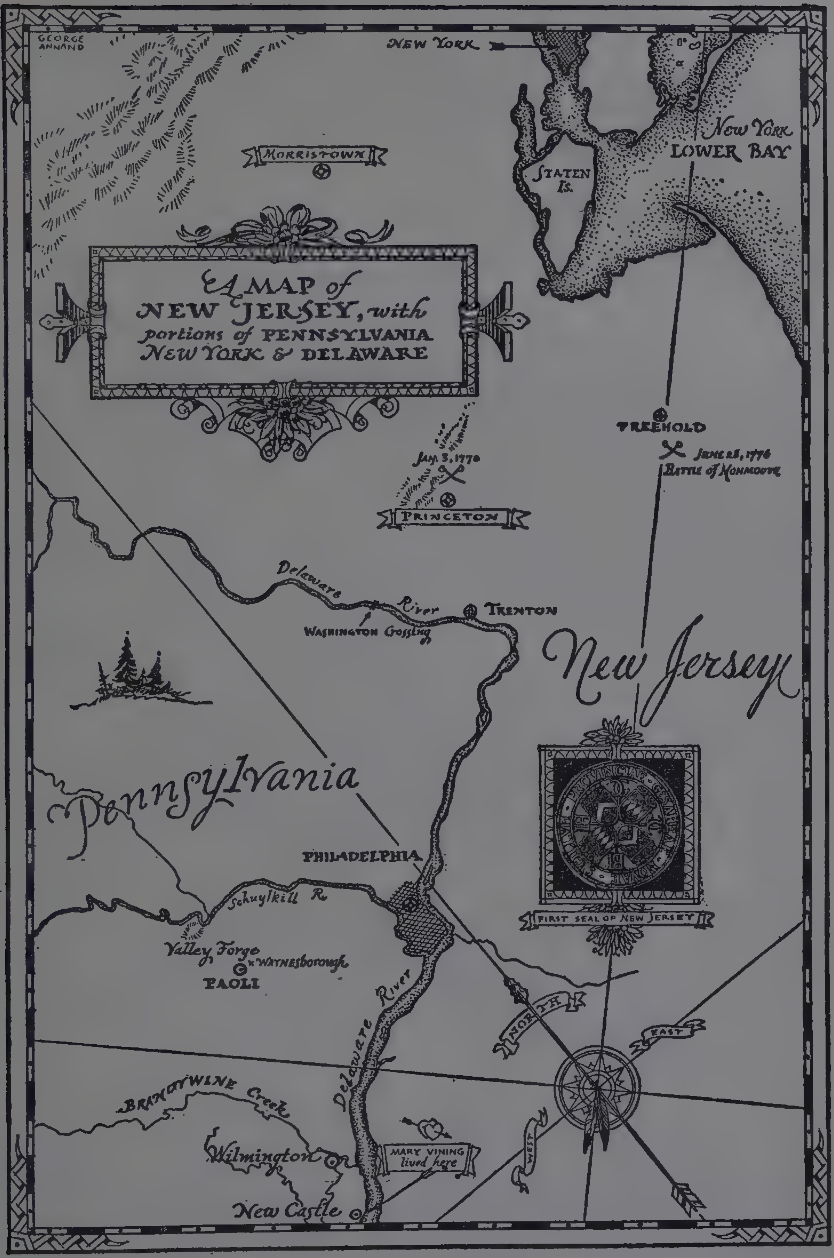
She was a cousin of Cæsar Rodney, La Fayette said. She had quantities of money—was one of the richest women in Delaware. And such beauty! Ah, dear God, such beauty as made all the lovely women of antiquity, that men wrote poems about, pale into shadows and nothingness! And she had a wit that leveled off all men before her, and felled some forever. La Fayette held up his sword, and touched the point. Oh, beside that wit, this sword point was but the butt of a prodding stick. Wayne did not know her—no. But just wait until he did! She was just twenty-one, La Fayette said. Her name was Mary Vining.

Yes, La Fayette would take Wayne to Wilmington and present him. But he warned him. The lady was a skillful flirt. . . .

II

A very skillful flirt. She wrapped herself around Wayne's heart and soul, and left him weak.

He was completely bowled over. He was dizzy. This girl spun with the solid earth before his eyes. Mary (or Molly) Vining was like the delicious drunkenness of early spring days. She was tall, rather dark, carried herself with the cool stateliness of a queen, and her voice was like the sound of flutes over prairie waters. She was daring. She was even a bit wild. She shocked people. She threw herself into flirtations with headlong *abandon,* but she boasted that she never completely lost


GEORGE ANNAND
A MAP of NEW JERSEY, with portions of PENNSYLVANIA NEW YORK & DELAWARE
NEW YORK
New York LOWER BAY
STATEN Is.
MORRISTOWN
FREEHOLD
JUNE 28, 1776 Battle of Monmouth
JAN. 3, 1777
PRINCETON
Delaware River
TRENTON
WASHINGTON Crossing
New Jersey
Pennsylvania
FIRST SEAL OF NEW JERSEY
PHILADELPHIA
Schuylkill R.
Valley Forge
WAYNESBOROUGH
PAOLI
Delaware River
NORTH
EAST
WEST
BRANDYWINE Creek
Wilmington
New Castle
MARY VINING lived here

her heart. She ruled society, as hostess in Cæsar Rodney's house. Men adored her; they fell on their knees before her, stammered their love, and some of them rose determined never to look at these cruel creatures again, because Molly Vining had only laughed. When Marie Antoinette heard of her surpassing beauty from La Fayette and Comte Fersen, she asked that Miss Vining come to be her guest at the Tuileries. It would seem that every great personage of the time lost a little part of his heart to her.

She seems to have liked Wayne and enjoyed his attentions, and probably led him on. She was a coquette. She confessed that she was a coquette, and said that it was a very amusing thing to be. "Kiss my hand, you rogue!" she would say, and if her suitor was too ponderous and solemn in the ceremony she would snatch her hand away, tap his cheek lightly, and fluster him to despair by her mocking laughter.

Wayne interested her because he, too, was a graceful flirt and could parry her thrusts with a spirit that was almost a match for hers. Undoubtedly they had those scenes of passionate love making on the sofa that the British officer, who had been jealous of Molly, spoke about so bluntly. A kiss from a lover in those days was a serious thing, but to Molly Vining it was as natural an occurrence as waking up in the morning. She enjoyed this fast playing at passion; and if she led weak hearts too far and then left them broken, she was not the one to suffer.

Wayne was serious, in spite of his efforts at play. The fact that he was a married man seemed like a wall in his way. This was no longer the time when it would seem "cruel to endeavor to win the affections of an innocent good Girl." Molly Vining was not Miss Livingston. This was another matter. He was a man of thirty-two so passionately in love with a girl of twenty-one that marriage was no longer a holy pledge but an obstacle. His coolness towards his wife seems to date from this episode with Molly Vining.

However, had Wayne been single, Mary Vining would probably not have married him then. She was too young; she was too gay; they would not have been happy. Wayne, beaten on both sides and yet undefeated, kept up a mad flirtation, partly for the sheer delight of loving Molly, and partly as a friendly challenge to La Fayette, who was also disturbed because he was a married man.

From then on the story exists only as a dim series of half-tragic interludes . . . for a score of years. It was only at last, when she seems to have gone almost entirely from Wayne's thoughts, that Mary Vining was to reappear dramatically upon the scene, twenty long years after, still radiant and beautiful, to furnish the high climax to the fierce and tragic irony of the circumstances surrounding his death. . . .

* * *

CHAPTER IX

DANSE MACABRE AND THE DRUNKEN MR. STEPHEN

I

THEN, there was Brandywine.

To modern minds, whose ideas of maneuvering are inextricably tangled up with the picture of airplane scouts and flare-bombs, the battle of the Brandywine seems as primitive as an out-house toilet.

If Washington and Wayne had had the modern general's knowledge of the field, the whole episode probably never would have been. At least, if the American spies had been even half competent, the contest on that pale tributary of the Delaware doubtless would have had a very different conclusion.

When Wayne got back to the camp on the river, halfway between Wilmington and the Warren Tavern, he found the army still waiting for Howe to get his land legs and come after them. Wayne fussed and fumed for action. Howe had landed at Elk's Head, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, on an upper reach of the Chesapeake, and had moved northward to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, some miles inland from the western bank of the Brandywine.

There he flanked and sent the Hessian general Knyphausen to attack the Americans full front, while the stout Earl Cornwallis and Howe himself took the other half of the army, moved in a great semi-circle to the left, crossed the Brandywine under heavy fog above the territory of Washington's scouting parties, and bore down to assault the Americans' right guard.

A rumor came to Washington's ears regarding the movement of the enemy—a rumor that turned out to be perfectly correct. But Washington was so afraid that he would make a misstep on this hazardous edge of affairs that before he could consult all his inferior officers in regard to the right move a second rumor came in flat contradiction to the first. So he stayed where he was, on the eastern side of the river, almost paralyzed with uncertainty.

Everybody seems to have been patiently asleep. If Washington had crossed the Brandywine there at Chadd's Ford, where crossing was simplicity itself, and had gone on to meet Knyphausen in a frontal attack, his superior forces would have probably forced the British into a sorry defeat, since the redcoats would have been outnumbered and fighting under conditions they were not used to. Then, with this neatly dispatched, he could have returned to Chadd's Ford and flanked Howe's division, which was coming down.

Very simple. But probably he was afraid of this move because he thought it would leave an open route for Howe's march upon Philadelphia; but since he was playing a desperately dangerous game anyway, one move would have been as good a chance as another. Besides, it is not very reasonable that Howe would have skipped off to "the rebel capital" and left half his army with Knyphausen in the lurch.

As it turned out, things happened precisely as Howe had planned they should. Knyphausen engaged all the attention of the Americans from his ambush across the river, while Howe and Cornwallis bore down with battering insistence upon Washington's right. It was nicely timed.

Wayne, with his division of fighting Pennsylvanians, was stationed at Chadd's Ford, repelling the Hessian general's persistent attempts to gain the American bank. Armstrong said afterwards that Wayne seemed at his startling best under conditions of pressure like this. He teased the enemy; he did everything that would provoke Knyphausen's irritation; he was like a sprightly, quick-footed toreador playing with a clumsy, heavy charging bull. Everybody else was distracted and worried, but Wayne sat there on his horse, calling orders and encouragement, and seemed to enjoy it hugely. His eyes were sparkling with an almost gluttonous joy. He sent men across the ford all during the engagement for the sole purpose of "annoying" the Hessians. He laughed and politely thumbed his nose at Knyphausen's clodfooted movements.

About sunset the fire became too hot. Wayne's protection upstream, which was Washington's own division, had slipped away and was in retreat. This left an open breach through which Howe and Cornwallis were pushing down on Wayne from his right, trying to attack him from behind and corner him, while Knyphausen, under cover of the approaching darkness, was elaborating his attempts to cross the river. Wayne endured it as long as a man could stand up, returning fire for deadly fire, impatient of what he considered the stupidity of retreat; but finally, when his hold was obviously a thing of moments, he made off, and took refuge over the rise of a small hill about fifty yards away.

It was rather well done, altogether. After the war, Light Horse Harry Lee wrote some memoirs of the Southern Campaigns, and there he said that he considered the work of Wayne and another officer named Weedon by all counts the most brilliant during that long afternoon on the Brandywine. If Washington's right flank could have held Howe at bay until deep night it seems quite possible that Wayne could have forced Knyphausen to flight, as the Hessian general seems to have been mostly on the defensive after the first gunfire.

The strangest thing of all is the question of the retreat. After the battle the Americans retreated only a very short distance and held ground; most records speak of that distance as being between thirty and one hundred yards, differing for the various regiments. Howe knew where they were, but he gave no pursuit; his whole idea, evidently, was to get to Philadelphia, and he would leave the Colonials to do what they pleased. He did not seem to realize that if he could force the Americans down into the triangle where the Brandywine flows into the Delaware, he would have them cornered like geese in a barnyard. They could not have crossed either river without boats; there was slim chance of getting help to them; all Howe had to do was to force them down there, play their ammunition out, sit on his haunches until the Americans had exhausted their food, and then accept George Washington's bright sword with a smiling bow.

He did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he placidly encamped near the battlefield and bided his time to march upon Philadelphia. He had a phobia for taking towns. It was one of the stupidities of the time. The capture of towns is not the thing that wins wilderness warfare. To have killed a thousand American soldiers would have meant ten times as much to Howe as the occupation of Philadelphia and all the towns near it; but he couldn't see it that way.

The French military expert, Du Portail, said afterwards that Howe had the best chance in the world in the days following Brandywine to wipe Washington's army completely off the map and take every man alive a prisoner of war.

That he did not have this necessary horsesense was very fortunate. He merely played around. The American army, headed by Washington, moved over to the Delaware and encamped near Chester for a day's rest, so that their wounded, including the young La Fayette, might get attention. Then the next morning they advanced up the river towards the Schuylkill, while Howe pursued a parallel course to the north. Here again Howe had Washington in a dangerous trap at the triangle of the two rivers, just east of Fort Mifflin. And again he did nothing.

Washington passed on as unmolested as a nun, crossed the Schuylkill above Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown.

Wayne, with fifteen hundred picked men, was left behind to watch the British, with orders to jump into a breach if Howe left one open anywhere along the line of march. The place of encampment was near the Paoli Inn, about four miles from Waynesborough.

II

They were on the wide fields where Anthony had wandered as a boy and dreamed sky-bright dreams about the life of a soldier. The fields where he wore a paper hat and paraded proudly with an old flintlock that was not much worse than the guns most of his men had now . . . the fields where he had trained his scanty militia two appallingly short years ago. On the "hills of home" Wayne was soon to see his command escape utter ruin by a sheer miracle of fate.

Howe seemed to be wrung by no impatience to reach Philadelphia; Wayne's scouts reported that the British were merely lolling about, resting, smoking, and washing their muddy uniforms. Washington and Wayne were the impatient. Washington brought some men back with him across the Delaware, joined Wayne at Paoli, and together with about twenty-seven hundred men they marched until they discovered the British encampments at Warren Tavern, and prepared for battle. Wayne was told to go ahead and invite Howe to come out of his hole.

Howe knew perfectly well what Wayne was looking for, but he made no movement. He simply did not want to fight. Here was the vanquished general teasing the conqueror to march out to combat, but the conqueror enigmatically held his peace and showed no signs of interest. Which was precisely what he had done at White Plains the summer before, when Washington, taunted by the defeat at New York, was aching to settle matters, and got no satisfaction.

As Howe's force at Warren Tavern twice outnumbered Wayne's, it was thought hardly safe to take the offensive; so Wayne turned back to meet Washington and to say that Sir William refused to get his nose wet. There they stood, the two generals, in the mud and soaking rain, with thousands of half naked and barefooted men looking at them with sorry eyes . . . Wayne cursing and shrugging his shoulders, Washington's jaw set very tight. Then they said farewell to each other, their clothes dripping water, and Washington went back the long way across the Delaware and Wayne returned to Paoli. A terrible moment! Everything soaked . . . and men whose very souls were damp. . . .

This was the rain that Howe pounced upon as an excuse for not attacking Wayne; he said he could not use his flintlocks in such a downpour, and boasted that if Wayne had been willing to wait he would have given him a better reason for going back.

Ridiculous! . . . Wayne's powder was probably much worse off than his; it had been carried with no shelter from the weather.

General Howe was full of such futile evasions. There was always a woman, or a rainstorm, or an inconvenience of some kind connected with everything he failed to do, and these things were legion. When everybody expected—as they logically would—that Howe planned to march to the assistance of Burgoyne in the north, he excused himself on the ground that the Americans held such close guard on the highland passes of the Hudson that it would be impossible for him to get through. This seems ludicrous when we remember that Clinton with a much inferior force, got through without major difficulties of any sort. Howe would not even take the trouble to move against the New England militia that was threatening Burgoyne; and they finally settled the fate of the northern army and its wholly admirable commander, purely because of Howe's neglect. Robertson, at the court of inquiry examining Howe's conduct, used the word "diversion" to describe some of the general's military characteristics; and Robertson was wiser than he knew.

The following winter at Valley Forge, Howe had another chance, big with inevitable success, of destroying Washington's entire army; but again he sat in sublime indifference . . . with the ladies.

It was once more the ladies—one of whom spoke of "those halcyon days forever dear," when Howe was in Philadelphia—that saved George Washington from going out with the tide.

Howe seems to have had a horror of facing definite things. He could never make up his mind to attack, but when he finally braced himself to the struggle, he quit as soon as the thing was over and he was in comparative safety. If there was ever a man who had more invaluable opportunities of becoming the most illustrious personage of his time, and more wantonly and joyously threw them away, it would be difficult to find that man. The background of Howe's portrait is a dark mass of doubts and fears; his feet seem to be planted on shifting ground; his eyes are as nervous and apprehensive as a cat's; he was the sort of man who dreads going upstairs ahead of any one!

III

The night of the 20 September. . . .

For days it has been very quiet at Paoli. Nothing has happened. Wayne and his men hold open a nervous ear for the faintest snapping of a twig. Their avowed purpose is to spring a surprise attack upon the rear guard of Howe's army and capture the baggage train. It means a flashy and brilliant piece of leadership to turn a trick so risky in its nature, but evidently Washington considered Wayne equal to the emergencies. He had already seen the quick way of his mind.

Here at Paoli the air was charged with expectancy; everything was stout with happening; there was an element of fatality. Wayne waited impatiently for a stir from Howe. Meanwhile the men sat about and received visits from their families and friends.

This was a treacherous feature of military liberty in those days, and Wayne allowed it to go on even after he had come very near paying for it with his life. Both the Americans and the British permitted noncombatants to enter their camps, and every quick-witted visitor who had eyes and ears could pretty definitely sum up the state of affairs before leaving.

One young American lad in Wayne's division got into Howe's camp at Warren Tavern on the pretense that he was a neutral, and later wrote his impression of the British officers. He said they were clean shaven and rather pale and fatty of demeanor, with delicate skins and hands—an astounding contrast, he observes, to the appearance of the hardened, sunburnt soldiers under Wayne. He pictured Howe and Cornwallis as bulky, slow moving men who sat on haggish, under-fed horses, and seemed to behave as monarchs of their state.

Wayne did not appear to believe that the visitors to camp were in any way responsible for the disastrous night of the 20th. . . . Sometimes he was beautifully unconscious! . . . He wrote to Washington that he had never received two letters mentioned by him in a later note, and had every reason "to think that they fell into the Enemy's hands"!

A writer in *Gaine's Mercury* makes the statement that Howe's rear guard forced intelligence of Wayne's position out of a poor blacksmith of the vicinity by dint of threats and bribery. Probably the blacksmith had been to camp, knew the situation, and blurted out the whole thing in fright, number of men and all; for otherwise the British would never have been content to send so small a detachment against what they would naturally deduce to be a body of picked soldiers.

The affair is known to posterity as the Paoli Massacre. Stripped of its tacticians' frills and military formality, its appearance is that of a very dire slowness on the part of Wayne (which seemed somewhat unavoidable without a cavalry!) and of a diabolical cleverness on the part of the British.

There was a brutal jackass named Grey who had just come over from England and who was already becoming famous (or more justly, infamous) for his cold blooded slaughter of prisoners. It was the Grey who was in command of Howe's rear guard and got wind of Wayne's position. He saw his chance, marshaled a force of men, moved over towards the Paoli Inn, and waited for a lull in camp. As rain was falling, he ordered his men to unload their muskets and use nothing but the bayonet and the sword. His nickname of "No-Flint Grey" dates from that night.

At eleven o'clock he attacked.

From this point on everything seems painstakingly jumbled up in regard to the precise movements of both contestants. Most authorities have said that Grey used no powder at all, but this is full-facedly contradicted by Wayne's own statement to Washington that "a well directed fire *mutually* took place." However, according to that first letter which Wayne wrote from the Red Lion the next noon, the Americans "were alarmed by firing from one of our Out guards." The natural deduction from his tone is that the attack was a surprise.

When he made this statement before the general court martial, he said he had been warned of the enemy's plans to attack as early as eight o'clock that evening, by an old man whose servant boy had been captured by the British and then turned loose again. The boy had heard officers speaking of a surprise assault upon Wayne, and informed his master of as much when he got home. Wayne evidently did not take the rumor as being very definite, but at least he sent out six pickets (horse patrols), and vowed afterwards that it was one of these pickets that first brought the news of Grey's approach. Very contradictory!

In the first dispatch he says that the British were within ten yards before he could get his men marshaled. In his report before the court martial he let it be understood that he had time to maneuver, but that his orders were not obeyed at once, and that "some Neglect or Misapprehension" delayed things so long that his chance to get the jump was gone when his men were ready at last to return the attack. Again contradictory!

Wayne said he told Colonel Hampton to take an advance detachment and meet the stormers while the rest of the men were getting into formation. But Hampton paid no attention. Again Wayne told him what to do. Again Hampton didn't seem to hear. It was only when Wayne grabbed him by the collar and shook him that the colonel finally woke up to the fact that he had been given a command.

The trouble with Hampton was that he was drunk. He was not the only one. Everybody seems to have been slightly intoxicated. They danced around like a troop of circus clowns. Wayne's own utter confusion as to the details of what happened suggests that he, also, had had a few drinks. Orders were ignored; men got panicky and lost their heads; there was so much of the tumult and the shouting that after a few minutes each man seems to have assumed full command in regard to his own movements!

The comedy relief of the whole episode came in Wayne's thundering and cursing and sending Major Nichols off to bed abruptly in the midst of the fray "for having made a mistake"!

A ghastly scene! Men dashing here and there in the mud and rain . . . men dying with horrible groans, and trying with their hands to put their lacerated vitals back in place again . . . men too drunk to stand . . . men with glaring, gloating eyes . . . men laughing hideous laughs. . . .

A Hessian soldier wrote: "What a running about barefooted and half clothed, in the light of their own fires! . . . I stuck them myself like so many pigs, one after another, until the blood ran out of the touch-hole in my musket."

IV

When it was all over, it was found that Grey's regiments had killed and wounded three hundred men or more, with a loss of only about a half dozen among his own. The awful deadliness of careful bayonets had done all the damage. The accepted account is that Wayne himself and most of his men quickly put themselves out of danger that they knew was unturnable, and that those poor unfortunates who were left were surrounded and slain like animals in a cage. These were Grey's tactics always—to corner a part of the opposition and instead of taking them prisoners of war to torture and stab them to a death of agony and terror, it evidently making little difference whether they surrendered or not.

Wayne's lifelong horror of working harm on a defeated man seems to begin here. When he took Stony Point two years later, and had a chance to continue the battle in the fort (which probably would have meant the loss of every English life), he immediately called a halt! and for decades afterwards *Wayne* and *humane* were rhymed all over the world.

V

The criticisms of Mad Anthony's conduct at Paoli were mostly the criticisms of drillmasters and people who did not understand the circumstances. Wayne demanded the court martial himself, because he wanted to see his name cleared of the mud and dirt that had been smeared over it. At times his statements and arguments were not, as we have seen, very clear or very consistent; but that was because he seemed to be honestly confused about what had really happened, and not because he was trying to wriggle out of a mess.

He neglected to say anything about drunkenness that night. He probably thought it wiser to keep quiet on that score, since he was not blameless himself. But compared with Hampton and a few others, Wayne was not drunk at all. The reason that he was so stupidly slow in making preparation was not because he had had too much to drink but because he did not wholly credit the rumor that the British were going to attack. Everybody berated him for not getting his men out of the way. He was in a difficult situation; his critics forgot that. If he had retreated before Grey pounced upon him, he would have been accused of cowardice just as surely as he was accused of neglect in remaining.

What is more, he was expecting General Smallwood to join him, and a change of position would have put Smallwood off track and would have exposed his much smaller force to capture or destruction. He was in a raving quandary, and doubtless any move would have meant disaster as fatal as the one he suffered. What he needed in his position was a Light Horse brigade, not a clumsy infantry, pig-like in the dark.

The final opinion of the court martial was that he was "not guilty of the charge exhibited against him, but that he, on the night of the 20th of September last, did every duty that could be expected from an active, brave and vigilant officer, under the orders which then he had. The court do acquit him with the highest honours."

Minus the flowers and the decorations, this judgment is undoubtedly as correct as any in that messy business.

Wayne went through agony. He wrote Washington that the opinion of the first court of inquiry (which accused him of carelessness and neglect) injured him to the quick. For a long time he cringed from the mention of the incident.

VI

It transpired from certain gestures made by the British that their chief idea was to capture Wayne himself that night.

Rumors reached Waynesborough—almost within hearing distance of the musket shots and the rending cries of the dying men that Wayne had been taken prisoner; another rumor said that he had been killed. We know this much from a letter written by Abraham Robinson, Wayne's brother-in-law, in which he spoke of the "terrible night scare" and the subsequent reports of Mad Anthony's death; and then went on to tell how a number of British troops had surrounded the house shortly after the battle in search of Wayne, "behaved with the utmost politeness to the women," but took two favorite servants and said they were determined to get the general.

Even to-day around Paoli people will tell you about how Wayne came home and jumped into the massive box-bush that stands about thirty yards back of the house, to hide himself from these British searchers. There is not a word of truth in it, but it serves to show how these pretty myths can grow. . . even out of box-bushes!

The British seemed to want Wayne at all costs. He was too lively, too open eyed, and too formidable for the comfortable progress of British arms. His fierce resistance at Brandywine had felled a disastrous tree across the path of empire, and obviously the better part of wisdom was to put him out of the way.

They came as close to it at Paoli as they ever did! Wayne seems never to have fully recovered from the shock of that night. Thereafter he always seemed to want to take the offensive. Much that is intrepid in his character came as the result of that assault; from then on he manifested a positive dread of having the enemy open fire first. As long as he could be the attacking party, all was well; and he took some shaking chances and came to be popularly known as a daredevil in order to accomplish that. A great deal of the to-hell-with-caution dash that legend associates with his character is quite simply the result of a fear of having any one jump his back. It is a ghastly fear.

VII

Howe marched cross country to the Schuylkill, struck just across the river from Washington's army, and began to travel northward—away from Philadelphia! It was a clever feint—Howe was not everlastingly a fool—and Washington was tricked completely. He thought that his military stores at Reading were jeopardized, and he set out to follow the British. Across that mild stream from one another . . . each watching the other with a troubled, nervous eye . . . the Americans tired and strung out by this mysterious move . . . Washington irritable . . . his lieutenants irritable . . . everybody half dressed and half fed . . . and the British leading them on. It seems like a wild goose chase. It is supposed to be only a fake cue, but nobody can be certain. It is just barely possible that Howe may forget Philadelphia, after all . . . forget the glory and the ladies . . . and march north to Burgoyne who so sorely needs him . . . barely possible . . .

Then one morning Washington awakens to find that under the cover of night and fog, Howe has made a brilliant backward shift and that almost the entire British army is across the river on Washington's side, below the Americans, and is moving on towards Philadelphia! It is rather appalling . . . the Americans despair . . . but are a little relieved, too; it is better to be certain of a mild disaster than to live in shivering dread of a final catastrophe.

Everybody acknowledges that it was a well planned and beautifully executed move. The contemporary opinion of Howe shifts suddenly and begins to ascend.

The Philadelphia belles paint and prink and take beauty naps in anticipation of his coming. The sphere of high society is swollen with the promise of delirious excitement. Congress picks up its bags and papers and hies off in a fever to Lancaster.

But Howe does not take his army to Philadelphia at once. Preparations, reënforcements, barricades—these have yet to be effected. So he encamps at Germantown as a kind of outguard—and has the enormous magnanimity to remain in person with his own troops while "the rebel capital" fairly bristles with impatience for his arrival and the resplendent wonder of his company.

He sent Cornwallis on to Philadelphia about the end of September with a body of troops, mostly Hessians, who marched up and down the narrow little streets with triumphant bands and triumphant, wicked-looking moustaches. They all went to tea with various ladies . . . from various strata of society.

VIII

Immediately after the night of horror at Paoli, Wayne brought his wrecked and nerve-torn men together and chased over the White Marsh Valley, near Valley Forge, to rejoin Washington. Spies had already brought information that Howe had weakened his Germantown position by detaching some of his best regiments for the purpose of "observing" the works at Red Bank, Mud Island, and Billingsport, islands in the Delaware below Philadelphia. Howe thought they would afford a protection against an attack upon Philadelphia by water and also facilitate the transportation of supplies. In which he was quite right. And the islands became his.

It seems that Wayne, Smallwood, and Washington conceived together the idea of attacking Germantown; but most of the other generals disapproved and said they wanted to wait for reënforcements.

Washington generally conceded everything to the majority vote, but this time he was so certain of victory that he gave orders to assault in spite of the heavy dissent. Wayne and Smallwood pleaded with him, and they were men whose enthusiasms were rather contagoius. Wayne sat in a corner at the conference of generals, reading a book, sneering at the heavy vote against the plan of assault. Washington smiled at his hunched irascible figure. "What would you say, general?" Wayne slapped his volume shut, grabbed his knee-caps, and leaned far forward with a ruffled fierceness. "Say? I'd say nothing! I'd fight, Sir! Fight!"

Wayne seems to have been in high spirits at this time despite his sickening setbacks. He wrote to his wife, who evidently had been terribly alarmed about the Paoli affair, that he thought she "had a mind far above being depressed by a little unfavourable Circumstance," and added that the British occupation of Philadelphia was not tragic in the least and no worse than their occupation of New York or Boston. He assured Polly that these British lobsters "must leave it with Circumstances of shame and disgrace before the close of the winter." He announced that the army was in "full health and spirits" and that he was confident that the enemy would "shortly pay dear for the little Advantages they have lately gained."

Yet he seems to have worried somewhat that the British would threaten Waynesborough again, because he made a special point of asking that all his books and writings be removed some distance from the house.

IX

On the 3 October Washington's army of eleven thousand men or so advanced down the four main roads to Germantown.

At dawn of the next day they attacked the British at School Lane. General Howe, with the mists of sleep still over his eyes, rushed out at the sound of gunfire to find his Light Infantry fleeing towards him with the bright steel of American bayonets shivering at their backs.

God and fate were kind to Sir William that morning and sent down a heavy blanket of fog. It was because of this fog that the Americans had to advance with such fatal caution, so slowly that Howe had a chance to collect his wits and gather his men together in some sort of formation before the Americans could bear down upon his camp in full weight.

Wayne, charging the line on horseback, shouting and cursing like a madman, had his splendid roan stallion shot from under him, was thudded on the left foot by a bouncing cannon ball, and got a deep gash across the back of his hand from a flying bullet.

Then he found another horse, but said that he could see nothing plainly and was afraid to take chances for fear of a trap.

That was the first thing the fog was responsible for; later in the day it led to the most disastrous of possible blunders; and throughout it was the Americans' *bête noire*.

At first Washingtons' men pushed the British back and took a heavy toll among the gold-braid soldiers. Wayne says they beat them back about three miles and were in full possession of their encampments; but in the light of more authentic sources this seems a glaring exaggeration. Wayne's miles sometimes grew like the fisherman's catch. The encampments were too spread out to permit the Americans to occupy the whole ground during a fray. However, Hunter, in his *History of the Fifty-Second British Regiment,* says that the Americans hit with a driving force and almost demolished his battalion, seeming to be possessed with the idea of killing everybody they could, and crying out: "Have at the Bloodhounds! Revenge Wayne's affair!" Paoli seems to have rankled in the hearts of the whole army, and they were out to set things even.

But the British were strong, and in an hour or so Washington's forces were being shoved slowly back. Then there were mistakes made and intolerable delays. Greene, who was meant to attack the British right flank with a large number of infantry-men, was so late in arriving upon the scene that when he did attack at last he struck a point that was unexpectedly strong, and was thrown into retreat.

Just when Washington's frontal assault promised success, Sullivan, with the reserve forces, was fired upon by some soldiers in the Chew House, a large stone structure near the Germantown Road, and wasted hours in trying vainly to dislodge the royal sharpshooters from the place. Which was quite unnecessary, because they were not numerous enough to make any difference. And meanwhile the frontal attack fell by the way, and Washington had to flee for safety.

One of Greene's divisions under Stephen got separated somehow from the main army and wandered about in the fog quite aimlessly. Stephen, for his part, was cold and tired . . . so he swigged a few drinks from his canteen which was sweet to the cork with whisky.

They wandered on . . . and nothing happened . . . and Stephen drank some more. The fog got worse . . . and they were more hopelessly lost . . . and Stephen's canteen was getting emptier and emptier. And Stephen was getting quite ambitious; he was looking for somebody to fight with; he wanted action! He wanted action because a brave man always wanted action . . . and it was pleasant to have action . . . because it was pleasant to be brave . . . and to be pleasant. Everything was so pleasant, please God . . . and the canteen was drained dry.

Wayne was bearing down hard upon the left flank of the enemy, when suddenly there appeared out of nowhere a large body of men who looked as if they meant to enclose Wayne in a trap. At their head was a person who was waving his arms and shouting in a thick, incoherent voice.

They opened fire; Wayne saw that he was badly outnumbered. Thinking them British reënforcements, he retreated through the fog and the dense smoke from the cannon. Nothing could be seen; there was only the booming of guns in the distance and the snip-putt of rifles nearby and the awful tramp, tramp, tramping of discouraged men. Wayne had an idea that the main body of the British army was pursuing him with all this persistence of gunfire.

When he had gone two miles the mistake was discovered, in a momentary clearing of the fog. It was Stephen's division, with Stephen as drunk as a tinker. He had come upon Wayne and taken him for a British regiment . . . with the fog and smoke to help the whisky . . . and had ordered fire and advance. Now, when it was all done, nothing could be remedied; the chance of victory was lost and two important divisions had left the scene of battle far behind and could lend no aid in time of sore need.

Stephen was court martialed, found guilty of carelessness and disgraceful behavior, and discharged from the army. Wayne was profoundly hurt . . . Paoli, and now this! It dragged on his spirits and made him sick at heart. Two days after, he wrote to Polly that "the fog and this mistake prevented us from following out a victory that in all Human probability would have put an end to the American war." He was trying to cheer himself by making overstatements. It was one of his ways of escaping depression.

X

Then in the late, sweet, crisp days of October, a messenger came riding with a high tale of wonder and enchantment. The tale he bore was that General John Burgoyne had surrendered himself and five thousand men to General Horatio Gates in the forsaken stretches of the northern woods. Burgoyne gayly had gone too far, and the Americans knew better the wiles and mysteries of the wilderness . . . and Burgoyne was an animal in a corner . . . and Burgoyne was a prisoner of war.

Down golden October lanes that meandered arm in arm with autumn, over hill and dale rode the messenger . . . and people standing in doorways heard his words . . . and people in towns gathered together in the high-charged excitement . . . and the soft and shifting foundations of people's faith in the patriot army hardened and grew solid. In many a drawing room engravings of the king came down off the walls . . . and the king's badges went out with the garbage . . . and hesitating young men left home to join the army of General George Washington.

XI

In Philadelphia Sir William Howe is dumbfounded at the talk of his confrère's surrender. He thinks at first that it is only "a rebel rumor"; but then he hears the final, definite word. It seems impossible . . . Burgoyne . . . captured . . . out of the running . . . Burgoyne, with his whole army and the lustiest men in the service of the Crown!

It is a crushing blow, but Sir William is having a high time. There are women in Philadelphia, women with money and beauty, and fine, hospitable houses. His own mistress, the famous Mrs. Loring—whose name a young poetaster found to rhyme with Sir William's snoring—is leading him a merry chase. The delightful André, the tragic, unhappy, magnificent André, is there with his wit and his verses and his amusing drawings. He carries the whole army along on the top wave of time, shouting and loving and laughing; he is the very light of day. The women adore him; they were to adore him to the very last, when they wept and threw the final kisses to the figure on the scaffold at his pitiful end.

Howe is making all sorts of excuses for his inaction; he evades taking the field as a man evades taking bitter medicine. He says there is no green forage for his horses; but he has no cavalry to speak of, so the excuse does not seem to hang evenly with the circumstances. A contemporary poem speaks of "Billy's" apparent loathing to leave his little "Philly" and the ladies.

XII

After Germantown, Washington's next plan was a means of strengthening the river strongholds on the Jersey side of the Delaware, and Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin on the Pennsylvania side, in order to prevent the English fleet under General Howe's brother, Admiral Howe, from gaining free access to the waterways to Philadelphia. The British had to have food in town, and since the inhabitants couldn't feed a whole army, they had to get it from the ships. But if Washington could blockade the river with any sort of success, there wouldn't be any ships . . . and there wouldn't be any food . . . and there might come a time when there wouldn't be any army.

The great difficulty that beset Washington was that he couldn't afford to draw on his weakened forces in order to send new men to relieve the weary garrisons. So they were left to make the best of things for themselves, and for weeks they stood by their posts with that stark bravery that is half dogged determination and half foolhardiness. Billingsport was finally disbanded so that the whole force could be concentrated upon the two remaining holds.

On the 22 October, fifteen hundred Hessians under Count Donup attacked Fort Mercer, and were torn to tatters. The battle continued two days—"two glorious days," says the *New Jersey Gazette*—while the British lost two warships and scores of men . . . while patriot hearts leaped in wonder and excitement, and the whole army became noisy with confidence. Burgoyne . . . and now, this!

Washington wanted to relieve Fort Mifflin. The thing that stood in the way was the English occupation of Province Island, as it was quite impossible to get men down the river to Mifflin without first defeating the force there. Washington and the majority of the American generals felt that the army was not strong enough to detach men for an action of this sort, and trusted to God and British idleness that the fort would be able to hold out until he got reënforcements from the north.

But Wayne was not satisfied. He wanted action and said that this long waiting was fatal. He told Washington that he was fully prepared to lead a body of picked troops in an attack upon the batteries of Province Island and to take the place at night by a concealed *coup de main.* He had everything minutely planned . . . the sudden assault . . . the taking of the garrison . . . and then the coöperation of the other forts to drive the British down the river . . . so that the Americans could have a straight line of defense directly across the only waterway to Philadelphia.

It was an excellent plan and not at all an impractical one; but Washington refused to give his approval. Wayne raged and stormed, but he could do nothing with his adamant commander.

On the 10 November, 1777, Wayne heard that Fort Mifflin was being attacked from land and sea both and was already wellnigh disabled and he began to get indignant. For a while the garrison bore the overwhelming odds with a cast iron fortitude, and meanwhile Wayne frantically urged an immediate relief expedition to save the remnants of the place. He was to lead it himself. The authorities put their heads together and pondered and delayed. Would such a move be a wise one? Would it not mean only a greater loss? Might it? Might it not? Another council of war was called. More delays. More ponderings and disagreements. Meanwhile the garrison was becoming weaker and more shell-ridden every moment. But the councils had to be held . . . Will you . . . won't you . . . will you . . . won't you . . . will you join the dance?

But the dance was over.

When Washington finally decided to let Wayne attempt the dangerous attack on Province Island, news came that Fort Mifflin had been evacuated, and that all hope was lost.

Wayne's impatience and indignation had been steadily mounting and now they came to a peak. He began setting off fireworks; he lost his temper about the behavior of his reticent commander-in-chief. He wrote a long letter to Peters, who was then Secretary of War, in which he said that certain people had not done their duty as they should have.

> Six weeks Investiture (he exclaims) and no Attempt to raise the seige of that fort—will hardly be credited at another Day. You'll ask what was the cause of this Supineness—an overstretched caution, which is oftentimes attended with as fatal Consequences, as too much rashness; the *present,* as well as some *past* events, fully evinces the truth of this position.

He prophesies that nothing can safely assure the success of American arms "but his Excellency" (meaning George Washington) "some times act'g without *his Council,"* because this debating, he remarks further, is "the surest way to do nothing." He thinks that there is yet "a Capital game to play—and if we are not too fond of keeping the cards in our hands we may make the Odd trick." Yet the sight of his ragged men makes him wish he were "past either seeing or hearing." The most interesting statement comes at the end and is heavy with his feelings: "Nothing but the doubtful state we are in should keep me a Single Moment in the Service that has become almost Intolerable."

Did he sometimes seriously think of throwing over his command in sheer disgust, or is the main substance of this remark merely the substance of gesture? It is hard to say. We know that he was given to exaggerating his feelings for the sake of effect; but it is also quite evident that his "melancholy" at this period of the war was eating his heart out.

XIII

Washington took his army into winter quarters on a pleasant rolling countryside where Valley Creek flowed into the Schuylkill. There was nothing much there but a few fine houses, Isaac Pott's iron works, and lonely, snow-blanketed horizons. Wayne encamped about a mile and a half from Washington's headquarters, at a place called White Marsh. It is all this locality that we think of to-day as Valley Forge.

The whole army was in a dreadful state. There was no food, there was no clothing. Men died on beds of frozen ground covered with a layer of dirty hay, from pneumonia, consumption, and serious stomach trouble brought on by the rank stuff they ate and their long periods of starvation. Washington was grief stricken, he said, at the terror of it all, though he could do nothing but console and hope, and pray, according to the mythmakers, under big trees. . . . Even Martha Washington herself came to talk to the men and to encourage them, and to see that the sick got broth and jelly.

Wayne faced the same grueling conditions over the hill at White Marsh, but no stories of special piety were ever issued in regard to him. For the most part he did what he always did; fussed and raged and begged for action. He wrote a number of very decided letters to Washington and insisted that, in spite of naked soldiers and empty stomachs, the course of action was the only course of salvation. He did not let his sentiments get buried in polite caution; he said that he was "clearly and solemnly" set in his opinion. He told his commander-in-chief that

> . . . the Credit of the Army under your Command—the Safety of the country—the Honour of American Arms—the Approach of Winter that must in a few days force you from the field, and above all the Depreciation of the Currency in these States, point out the immediate Necessity of giving the Enemy battle.

This was on towards the end of November. But about a week later he wrote to Washington, who had again asked his advice, that he was "not for a Winter's Campaign in the Open field." He says it would be better to encamp nearer Philadelphia and watch the enemy's movements, in full preparation for an attack, than to try to beat them openly with the army in its present condition. His two statements of a week or so apart seem somewhat contradictory.

He must have come to this position of mind suddenly, because there is a great change from the man who only yesterday was talking about the disgrace of inaction and the necessity of "dislodging the Enemy" in order to "Produce a Conviction to the World" that the Americans were fighting men.

Howe had twenty thousand or more trim and capable men in and about Philadelphia during the whole time. At Valley Forge Washington had nine thousand sick, underfed, and discouraged human beings, without anything but their indomitable spirits and unlivable quarters. By very early spring three thousand of those who had not died or gone home had deserted to the British. They had come into Philadelphia barefooted, with worn and dirty blankets wrapped around their half-naked bodies, and sold their guns to buy food.

Howe got his supplies from the ships at anchor and the loyalists of the surrounding countryside who brought meat and vegetables by wagon to Philadelphia. Patriot scouts were sent out to seize these wagons and take what they carried; this robbing of British supply vans became after a while Washington's most dependable means of obtaining a miserable subsistence for his men.

Howe meanwhile pretended that he did not know Washington's condition. When he was asked why he did not make a move of some kind, he excused himself on the grounds that the American army was too large to permit his making a successful attack, and that, besides, he was afraid to leave Philadelphia.

Ridiculous! . . . it amounts to the same thing as his green forage excuse. If he had marched in full power to Valley Forge he could have crushed Washington's forces like an egg in his fist, done the same with Wayne and the other generals . . . and Philadelphia would have been as safe as a virgin in a nunnery all the while, because there would not have been a "rebel" soldier to occupy it. It would have meant the end of the war . . . Washington and his entire army killed and captured . . . and then Howe could have gone back to England with all the glory he so inordinately craved, and had a niche in Westminster.

XIV

Meantime Washington sat patiently waiting for spring at Valley Forge, trusting and hoping, while a network of intrigue and underhand jealousy began to weave its web around him. The spidery Charles Lee, in whom Washington put his unsuspecting confidence, had already been plotting a plan by which Howe was to move southward and capture Annapolis and Alexandria as important strongholds. The spiteful Conway was trying, with the help of the proud gutter-rat Wilkinson, to prove Washington an incompetent general and get him removed from command.

Wayne made a statement at an unfortunate moment in which he said that Washington had a slow mind; and the commander-in-chief, who had heard a similar remark from Greene, began to imagine that his best friends were turning against him.

Gates, the blowhard, swollen with pride to the bursting point by his capture of Burgoyne and affecting attitudes of contempt for Washington's authority, was beginning to send his official reports to the president of Congress instead of to his commander-in-chief.

Everything was static. The patriot cause was falling in esteem. Reputations were coming into the market place to be bartered for and abused. The Conway faction was receiving favor from a despairful country, ready to jump at conclusions and ready to criticize.

Wayne kept on writing frantic letters for help. The answers were all evasions; they made silly excuses and left things standing just where they were. He wrote more letters. The note of indignation gave way to a note of hollow despair. Was it all child's play? Was freedom only a child's dream . . . the clover of illusion . . .?

He said he was a very sad man. He used the bitter words of one disenchanted. He told Washington that something would have to be done pretty quickly or that all would be over.

* * *

CHAPTER X

TO THE ORCHARD

I

THE relation of the government to the army during the Revolution was a web-like mess of intrigue, dissension, and empty promises. A waving of arms, a ranting of mouths, jellyfish vacillation, official bumbledom—while men starved and went naked and died.

Actually there was no coherent government at all; it was a maelstrom of factions, party jealousies, and individuals clashing furiously with other individuals in a strictly selfish effort to get the upper hand.

They made fine speeches. They made high promises. They used magnificent words that were too deep for thought.

These were the men that Wayne was turning to for help.

Thinkers whose sincerity and intellectual voltage ran high, like Jefferson, were swamped in this cauldron and turned away disgusted. Even old faithfuls like Benjamin Rush were assuming very strange and disturbing attitudes; Rush was making some rather severe strictures on Washington's capacity as commander-in-chief, and going back on much that he once stood for so solidly.

Washington's young secretary, Hamilton, was one of the clearest minds of the time. The brilliance of his twenty-one-year-old subordinate made "the Great Man" ill at ease and ready to quarrel. Hamilton, however, was invaluable to Washington, and Washington knew it as well as Hamilton himself; once or twice he tried to get along without him, but it was not long before he found it impossible to work without the services of a man whose understanding of things governmental was probably equaled by only one or two minds on the American continent at the time. Hamilton knew where he stood. At the time of the first scrape he said that he was willing to come to an agreement with his chief, but that he still thought Washington had been petty. The stripling youth was barely out of his 'teens then, while his tall, grave, gray-haired friend was a man almost fifty. And yet it was the tall, grave man who first held out the conciliating hand—and Hamilton took it.

II

Wayne knew no more about politics on the inside than he knew about Hungarian wildflowers.

The only way he carried his thoughts into the political realm at this time was one complaining of the inefficiency and negligence of the government. His outlook was strictly military; he understood the army and its needs and uses, but he did not understand politics. Years afterwards when he tried to enter them he proved nothing except that he was in the wrong place. He knew his own limitations in this, too, because he told Franklin that he did not comprehend the vast complexities of state and preferred not to bother his head about them.

But he did comprehend that men hardly clever enough to hold the reins of a plow horse were trying to hold the reins of government. And he comprehended that most of them had no ideal at stake but the ideal of self, self, self. A driving insistence . . . month in and month out.

After Wayne had moved from White Marsh to Lancaster about the end of 1777, conditions became even more intolerable. Not only were the rank and file going without clothing and food, but now the officers had, in a manner of speaking, nothing but their brevets to cover their nakedness. And when these officers deserted it set a disastrous example to the men beneath them; it seemed to justify almost anything they might do, and Wayne was powerless to prevent. He said his men were beginning to despise themselves and their fellows on account of their humiliating conditions, and this, he clearly saw, was the quickest possible means of ruining the army and its chances of victory. When the morale was gone, when the spirit was gone, what was left . . .?

Over that gap of inaction the idea of American independence got rather befuddled and began to take on the proportions of a drunkard's bet. Even the high officers said that they could not blame their men for deserting; a man who would unprotestingly endure such a life would have to be either an extraordinary spiritless fool or an incredible martyr. And it seemed rather a thankless martyrdom to stand by the cause of a government that would not even bother to care for your simplest needs, and involved perfectly clear issues in a mess of factions and redtape. Desertion had become a part of the instinct of self-preservation.

Wayne seems to have understood as much and sympathized as much with his men as his official position would allow. Since Brandywine things had been intolerable. After that battle the fleeing soldiers lost their luggage and extra clothing, and nothing had been done so far to lighten the weight of so dire a misfortune. Promises were made and broken and patched . . . and nothing but gestures were forthcoming . . . and time was going relentlessly on . . . and everything but time was static.

And then Wayne's patience came to an abrupt end. There was no use talking. There was no use pleading. What was not incompetent was corrupt. He took the step that he had waited so long for some one else to take.

Out of his own money, he purchased enough cloth to supply the soldiers under his command with sufficient garments to keep them warm and fairly respectable. The cloth was to be made up in camp, by the men themselves and by the women of the neighborhood who were willing to earn a few honest pennies. No frills; no fine braid and the bearings of wealth; only a simple covering from the whistling blizzards and the aching, white-bright days of steely cold.

It was the action of a man in dead earnest. He knew that if his men failed he would fail with them, and failure was not a thing he fancied overmuch. He didn't like Thomas Wharton saying to him that he had been given special favors not granted to other divisions, and that since he was probably better off than the rest of the army, it would be best to be quieter.

Then there came some absurd hitch in the proceedings. The Clothier General, who was afraid of his own shadow, dug up some wornout rule about private interests, threw it in Wayne's face, and refused to let his own cloth get through to him. Later when Wayne demanded shoes for his barefooted men, this same Clothier General held them back merely because the Council of War had not voted their distribution. Right on top of that a whole allotment of uniforms was delayed interminably because the correct buttons were not forthcoming!

To-morrow . . . and to-morrow . . . and to-morrow . . . !

Peters refused to allow Wayne a supply of bayonets that he sorely needed, because he wished to avoid imputations of partiality towards any one man.

Pennsylvania was acquiring a bad reputation. Some of the other colonies were finding deep cutting epithets for her and were saying that she was a dead weight upon their hands.

But nobody was setting a very brilliant example. Not a single state had her full quota of men in the field service. Congress sat at Lancaster and twiddled its nervous, ineffective thumbs. England was sending over shiploads of men and was working for the "total Conquest" which Wayne prophesied would soon come about unless more care and action were taken.

The Americans were sickeningly outnumbered. Had it not been for the lay of the land and the awful distances between places, all would have been over. But wilderness and distance were the guardian angels of "the Rights of Man."

Wayne was strongly tempted to leave the service, and leave for good. He said he had a greater weight on his shoulders, because of the shortage of generals in Pennsylvania, than any man could be expected to bear. He held only a brigadier-general's commission, but he was doing the work of ten major generals at a twenty-four hour a day clip. He said he could not remain where he was; he was despairful as to where to turn next; the last bright embers of hope were fizzling out, as if in a persistent rain.

"I am almost out of patience with this bad World!"

III

Everybody was out of patience. Irritation became general; for a while it seemed the highest and only form of action.

Currency had depreciated so much that it took a bagful of paper money to purchase a pair of shoes. What was "not worth a Continental" was fit only for the ash heap. And the soldiers, when they rarely got money, got this worthless paper. No wonder the farmers refused to give them food for it; not when the British were ready to hand out solid gold coins for what they ate. The situation was tragic, and it was at the bottom of all tragedy, because money could not be created by either dreams or speeches. Money was metal; and there was none of it.

IV

In Europe the cause of American independence was a high bright altar to men whose heads were bent over the affairs of the world. It had become almost an intellectual problem, because its outcome would prove so much and show how much longer "empire" could live. Franklin and Arthur Lee had stirred things up in France, and Franklin's simple charm had won the hearts of a society that was sick of its make-believe, sick of its frills, turning to the nature-preaching Rousseau for guidance; turning, in fact, to the faint rumbles of their own revolution that was shortly to engulf them.

Frederick the Great, watching the vast field of action across the sea with inordinate delight, sent Washington a much-decorated sword, with a flattering inscription, as a token of his esteem and admiration. The incredible elasticity of Washington's little army amazed him and excited his professional mind; there were such boundless hopes there. He began to wish for an army of a similar spirit in Europe.

Immanuel Kant, beginning to doubt the wisdom of monarchy, said that if a colony was worth anything it would not remain a colony very long.

Voltaire, wise and gentle in his old age, and profoundly reverent as always, was sick at heart for France and was watching the fresh dawn over the western waters. He put his hand on the head of Franklin's young grandson to bless him, said "God and Liberty!" and kissed Franklin in public. He said he loved America. And then Voltaire died.

The King of France signed a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United States and fully recognized her independence—the first to receive America as an established nation. It was a splendid, subtle treaty. The clause about commerce in it really amounted to a declaration of war against England, though an indirect declaration. "The King is determined to protect the lawful commerce of his subjects," read the paper that the French ambassador left in London with the British Secretary of State that windy, blustering 13 March. The "lawful commerce" meant trade with America.

The venerable Pitt got up in Parliament and loudly advocated a declaration of war against Louis XVI. The Duke of Richmond protested. Pitt rose to reply, but the old laboring heart was under too much strain, the emotion too choking, the hope too faint, and he sank into the arms of his counselors, never to rise again.

On the 10 April, 1778, Gerard, the King's newly elected minister to the United States, set sail from Toulon with a French fleet under Comte d'Estaing.

France was coming!

The young La Fayette, jubilant and profoundly moved, with tears streaming down his cheeks embraced Washington with too great a display of affection. People all over the country shot off fireworks and held celebrations and asked God to save the good and generous King of France.

At Valley Forge, the weary and disaster-worn soldiers fired joyous muskets at the bright blue patches of spring sky. France was coming. . . .

V

In late winter, when the source of supplies at camp had been nil and nobody had seen meat for weeks, Washington in desperation sent Wayne to New Jersey in command of a division to steal cattle for the use of the army. Light Horse Harry Lee had plagued the British supply vans to the limit, and nothing was forthcoming in any adequate measure. So there was no alternative but for Wayne to make away with all he could manage, and destroy what he could not cart back to Valley Forge.

Altogether rather an amusing spectacle—the dignified brigadier-general with his immaculate uniform shagging stray cows over the plains of Jersey! The glory-hunter slaying a fat pig! Wayne evidently failed to see the humor of the situation—he never had the quick, clean violence of intelligence that can carry a man through his worst humiliations with mocking laughter—but it did not take others long to notice what an absurd figure he cut.

"Drover Wayne" they called him, while he raged. Other persons, who were not quite so good humored towards the general, made rather amusing and obscene jokes at his expense. They are somewhat pointless and pompous now, unless you understand the smut of that day. It was this round-up business that gave the alert and brilliant André, who was more delicate than the rest, the cue for his long poem on Wayne called *The Cow Chase,* in which he ridiculed the general and the whole American army with delightful invective. To us, with a knowledge of later events, the last stanza of that poem must always have a touch of something strange and sad.

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest that same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

For hardly two years later Wayne helped very materially to catch the poet, and the poet died with a rope around his swan-proud neck.

This cattle-foraging episode in New Jersey was another of those dangerous movements of the Revolution that seemed to be necessary evils in the progress of arms. Somebody had to get the meat by hook or crook; but it meant another serious division in the main forces at a moment when their only hope seemed to lie in sticking close together. In reality, Wayne took a very small force to Mount Joy, although the exaggerated accounts issued by the British say he had many thousands. That, probably, was by way of excuse for not attacking him more than they did.

The enemy was constantly in the neighborhood, also foraging for cattle, and one skirmish followed another with nothing much gained for either side. There were two or three engagements that were really battles of some consequence; Wayne held ground tenaciously and even made some advances that were fairly important. But it was mostly playing around.

The fiery, dashing Pole, Casimir Pulaski, was with Wayne in one of the larger attacks, and the man from Pennsylvania conceived an enormous admiration for this indomitable foreigner. Poor Pulaski! He went out quickly. He got a bullet in his right lung the next year at Savannah.

All during the New Jersey months there was the ceaseless misery of men. The whole army was sick and swarming with vermin. Wayne said that the thrust of a bayonet through a man's mortal body was almost pleasant compared with these horror-scarred creatures that turned and distorted the mind that thought upon them. He almost prayed to Peters for help of some sort, in a letter full of satanic mockery and grief.

> For God's sake (he writes) give us—if you can't give us anything else—give us linen that we may be Enabled to Rescue the poor Worthy fellows from the Vermin which are now Devouring them and which has Emaciated and Reduced numbers exactly to answer the Description of Shakespeare's Apothecary. . . . Some hundreds we thought prudent to Deposit some six foot under ground—who have Died of a Disorder produced by want of Clothing!

He says he would rather risk his life and military reputation on his small and inadequate forces when "neatly and Comfortably Uniformed" than on twice or three times their number in rags. What order and discipline can there be for a man who is tortured by vermin and has to hold on to his ragged breeches to keep them from falling off? A lovely parade they make, who look like the aftermath of a rats' carnival!

The war seems so well established that nobody thinks it worth while to try to direct its course. Wayne tells Peters that he fully expects it to last long enough to permit his little son, then aged nine, to enter the ranks as a full-fledged veteran. He ends the letter with a "Bravo!"—which is supposed to celebrate the futility of everything.

He remarks to Sharp Delany that a little more of this grim fiasco will send him back post-haste to his "Sabine Fields"—but he has a tantalizing itch to "first see the Enemy sail for the West Indies!"

Every time he is ready to throw it all over in the darkness, something entices him back.

VI

From Philadelphia, this spring of 1778, Sir William Howe sent his resignation to the Crown. He said there was no coöperation in the British army; he said people were not paying him the proper respect; he said that, with conditions as they were, he felt it best to leave his post and return to England.

The resignation was accepted, and Howe was somewhat taken aback that there was no protest and no pleading.

Philadelphia gave him a big send-off. Howe was depicted as the gracious knight-at-arms defending the maiden named Empire. They shot off "magnificent bouquets of fireworks," as André put it. There was evidently enough powder in the *feu d'artifice* to subdue the whole rebel army, though the reason it was not used for that purpose was left unexplained.

Sir Henry Clinton came down from the north to take high command of His Majesty's forces in America, as successor to the departed conqueror.

VII

At Valley Forge the army was being slowly and painfully whipped into shape. The Baron von Steuben, an officer who had served with Frederick the Great, was sent over to us by the French to train the American army. Just why they chose a German rather than a Frenchman is rather open to question; but it seems apparent that they wanted to take every precaution to keep their sympathies from the eyes of the British, who were not yet sure of the French attitude, as this was before the treaty of friendship. Steuben came over here assuming the rôle of generous volunteer, but only those who had inside information knew that he was but a paid drillmaster.

A drillmaster *par excellence,* nevertheless. He was not a very capable general nor a very energetic mind, but his long and specialized training had taught him how to handle raw material. It was this Steuben who showed the Americans the fine art of the bayonet, and convinced the hard-skulled farmer boys that it was not a fork to be used in grilling steaks over the fire. He shocked the officers by taking the musket into his own hands in order to demonstrate its use—a piece of behavior which certain people said was below a general's dignity. But Steuben insisted that a man must touch what he would mold, and his success proved it.

He was certainly not a great figure; but, when all is said, his services were invaluable. He gave coherency and form to a mob of hopelessly undisciplined recruits and knew how to capitalize the virtues of colonial warfare and to concentrate the forces that were. Strictly a tactician. But the American army owed as much to him as a triumphant football team owes to an efficient coach.

VIII

In spite of long training, the soldiers—when the awful blanket of winter was lifted at last from Valley Forge and spring was there—were little better off than before. As fighters versed in the science of warfare they had improved; as human beings they had descended lower into the maelstrom of privation and suffering. Even Wayne himself advised against a suggested attack upon Philadelphia, since he felt that, in many ways, in spite of Steuben's good work, the army was not as fit as it had been in the autumn.

Assaults upon Philadelphia and New York were discussed at length; the army was in sore need of a landing base for supplies, and the possession of these towns was the answer—the only possible answer. And yet Wayne, usually so forward-faced to action and the sound of guns, deliberated this time and advised a wait and a silence. He said a general assault with the entire army might be fatal. It would be best to watch the British, and then pounce tiger-like with a smaller force upon a weak part of their line, or to worry them in many places, rather than to attack in a body.

He seems to have felt that only fox-play would turn the tide now. The army was in a dissatisfied, fault-finding, depressed state of mind, and a bad defeat in the field would have meant a worse defeat of morale. The idea of seven years' half pay at the termination of the war, which Congress had voted as compensation for unpaid salaries and as an inducement to possible recruits, the soldiers received in a grumbling spirit and refused to take the promise seriously. Besides, as Wayne told Delany, seven years' half pay would never make up for the depreciation of the currency and the awful dearness of things.

Men were deserting right and left. Officers were resigning their commands. Something had to be done and done quickly! And it had to be successful or the scales would tip up for good. Washington, serene as a breakwater, looked on and kept his head. But people who observed him at the time said that his eyes were tragic and strain-heavy, and that age was making its mark upon him.

Just at the moment when things seemed blackest, the British suddenly picked up their blankets and guns and evacuated Philadelphia.

That was on the 18 June, 1778.

IX

Turmoil at Valley Forge! Wayne and Washington rushed about, giving orders and talking excitedly, while drops of perspiration rolled down their cheeks. It was 89° in the shade.

In but a few hours the Americans were hot on the trail. Here was no time to be lost. Clinton crossed the Delaware with a baggage train twelve miles long, and Washington's forces crossed above Trenton. The two armies moved for days almost within gunfire of each other.

Washington and his generals held a council of war at Hopewell, near Princeton, on the 24th. Charles Lee, that persuasive snake, did all he could to develop a stifling inferiority complex among his men and he wellnigh succeeded. Wayne, Greene, La Fayette, and some others pleaded for merciless swift action. What they said left no mistake about that.

Wayne was so disgusted with the result of the council that he sat in a corner reading a book and refused to say anything but "Fight!" as he had before Germantown. Washington's twenty-one-year-old secretary delighted Wayne by telling his colleagues that their councils were worthy of an "honourable society of midwives, and of no other!" Wayne liked Alexander Hamilton tremendously after that.

The torturously hot weather persisted. The British baggage train lumbered on, slow and clumsily managed, over the soft, heat-reflecting sands of the New Jersey flats, and redcoats fell by the way, hundreds of them, dead from sunstroke and exhaustion. The Americans were somewhat more fortunate in that they did not have so much to carry; at last their scarcity of clothes had become a blessing in disguise. But it was a march across a Sahara—worse because of the energy-draining humidity—with the sun pouring down all day like so much liquid fire, and the men pulling loads and heavy cannon. Even the white-purple sky of night seemed to compress the heat into a monstrous bag and to hold the earth within it.

Clinton was heading for New York. Washington was trying to cut him off, and was heading for a battle. Again he was on the defensive. Again he had let the British take the first step and then tried to get in the way and disrupt them. It seems to have been the course of American arms. No definitely planned campaign. No movement on the offensive. The Americans always waiting to see what the British were going to do, before they came forth to battle. It was all prevention. But no invention. They cherished the last word but seemed to be afraid of the first.

When the army left Valley Forge it had increased considerably in size. Many of the men who had apparently deserted for good came back when the campaign was actually on, and said that they had not intended to desert at all but were merely taking an involuntary vacation. And the spring brought some fresh recruits, too. Besides that—according to a fact that appears in a letter of Wayne's—large numbers of friendly Indians of the vicinity around Valley Forge had joined forces with the army, and Wayne found they made superb scouting parties. Just what their motives were in fighting for American independence is hard to say. However, Wayne's faith in their ability was large; he called them his "Oneida friends."

On the 24th Wayne wrote a letter to Washington containing a full plan of attack. But the majority of the council had voted against an attack of any sort. Nevertheless, Washington saw only too clearly how patriotic spirits, already too low, would react to the spectacle of a British baggage train twelve miles long crossing New Jersey unmolested; and he rejected the findings of his council. He gave out orders in which he followed Wayne's suggestions almost to the dot. La Fayette was appointed to lead the assault.

At the last moment Charles Lee stepped in to interfere. Lee had been taken prisoner by the British some sixteen months before and carried to New York in his nightgown, and only recently he had been exchanged. When he returned to the army, Washington reinstated him in his former position as his second in command.

Lee was furious when he heard that La Fayette was to lead the assault and said that he was the one who should do it. From a formal point of view in military matters, his claim was just. It was his rightful place. Washington knew it, and asked La Fayette if he would consent to the change. The young marquis—"the boy" he was called by the soldiers who were dumbfounded at his extreme youth—rather than have a set-to with Lee, agreed, and rode at Lee's side as a volunteer officer.

On the 27th the Americans came upon the rear guard of Clinton's army by following the long trail of dead bodies. At dawn the next day they attacked, led by Lee. Washington, with the bulk of the army, was five miles behind ready to be called into service if he were needed. Wayne was sent ahead with about seven hundred men to attack at the left of the British rear guard. Lee, smiling, said to him: "General, you hold the post of honor!" They bowed and rode apart.

Wayne merely held the post of the worst danger. Lee promised immediate reënforcements if the struggle proved difficult. Very kind . . .

Orders were shouted. Gunfire then. Yells. The rush of horses and men . . . The battle of Monmouth was on.

Up to this point everything is perfectly clear. After this point it becomes hopelessly jumbled and hazy and confused. Historians have fought and disagreed about it for one hundred and fifty years. The precise nature of Lee's intentions has puzzled fifteen decades.

The British did not wait to be attacked, but charged down on Wayne's advance guard of Pennsylvanians like tiger-cats. Wayne and his good friend Richard Butler drove them back, but they came on again. The fire got hotter and faster. Wayne looked around for the promised reënforcements . . . No sign of reënforcements! No sign of the army!

What had happened! The whole army was in retreat! The British were coming on, stronger and stronger every minute, and Lee was giving way before them, fleeing for safety.

Wayne was in a trap. He would be surrounded inside of a split second, unless he could move with awful speed and precaution. He told his men to beat their way back across the boggy swamp lands. . . .

It was hard lumping through this squdgy muck, but presently they emerged by the parsonage on the road to Freehold, and found their reenforcements recoiling in terror before the British assault. Nobody seemed to know why. Everybody was muddle-headed and amazed. They were exhausted and hungry, besides. There had been very little food on the march, and the heat was becoming unbearable as the sun climbed higher in the heavens, stabbing down its tortures.

Then Washington dashed up, reining his horse. He was crimson in the face. His eyes were on fire. He shouted at the men. He shouted at General Lee. He had completely lost control. He was one whose anger could assume magnificent proportions when it was roused at such a time of stress. "My God, General Lee!" he bellowed, "what are you about?"

Lee tried to tell him what was happening and why, but he was so deaf with rage that he heard nothing. La Fayette said that Washington called Lee "a damned poltroon"; but Lee never said anything about it afterwards, and he was a man who would have resented such an epithet and held it against Washington as a breach of military etiquette. But General Scott said that Washington "swore until the leaves shook on the trees."

Most people have felt that Lee's conduct at Monmouth was rather contemptible. Washington implied that he was cowardly. Wayne said that a note written by Lee after the battle to some printer in New Jersey "Savours of Insanity or flows from a Worse Cause"; and he as much as accuses him of having traitorous intentions.

We know that Lee had offered the Annapolis-Alexandria plan to Howe some time before, which certainly would not prove him to be the most loyal of men. These would have been grounds for suspecting him of treason at Monmouth, but the plot did not leak out until years after the Revolution was a closed book.

Washington told Lee that he had made "an unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat." The majority of chroniclers have taken his words as the final ones. But, in the light of facts, it seems certain that if Lee had not retreated and had explicitly obeyed the orders he had, his whole command would have been listed among the killed and captured.

Lee had only four thousand men. The entire British army was at his front. Behind him there was an almost impassable swamp—a part of which Wayne's men had just blubbered through—and his position was on low and open ground. At his court martial Lee said that he did not intend to have his back-movement a retreat at all but simply a shift to a new and better position; the trouble was that some of his subordinate officers misunderstood his orders and thought that a retreat was in progress. He also said that after the men had gone back he saw that it was the only thing that could have been done, and that he was just deciding about ground to take a stand upon, when Washington came roaring up like a wind storm and took everything upon his own shoulders.

Evidently those soldiers and officers who did not understand the orders got into a panic and spread the idea of retreat through the line. They were the persons from whom Washington got his information, and by the time he had ridden up to Lee there was such a fiery bull in his brain and he was so irritable from the heat, that he listened to nothing Lee said and simply roared him down.

X

He assumed all responsibility. The British were closing in fast upon the straggling Americans. There was no time to be lost. He called to Wayne who was trying to keep his seat on his heaving horse nearby and ordered him to form two regiments in double-quick time and check the furious assault. It was a terrible moment and one of the most critical of the whole war. A misstep here would have meant an end to the best that America had.

The men are formed. They are very tense. Orders are given—terse and quick. Out they go—and on . . .

It was here that Wayne turned for a moment and waved his arm to La Fayette and Washington. It was really a sort of farewell. He had no hope of ever coming back . . .

On . . . they rush through the bright green of the famous orchard at Monmouth. Wayne is leading, shouting commands, yelling words of encouragement. On! . . .

The British come forth to meet them, driving down with a mob fury. The Americans halt. They duck down. They wait until the last moment, kneeling low. Then Wayne cries out . . .

Suddenly, the sharp crack-crack-crack of rifles! Redcoats begin to fall. More men come on, stumbling over them, and then lie still. There is a din. The rifle fire is so insistent that it sounds like the shattering of glass. More redcoats fall; they are being shredded like geraniums in a hailstorm . . . There is chaos. The British are retreating, pitching over one another in a mad rush to get back.

They try it again a few moments later from another side. Again they are mowed down; Wayne's men are shooting with splintering accuracy. The British make a last heaving, drowning man's effort—and then fall back once more. Wayne drives on, mercilessly.

The two armies are within a few hundred feet of each other. The *corps d'élite* of the British army are facing Wayne's men—the fine young fashionables of the preceding winter of revelry and dissipation in Philadelphia are struggling for dear life against the husky farmers and sunburnt pine-knots they had so contemptuously laughed at a few months before and taught the charming ladies of their hearts to despise.

The aristocratic Colonel Monckton stands up before his troops and delivers a stirring speech in which he proudly announces that blood ought to be able to beat brawn. The handsome young leader tells his men that the finest flower of English knighthood should not be conquered by raw recruits from the back woods. A brave speech, a spirited speech. And Wayne's men are so close that they hear every word of it; it acts as a taunting challenge flung in their faces; it rouses their fighting energy to the keenest pitch.

Then Monckton's men advance, bayonets leveled, led by the young colonel with his flashing sword. They come closer . . . closer . . . Then the withering fire again! They fall back; they struggle and lunge from one side to another. Monckton goes down. The men see him and rush up again and again to rescue the body of their beloved commander; but the moment a man gets within ten feet of him he is picked off. Some one is shooting with deadly accuracy to-day. The British are frantic. On they come again and again, only to be thrown back at every rush. Wayne plays with them; he traps them; he lets them think the moment is theirs and they consequently come in too close, believing the Americans have weakened; and then comes the raging, tearing, scalding fire again, mowing them down.

Then the pretty redcoated soldiers are quieter. They do not charge any more. There is only a scattered fire. Most of them lie out in the hot sun, with little streams of blood trickling from their temples. Wayne's men have been firing at their heads.

XI

Wayne's detachments won a stunning victory by themselves, but Monmouth, as a whole, was a drawn battle. The Americans were too slow in movement; they were not fluid enough. They had only a few officers on horseback, whereas the British had a fair sized cavalry in the engagement.

What a difference a good American cavalry would have made! The British had sent all their best men to the field, and left very few to guard the long baggage train up ahead. With a cavalry the Americans could have attacked the train, riddled and burned the wagons and supplies, and then turned round and flanked the British on both sides while the troops pushed them slowly up against the impassable débris of their smoldering and overturned wagons. They couldn't have walked through bonfires and ruins. It would have meant a smashing victory.

But the Americans seem never to have thought very seriously of a cavalry as a necessary accomplice of a competent infantry. That is one of the mysteries of Washington's career as a general-in-chief—that he scarcely realized at all the enormous advantage of a mounted troop. Although Wayne, for his part, never pleaded especially for a cavalry, I think he saw quite clearly how badly one was needed at Monmouth, because he wrote afterwards to Light Horse Harry Lee and said that the army "wanted you much," and seemed to imply that a horse-regiment would have saved a great deal that was lost without it.

XII

It was Monmouth that first made Wayne famous and brought him brightly before the eyes of the country. His was the greatest glory of that day, and he fought like a wild cat in spite of the heat and the fact that he had not eaten or slept for twenty-four hours. After Monmouth he took his place among the first generals of the war; there was no longer any doubt as to his standing. His name rang out on every side, bellowed with praise. People compared him with Wolfe, because only Wolfe could have done what Wayne did, with a broken army against a superior force of men illustrious in the history of war—the very cream of the British infantry.

The orchard at Monmouth became Thermopylæ. Wayne was the modern Leonidas. The fever of enthusiasm rode high and fast. Newspapers recording his achievements wrote the history of Greece and Rome into the bargain. Washington went out of his way to give him a full meed of praise, and when he sent his official report of Monmouth to Congress, he mentioned only Wayne's name among those he considered the bravest, saying he was deserving of "particular commendation."

Charles Lee dissented. He was furious. At least he tried to make people believe he was furious in order to cover up a lot that he knew too well. He cursed Wayne's "temerity and folly" in a letter to Robert Morris, and blamed him for the retreat, saying that it was necessary only because Wayne rushed off ahead with perfect contempt for Lee's orders and separated them eight miles from the main army.

The main army was five miles in the rear by plan. That Wayne advanced three miles farther is very doubtful; it seems impossible; for, if he had, he never could have returned so quickly to the center. As for disobedience of orders, there is nothing on record to bear this out, and Lee had no proof other than his own word in the case. If Wayne's escape was narrow, as it certainly was, it was simply because Lee did not send reënforcements as he had promised. Wayne asked for them three times, and finally Lee flatly refused to have anything to do with him. He left him totally isolated from the main force, lost in a great vastness of difficult ground with no protection for a return.

At his court martial he accused not only Wayne of neglect but also brought insulting charges against Steuben and Laurens of Virginia. All three challenged him to duels. He accepted Laurens' thrown glove, because it was the first.

The fact that Laurens wounded him provided an excuse to delay fighting with Wayne. There was a hot interchange of letters. Lee said he was willing to settle things according to Wayne's demands as soon as he was well enough. But he took an unconscionable time getting well. More letters—very stiff—Lee creeping and crawling, Wayne angry-insistent and a little pompous. Months passed. The principals were slowly cooling down. Then, just when Lee was ready at last and the seconds were being spoken of, there came Stony Point and Wayne's great radiance of glory—and Wayne knew it would be almost stooping and child-obstinate to insist any longer, and Lee knew how it would touch him to fight with a man so in the spotlight of opinion. So the feud was dropped and forgotten, with Lee a little remorseful and Wayne coldly contemptuous.

Lee was in retirement in Virginia then, having been discharged from service for a year on three major charges. When the year was up, he made no suggestions that he be taken back, and thereafter he remained a private citizen on a farm he had bamboozled the government into giving him as a token of his valuable services.

Lee was somewhat mysterious because he was a mess of contradictions. On one hand he was fearless, and on the other he was a simpering coward. He played with loyalties and juggled them. He seemed to have no balance in judging the values of life. Wayne thought he was mad, or at least had spasmodic fits of madness. But in some ways he was clever and admirable. Yet he was once ridiculous enough to challenge a lady to a duel because she had made fun of him by saying he wore green breeches with leather patches. He said he wanted to fight her so that the world could never accuse Charles Lee of turning his back . . .

Portrait of a gentleman in patched green breeches dueling with a lady to defend his injured pride . . . !

A great general!

◆

CHAPTER XI

REVERSES . . . AND THE BENEFITS OF ORGY

I

When Monmouth was over there was silence; the sound of musketry was heard only in little insignificant skirmishes along the line of the outguards; and again things stood still. Clinton took his forces on to New York and sat there chafing at his enforced idleness. The American army was strung out from Newport to the Delaware, too weak to attack, and made to cover so much territory that it would have been helpless against a concentrated assault. Wayne moved from place to place in New Jersey and watched the days count summer out.

The French fleet under Comte d'Estaing made a mad effort to capture the British men-of-war at Sandy Hook. It was an abortion from beginning to end. The French ships had such deep keels that they could not even enter the Hook in safety. So it was given up. They played around.

Later they went up to Newport to try to rout the British there, while Sullivan and La Fayette worked on land to the same objective. Seas were heavy and Estaing could do nothing. Another failure. Sullivan was so furious about it that he accused the French of deserting him. Words were exchanged that were on fire. People blamed the French for everything. A French officer was killed by an infuriated mob in Boston.

Consternation. Threats. Panic. Men who held the reins did their best to smooth things over, but after that there was always a feeling of tense strain between America and her generous ally. People spoke contemptuously of the French as "frog-eating gentry" and let them know that they considered them a crew of gay adventurers. La Fayette boiled. The French set sail for the West Indies . . . and only came back, somewhat *en passant,* to get severely blamed for the absurdity of Savannah.

Tyron was up in Connecticut. He raged along the coast, plundering and burning. He left Fairfield, Danbury, and Norwalk in a heap of gray ashes.

Part of the army under Benedict Arnold, and a great many men whose business it was to debate at length about the war, went into Philadelphia. Society, which only yesterday had given its all to the British and poured out its contempt upon the unmannered Americans, suddenly became frantically patriotic. Liberty and freedom and independence took the place of court talk in the drawing rooms of the rich. They invited the officers and men to dinners and entertainments, and lavishly treated them to all that the world can briefly give. The British were forgotten.

Poor, straggling men, fighting like animals for their rights, were made the cult of the day.

The patriots of Philadelphia soon discovered the delights and advantages of society. They got drunk; they gambled; they went to magnificent parties. Washington looked on in horror. "Idleness, dissipation and extravagance," he wrote, "seem to have laid fast hold of the generality, and peculation, speculation & an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have gotten the better of every other consideration, and of almost every order of man." And all this with the debt accumulating, finances rotting away, no credit, and the paper currency sinking about fifty per cent a day in value. Everybody out of Congress was despairful and full of bitterness. But Congress itself rode gayly through the storm, laughing and drinking, as if all in the affairs of state were the best possible.

Stewart wrote to Wayne in dumb amazement and said that nobody could imagine the condition in Philadelphia without seeing it. He described the elaborate, many-coursed dinners, the tinsel-hung, uproarious ballrooms, filled with the capable, dull, important heads of Congress, pompous officers, and women with loose manners and a cult of what they called "Easy Behaviour." Naturally the army was flattered; the men completely gave in and let themselves be carried along on this pleasant crest. The nasty war was forgotten. The dreadful conditions were forgotten. Life was delicious.

II

Before Congress could make any decisions, another winter was upon the army. They were still ragged. The food supply was still a question. Sufficient allotments of arms and ammunition were not forthcoming. Officers were so disgraceful in appearance that their own men smiled at them in tragic amusement. The officers of Wayne's division told him it would be better for them to leave their troops and go home, than to try to lead a beggar's opera in tarnished braid and dirty, tattered uniforms.

At last a shipment of clothes arrived in camp. There was general rejoicing. But it was short lived.

It was discovered that none of the shirts would fit. The cloth was cheap, and stretched out of shape at the slightest strain. The seams split. The blue color in the uniforms faded to a dirty brown-white the moment it was exposed to sun or rain.

Wayne wrote to Reed, then president of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and complained bitterly; he said that this last disappointment was the final blow to the long-suffering and half-dressed men, and that his own heart was poisoned by the neglect.

It is a tragic letter; it is a little cynical. He had lost faith. At the end he announced that he "wished for nothing more than to leave the army" and go back to the peace of his "Sabine fields," and that he meant to do just that at "the first favorable opportunity."

Reed's answer was full of apologies and regrets and evasions. He promised that the State would look into the matter at once and see that the mistakes were rectified. But Wayne must remember, he says, that the cost of things is terrible. For example, uniforms for two hundred officers would amount to something like $83,250 at the present rate of exchange. The financial condition was getting worse by the hour.

Insurmountable, of course! Reed could never meet the expense. He said so. The immediate deduction, then, is that he had had a cheap contract job done on the uniforms he had sent, and had used cloth of an inferior quality that he bought from some tenth-rate tailor. Reed evidently thought it was a way of cutting costs in half. The tailor doubtless played on conditions also, and made things even worse. Naturally the uniforms couldn't be worn, and everything was lost.

Wayne was plunged into despair. There is a story, probably legend, that he broke down one morning on parade at the sight of his ragged, hunger-pinched men, and wept like a child.

III

All over the country those who could were profiteering furiously. While the patriots were losing all they had, commercial jumpers were piling up fortunes.

Wayne wrote a bitter letter to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, and said that he dreaded to think that, since the government was doing nothing, the struggling soldiers in the field would have "to depend upon the cold charity of men who have grown rich under the shelter of their protecting swords."

He remonstrated with everybody about the shocking condition of things; he pleaded; he begged.

Vox, et præterea nihil!—the phrase occurs again and again in his protests.

He seemed to be broken-hearted. He said he had had enough. He wanted to lie down and sleep.

IV

Wayne had threatened a number of times to leave the army but somehow he could never make up his mind to walk out. He felt as other men would feel in parting from a beloved woman—like deserting life itself.

Then there came a time when there was no choice. Insult was piled upon injury. It was a moment huge with doom.

It took the shape of one of those electric storms with which the history of the Revolution is charged—and particularly the history of the Pennsylvania Line.

At the bottom of it all was what was loosely termed "the new arrangement" of the army—a piece of juggling performed by the War Department. It meant a complete revision of Wayne's Pennsylvania battalions, and many changes in commissions, the changes generally being the shifting of officers to lower positions than those they held.

Naturally it raised a storm of protest. Everybody was enraged. They said they were being treated like curs.

They weren't, though. The changes were inevitable because they were so absolutely necessary. It is hard to see how any other move could have been made.

The trouble lay in the fact that desertions had been so regular and so numerous, and so many men had died or gone down on the field of war, that regiments were depleted to the extent that the whole army had to be taken apart and put together again in a new way. Two or three regiments were made into one. Automatically that left two colonels and two lieutenant-colonels with nothing to do. Consequently, they had to forego their commissions and assume a lower rank, generally that of captain. Well, then, four captains had to step out in order to make room for them and become, in their turns, lieutenants or ensigns. All the way down the line men were being pushed back.

Obviously the only wise way to manage was to do just what was done—to concentrate what remained of the army, so as to preserve form, and then to make up more new regiments afterwards if ever enough recruits came to warrant that.

But, of course, there was the officers' side of the argument, too.

It was quite natural that they should be offended. To fight for three endless years, endure blizzards while half naked, sleep on frozen ground with nothing in your stomach, finally obtain a commission after a long struggle for it—and then to be jolted back into an inferior rank, is not pleasant.

Everybody said it was not pleasant. They said it was insulting, and threatened to leave for good. They were bitter beyond name about it, and used enormous cuss words. Nobody seemed to be able to absorb the strange truth that the condition of the army was somewhat more important than the wounded vanity of the men.

V

Of all the people touched intimately by this "new arrangement," Wayne himself got the roughest deal of all.

We have heard already of Arthur St. Clair. He was the gentleman who was given command of Ticonderoga after Wayne left, and then deserted the place when Burgoyne blustered down upon him—and deserted almost without resistance and made Wayne and Washington boil with anger. He was the same gentleman who had made filthy comments about Wayne's behavior at Paoli, when he sneered and turned up his Roman nose at what he thought was incompetence.

From now on we are going to hear a great deal more about him. At intervals, during the next eighteen years, he is seen crossing and recrossing Wayne's path like a gray ghost.

St. Clair was something like Sir William Howe, in that he had a certain cold military ability, but made his career a long line of failures, punctuated here and there by a stroke of sheer brilliance—like lightning that rips down a dark sky into a dark earth. He was vain and irascible and careless.

He looked like a portrait by Romney. His soft gray eyes were nicely set—but they were the eyes of one who would retreat before great odds. Not a forehead that would house an unusual allotment of brains. A weak, evasive mouth that says: "I am afraid, but I can escape." There is a great deal of fear and escape in that face, all in all. But there is a sly humor in it, too; and those lifting eyebrows denote a streak of imagination. His handwriting—as far as we can say about handwriting—would seem to be that of one spiteful and sharp in manner, yet infinitely unsure of himself.

Still, neither the face nor the handwriting would prove him a fool. He appears more as one whom life had hurt and for whom it had distorted values.

Nevertheless, he had always been fairly lucky in life. He had been well brought up by an unusually admirable mother, had graduated from Edinburgh University and had come to America in the petulant 'fifties to fight the French for England. He was loaded with distinctions. He carried Wolfe's flag at Quebec. His mounting fame would have been extremely flattering to any young man in his early twenties. When the Revolution came on, John Hancock sent him in command of a division to Canada, as one of the most experienced and brilliant of available generals. Later, at Trenton, it was his suggestion in regard to the turning of the British left flank that led the Americans to victory.

Wayne said that St. Clair's chief trouble was that he could not forget that he had once been an officer in His Majesty's army, and that he always looked upon the Americans as being a little amateurish.

This was only part of his trouble. Far back and deep down in his nature was working a force that the kind mists of time have not obscured. Sometimes it took hold of him like an obsession and deprived him of all the wit and courage he had. It was a form of jealousy so morbid that it was almost like a disease.

After his evacuation of Ticonderoga, Washington had him put under arrest, but he persisted in hanging around the army, though without a command of any kind. He happened to be at Monmouth as a sort of official hanger-on; and when Wayne, in the thick of the fight with all odds against him, ordered immediate reënforcements, St. Clair stepped in and said he could not have them. And, with Lee's coöperation, Wayne didn't get them.

St. Clair's act seems to have been prompted only by petty spite. Since he had no authority, it is a question why he was obeyed. But he was, and the case is just another of those blots that make Monmouth such a soiled and undecipherable sheet in the history of the war.

Wayne had disliked St. Clair from the beginning; from then on he never forgave him. His name was anathema. The quarrel lasted until almost the very end of their lives, until the moment, years later, when Wayne was covered with glory and St. Clair very wisely withdrew himself from the arena. . . .

It was late in 1778 that the blow came. It did not come with a bang, but very quietly, in the form of rumors.

The rumors spoke of a plan that was on foot to have St. Clair supersede Wayne in command of the Pennsylvania Line. Wayne laughed at first, but soon he was dumb with amazement. The rumors were officially corroborated.

This was directly upon the heels of St. Clair's court martial that acquitted him of cowardice and desertion at Ticonderoga, and reinstated him in his former command as major general. And because he had enlisted from Pennsylvania, it followed that he would be a major general in the Pennsylvania Line. Wayne was only a brigadier. Consequently, according to the stuff of military formality, St. Clair was privileged to take Wayne's place as chief commander because he held a higher rank.

That was the black and white of it. When the colors were considered, it was a different matter.

The Pennsylvania Line held a certain *éclat* over the soldiers of all the other states. Somehow they felt themselves to stand apart from the rest, in a position as superior as it was distinctive. There were terrific crashes from time to time in the line, but they were the fault of the state. That splendid pride in their military excellence seems to have stood in the face of all storms—storms from the inland, as it were.

Wayne was the center of that confidence. He had been their leader for three years, had trained them, had gone with them through thick and thin. To judge from the letters written by his officers and some others, they appear to have thought of him as their only possible commander. There was a quality in him that appealed to their hearts.

Wayne knew the attitude of his men towards him; he knew that he had their confidence and affection, and that they would do for him what they would never do for St. Clair, whom they knew only to distrust. The officers wrote to Wayne that they were "more indebted than the delicacy of the benefactor would choose to hear." It was a "dilemma of gratitude," they said, and added that while they wanted to remain faithful to their corps, it would never seem the same again without him.

Wayne wrote an indignant, smarting letter of protest to the authorities, saying that he had no confidence in St. Clair's ability or his honesty, and that the thought of having this person supersede him was intolerable. Of course, as he told them, staying with the Line was now a thing he could "never submit to." And he warned that the Line would never hang together, either, against this outrage of loyalties. All the hard work and grueling hardships that had put Wayne's spirits at low tide were forgotten, passed by in the dark, and St. Clair was coming, as high commander, to accept everything ready-made for him. Wayne tried to cover up his gnawing sense of insult, but the sting and the unfairness of it all came out in everything he said that day to Peters. His tone was sad, sad, tragic.

"I only hoped not to be degraded."

But it was done, now. The book was sealed. St. Clair had a promise. Peters told Wayne that nothing could be done now to change the decision.

So this was all! Well, then. . . Wayne's anger was sturdy, dignified, mocking.

"I have therefore determined to return to domestic life, and leave the blustering field of Mars to the possession of gentlemen of more worth."

VI

This was toward the end of the year 1778.

He stayed on a few weeks longer with the army, fretting and disgusted; but in the last week of January, 1779, he bade farewell to his men.

. . . Wayne is ready to leave. He stands on the field talking to a group of men, while his belongings are being packed into a coach-and-four. He is dressed in a long blue cape with a standup collar, and wears high black boots.

St. Clair is on the spot to take command. Very superior, this gentleman. He struts about like one of the few remaining gods on earth. It is quite apparent that he cannot forget the fact that he was an ensign with Wolfe, and these men about him never saw Wolfe.

Parting time. Wayne is saying good-by to his men and officers. His expression is strained and worn. He shakes hands with St. Clair and wishes him all happiness and success; he tries to smile, but his eyes are thick and reproachful, and there is a dimness about them, as if of tears.

Then the last salutes. He climbs into the carriage. Some men shout loud farewells; others stand and only gaze at him. He is going now. The old commander is going for good. His men stand there, very ragged and miserable in the cold, but trying to look as military as possible, as if determined that his last impression of them should be good. The scene is touching and pathetic and a little theatrical.

Then the carriage rumbles off, and it is all over at last.

Anthony Wayne is gone.

VII

On the morning of the second day he arrived in Philadelphia.

He had recalled some of his passionate threats by that time. He had said once that he was going back to his "Sabine fields" for good. But he knew he couldn't; he knew he couldn't desert the thing that fed his heart; and now he gave it out to be understood that he was merely taking a furlough for an indefinite period.

The rest came at the right moment. In the first place, the personal campaign he conducted on behalf of his impoverished soldiers was just the thing to interest people and to produce results. The hero of Monmouth as a sort of recruiting officer for the cause could not help attracting attention, and attention was what Wayne needed in order to attain his ends. Advertising stuff, if you will—but the Revolution never suffered from a surfeit of it. A little more would have been very helpful.

In the second place, Wayne seems to have feared that his powerful constitution might go under if he worked much longer under the grueling hardships of camp life, and felt that some change of scene was necessary. He was living at this time mainly on nerve and liquor as the only available supports. It is probable that it was around this period that he began drinking too hard.

Wayne deserved the vacation if anybody did. He had been longer in service than any other high officer from Pennsylvania, and had shouldered a major general's responsibility with a brigadier's pay and commission.

Men concerned with the turbulent state of affairs in Pennsylvania had long been begging Wayne to come home, to exert his influence in trying to straighten things out. Everybody thought his presence would do good. They let him know that they felt it was his duty to come home—his duty to himself, to the army, and to the state.

VIII

And he went. But he went to Philadelphia, not to Waynesborough.

Here a very interesting thing comes up. It is quite apparent from the dates on letters, the references in these letters, and certain remarks made by other people, that he lived in town almost entirely during that visit and very seldom went out to the farm. Why, it is hard to say. If anybody had asked him, he doubtless would have excused himself on the ground that public business demanded his constant attention. But he was not harassingly busy at any time; it transpires that he took a great deal of rest. Besides, Waynesborough is not so far from Philadelphia, and it seems that Wayne's horse could have done it very nicely in three or four hours at a leisurely pace.

Business was not so pressing that he could not have taken that much time to get back and forth. He evidently preferred not to. It is very curious.

Is it that he was not on the easiest terms with his wife? He apparently saw her very little during his leave from the army. It seems that he made no effort to be with her. She had not been very well the last year or so—because of some disorder that sounds like heart trouble—and she was not able to do what she had done. Frail health seems to have repelled Wayne as a man. Was he the type who has no patience with invalids or people delicate in constitution? It is an impatience that is the result either of their own superabundant health or, more frequently, some fear or horror of sickness that goes far back in their lives and is strictly in the realm of psychology. With Wayne, it was probably that sick persons seemed to hold him back, and to be held back insulted his tireless, nerve-bound energy.

He probably felt that he was in duty obliged to use all the strength the long struggle of war had left him, in pleading the cause of the army, and thought that the responsibility of close association with Polly would pull him down.

But was that his only reason?

It would appear not.

It is impossible to say anything definitely, because available references are ambiguous, and the early biographers thought they had no business in the bedroom. Yet certain things stand out.

One thing is that whatever coolness existed between Polly and Anthony sprang up suddenly. All had gone so well for a while, and then one day there was a new, detached tone in his letters.

Had she found out about Mary Vining, and scolded him for levity or faithlessness?

It is possible. At least, a scene like that would have been enough to make him furious, because it would have insulted his personal independence, upon which he put inordinate emphasis.

On the other hand, it seems that he would have soon got over his fury. He was not a man who could bear grudges. But, as things were, he kept up his coolness. So that the difference must have been something more than a fracas over Mary Vining.

He wrote to Polly very little; what letters there were are strangely impersonal in tone, and there is a note of irritation. He seemed to feel that she was not as capable as he liked a woman to be. Later, at Stony Point, that summer night when he looked forward to certain death, the letter he wrote at the last minute was not, as one would expect, to Polly, but to Sharp Delany. It contained all his last wishes, his farewells, his will, and some very valuable papers relating to his career—and yet it was not sent to his wife, nor did he suggest that it should ever be shown to her.

Here is a man who is positive that the next morning will see him dead, and yet he does not write his wife his farewell forever, but merely sends it by way of a friend.

He said he wanted to spare her the anxiety, as she would "not survive the stroke"; but this is ridiculous. The assault was a perfect secret; nobody knew he was going to make it; and the news of its result and Wayne's fate would have reached Polly long before the letter which he would have written at the same time as the one to Delany—an hour before the attack.

For another thing, in his letters to his friends he often sends "love and kisses to my little people," but he rarely mentions Polly. He was devoted to his children; he was constantly looking after their welfare; but, strangely enough, he generally asked his friends to see that they got every advantage, but he did not ask his wife. Evidently he did not trust Polly's judgment or her ability. The "little people" seemed to occupy his thoughts far more than she did. Perhaps this was natural. The face in the last portrait is the face of the perpetual child, one who might be intolerant of people of his own age but would be delightful with children.

Whatever the altercations were between Wayne and his wife, they were not severe . . . not short-lived. There seems never to have been a serious open breach; but there was never a perfect understanding after 1778. Wayne's chief trouble was probably that he was bored. He seems to have found Polly's sister, Sally Robinson, much more amusing than his wife. He never insisted much on family affiliations at best. Possibly he had become too unused to them. Even the fact that his "poor old Mother" was living at Waynesborough did not often draw him there.

IX

One of the first things that Wayne did after arriving at Philadelphia was to address the Assembly on the conditions of the Pennsylvania Line. He drew a vivid picture of the state of things at camp, doubtless exaggerated a little for the sake of emphasis, and pleaded with the men at the head of affairs to meet the soldiers' claims fairly and to relieve the horribly destitute gladiators for liberty and the rights of man.

As he went on his indignation and his sadness impressed every one. He had oratorical powers; he was rather dramatic; he could move people. Those who heard him said afterwards that his voice was "extremely pathetic."

Whatever it was, he won his point. A few weeks later the Assembly passed an act that looked like a boon from heaven to the abused fighting men. Instead of the soldier getting seven years' half pay at the end of the war, he was to have a pension as long as he lived. Officers were to be given the regulation uniforms of their commissions, and privates were promised decent clothes. A reasonable price was to be put on any article a soldier desired to buy, and all land belonging to him was to be exempt from taxation during his lifetime.

Hopes sprang up. But with reservations, of course. Because nobody knew how much of this was pure *vox*. . . .

Wayne was still dissatisfied, but he knew that the promises would pacify the soldiers for a while at least. It would relieve the terrific strain of events, too, under which some of Wayne's men had become half crazed and had tried to bayonet citizens who had refused to give them food.

Wayne accepted the offers of the Assembly, but he told them it was a stinking poor measure of justice for men who had gone through hell!

He asked Congress for a loan to help defray the expenses of recruiting new men.

◆

Then the Constitution of Pennsylvania. . . .

Everything was chaos. Party factions were pulling every which way. The conservatives and the radicals—it was a tug-of-war, with others trying to pull the rope away from them. Others throwing vitriol. Others resigning in disgust. Others drunk. Every man with an insult on his tongue.

Men like Mifflin and Sam Potts beseeched Wayne to help straighten things out and institute a little harmony. They told him his influence might be greatly decisive in swinging the state into the right channels. . . . Oh, yes? Wayne said that if the state had a neck it would be swinging into the right channels from a gibbet. . . .

But he worked like a beaver for them. He tired himself out and became cross and irritable. Slowly, however, things began to assume a more helpful form. There was promise. There was light. Yet it was mostly in the air. Between what was needed and what was forthcoming there stood a vast stone wall of slumbering, deliberate time.

◆

CHAPTER XII

I'LL STORM HELL!

I

TO TRY to keep a man like Wayne away from the sound of gunfire and the magnificent surge of fighting men is like trying to force an old salt to settle down inland. Blood will not change.

Wayne had scarcely arrived in Philadelphia before he began thinking of his return to the army.

Before spring, a diversity of plans was made but nothing was definitely decided until April. It was then that the new Light Infantry was created out of the flower of the army, and Washington wrote to Wayne to ask him if he would not command it.

Wayne tried to write his acceptance in cool, business-like terms, but nothing is plainer than the excited delight between the lines. A special corps! It was just what he most desired! He didn't dare say so, but the idea had gone to his heart like love.

The moment the news leaked out that Wayne was to command the new Light Infantry, hundreds of men and officers of the old Pennsylvania Line wrote to him and begged him to speak a good word for their characters and abilities to Washington, so that they might be included in the new division. They all said their loyalty would naturally incline that way, and that to fight under his command was the greatest bounty of all.

Wayne, who was always emotional and often a bit sentimental, was moved profoundly. He tried to assume modesty and professional indifference, but he got away with nothing.

He told Washington that he thought it would be best for him to be absent until the last of the organization in the new corps was finished, in case the left-outs should imagine that Wayne had shown partiality. He had seen enough of jealousy and contention in the army. He knew you could do nothing with men who were always sneering behind their comrades' backs.

II

While he was waiting for Washington to give him the signal to come on, he went out to Waynesborough for a week or so to take a little rest.

He wrote to his good old friend Walter Stewart (Stewart and Butler were his favorite colonels) and said that he was out in the country, where he had come with the intention of doing nothing but sleeping and lying in the sun, but he had found that only a foolish hope while his children were around. They were wearing him to a rag. He had been romping all day with them, taking long walks with them, and playing a sort of hide-and-seek with the dogs. He confessed that he was having so much fun that he could not resist it. He seemed to be just a little ashamed of himself for being so frivolous. He hoped Stewart would not laugh at the picture of a man of thirty-four playing children's games again with a spirit just as serious as he had twenty-five years ago, for he loved these "many little endearing amusements." He said he didn't think Stewart could resist it either, if he were there, or any man "whose heart is equally susceptible with my own." Of course, he confessed, it took all his time and tired him out so that his bones ached. "But," he went on,

> . . . does it not richly compensate for that! Is it not of such a texture that, take it for "all in all" you would not wish to exchange it for one more callous? You agree, and pardon me. I thank you, my dear Walt.
>
> Now for the field of Mars. I believe that sanguine god is rather thirsty for human gore.

III

Then word from Washington. It said to come at once, and to come as fast as he could.

Next morning at dawn he left for the camp on the Hudson.

Wayne sat back in the coach in his blue uniform, and kept calling to the driver to make better time. They drove night and day. It was a terrific pace. When they stopped to change horses, Wayne got out and walked nervously up and down. Then they would be off again, leaving a cloud of dust. Two armed men sat with the driver to guard the general from attacks by the highwaymen who infested those roads.

On the morning of the third day they arrived at New Windsor. Wayne was alert, in spite of the fact that he had only napped between bumps. His servants went immediately to bed; they had not had a wink of sleep since they left Waynesborough.

IV

Wayne went out immediately to review his new Light Infantry. They were made up mostly of Pennsylvanians, except for a regiment from Virginia and two from Connecticut. At first parade he said they were the most efficient troops he had ever seen in the continental service.

He talked to Washington at once, and found his chief full of the idea of attacking Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, opposite each other down the river the other side of Bear Mountain.

Magnificent positions, both of them. Each juts a half mile or so out into the water and commands superb views of the surrounding countryside; and the Hudson is narrower there than in any place along this stretch, except between Anthony's Nose and old Fort Montgomery, so that no passing war vessels could possibly be beyond reach of cannon from the shore. The approach from land is difficult, too, and especially difficult at Stony Point.

And Stony Point, more than Verplanck's, was the big thing in Washington's mind. Just at the neck of Haverstraw Bay by Peekskill, it was more or less the military gateway to the Hudson and the fortress at West Point, the real stronghold of the army in 1779. To possess Stony Point meant a universe of advantage.

Wayne and Washington discussed together the possibilities of an assault upon the ironclad, high-sitting British garrison there. There were things against it; there were things for it. A move of some sort was necessary. That was what Washington insisted upon. This was the static year of the Revolution; very little took place; it was a sort of respite between Monmouth and Charleston.

It appears that Washington's choice of a leader excluded every one but Wayne from the start. Whatever he may have thought of him as a general, whether or not he seriously meant what he said once in a fit of rage about Wayne's being "brave and nothing else," it transpires that at least he considered only Wayne in connection with Stony Point. His dash was the first requisite—this energy, this awful self-confidence, this fierce purpose, and this curious strictness of discipline.

For a while the two men wrote letters back and forth. Then one morning they conferred and weighed the pros and cons deliberately. At last Washington rose.

"Well, then," he said, "I shall sketch a plan. You will lead the assault?"

"Sir!" Wayne replied, "I'll storm hell if you will only plan it!"

Washington smiled grimly.

"Perhaps, my dear general, we had better try Stony Point first!"

V

A day or so later the two men rode down from Fort Montgomery to reconnoiter the country around Stony Point, and to decide upon the best means of approach. Wayne insisted that with reasonable good fortune and the cream of the new Light Infantry, the trick could be turned; but it looks as if, for once, he was really doubtful about the outcome of an assault. Usually he was so cocky—"I'd fight, sir!"—as if it were all simplicity itself; but this evidently gave him a long pause and a good many qualms of the heart.

Everybody saw that a night attack was the only method. And midnight was favored rather than the moment before dawn, as this last was the expected time for a surprise, whereas at midnight the British soldiers, pleasantly dim with wine and ale, would be blissfully surrendered to Morpheus. It should be a night without a moon, and Wayne said he would pray for a rainstorm.

The most serious of the difficulties was the matter of approach. The flat lowlands over which the highway runs to-day were in 1779 a swampy marsh almost impassable at high water (for the Atlantic tides influence the Hudson for many miles above Stony Point even). As time went on, the flotsam and débris of civilization and the cutting of river forests slowly accumulated on the low ridge and made the point a peninsula rather than—what it almost was—an island. Even now you have to stick pretty close to the road if you don't want to get your feet wet. Without that road, it would be a considerable feat at present to take troops across those badlands.

The approach from the river was impossible, of course. Secrecy, the all-important, could never have been maintained, and the garrison, with sufficient forewarning, could have repulsed the whole American army. Besides, the British man-of-war *Vulture* lay in Haverstraw Bay as a sentinel against attacks by water at both points.

Even if the troops had been able to land at night, the fort was a considerable distance from the shore, and it would have taken almost as long to reach it by that way as it did by the other, and with a far greater risk. The cliffs down to the water are almost sheer drops in most places, and the sharp, slimy, jutting rocks are for the light feet of goats alone.

Wayne weighed every means of approach and finally decided only after long reconnoitering.

Suddenly one morning at parade he picked his soldiers—about fourteen hundred in all. He called orders to form. For ten minutes they stood, with screwed-up, puzzled faces. Then came orders to march. They started forward, staring blankly at one another, upset by this mysterious departure from Fort Montgomery. None of the men knew what the goal was; they simply tramped over incredible passes, and tried vainly to guess Wayne's intentions. Tired and hungry, they went on and on, like a procession of weary pilgrims in quest of some unknown prize.

The line of march was inland to begin with, around the back of Bear Mountain and West Hill, over the western slopes of the giant Donderberg, down by Floraskill, marching parallel with the Devil's Horse Race, and then on to Springsteel's farm. At Springsteel's Wayne encamped, while he worked out the minutiæ of the attack.

He sent out men to kill every dog they could find within three miles of the garrison; one barking cur at night might turn things upside down. A captain by the name of Allen McLane, whose clever bravado as a spy had already helped Wayne enormously, set himself the job of capturing farmers and their wives who were taking provisions to the garrison, and he also drove the enemy's cattle off their own pastures and had the cows milked for the supper of the American corps.

Perfect secrecy was the chief thing. The British must not even smell an American. Not even the army itself was informed of the plan until the last moment, for fear of a possible desertion. Wayne warned that if the enemy got the faintest whisper of their presence even ten minutes before the attack the game would be up!

VI

The night of the 15 July, 1779.

About half past ten the troops were divided into two columns at Springsteel's. They stood there for a little while in mysterious whispering silence, until Wayne called them to attention to hear the order of battle. It was only then that they definitely knew what their awful mission was and why they had been marched across the narrow and ragged highland passes in such ominous secrecy.

No guns were to be loaded, except the guns used by the "panic party," which was to attract the garrison's attention to the wrong place. All the rest were to charge with leveled bayonets, and the officers were to charge with long spears and espontoons. Cold steel and silence—Steuben had insisted that they would carry the world. Here was the moment when the lessons of the Prussian drillmaster were invaluable.

In Wayne's orders was a clause saying that any soldier who should load his musket or fire a shot was to be put to death on the spot by the officer nearest him. One poor unfortunate forgot, or thought he could get away with it, and got a bayonet through the heart for his pains.

Then the zero hour. . . . Equipment is given the last examination. Pieces of white paper are passed around for each man to pin to his hat, so that he may be distinguished from the foe in the thick and surge of the battle. There are whispers, and fierce, burning looks in the eyes of the men. Wayne goes into Springsteel's house and makes a rough sketch of his will, which he encloses in a letter to Sharp Delany, written "near the house and scene of carnage." This is the letter in which he said that he had little hope of surviving and told Delany that "this will not meet your eye until the writer is no more." It is not especially hysterical, as one could expect, but actually quite calm. At the end he says:

> I am called to Sup. . . . But where to Breakfast . . . either within the Enemies Lines in Tryumph—or in an Other World. Then Farewell my best and Dearest friend & believe me to the last moment. . . .

The men were fed, very lightly. Then rum was passed around.

Preparations were over. There followed some minutes of ghastly waiting. Then orders were given to advance and to make no noise. Softly now . . . but steadily. . . .

VII

The columns begin to move. The men with their thin, cold bayonets, officers with swords and long spears, and others with hooks on the ends of poles to clear away the abattis, a barricade of fallen trees and brush—yesterday's form of barbed-wire entanglements. Everybody is immaculately groomed and dressed, in obedience to Wayne's express orders.

The night is warm, a little muggy, and the warmth helps to keep down the terrific tension of men marching, as it seems, to eternity. There are no stars. There is no breeze; the air is dead. Trees stand out in thick relief against the black sky, like weights. There is a feeling of lead about everything . . . lead on the earth, lead in the heart . . . while only something automatic keeps the feet moving. All the world is immensely dark. Heaven itself is a somber, stuffy army blanket.

Wayne's larger column goes to the right, through what is now Stony Point village. The gallant Butler with his column takes a farm lane to the left. When they reach the swamp, Murfree, with the troops selected to make the feint attack, leaves Butler's main line and dashes along the causeway. The assault is so timed that they are all supposed to reach the summit at the same moment, with Murfree about six minutes ahead to create the center of distraction at the lower end of the fortifications.

Light Horse Harry Lee is coming behind with a regiment of fast cavalry to act as reënforcement. Muhlenberg's brigade also stays back for emergency reserve.

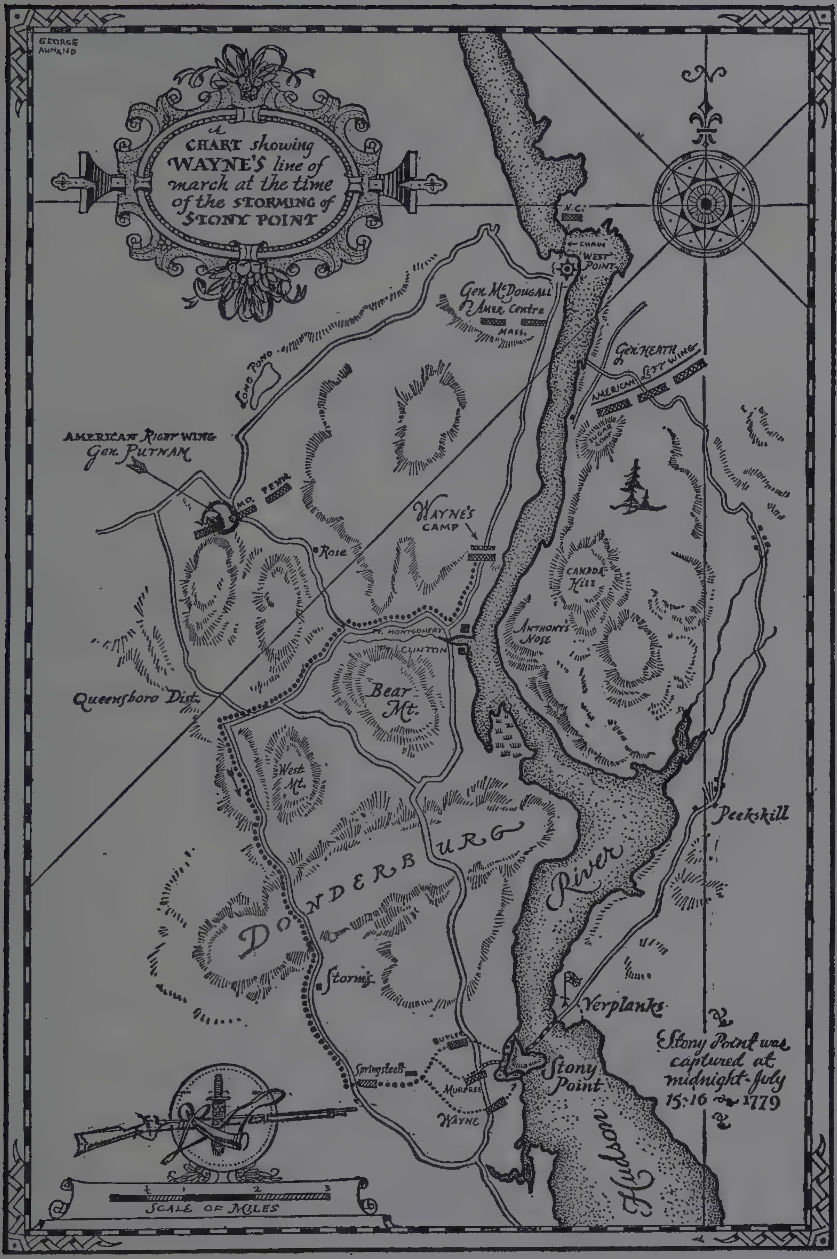
At the head of each column is a vanguard of picked men, over a hundred strong, who know the ground from their reconnaissance work and are sent ahead to tear down obstructions. In front of each vanguard are "forlorn hopes" of twenty men and an officer, who are to kill sentries and take care of all resistance in order to make a clear path for the onrushing columns.

It was considered a great honor to be in a "forlorn hope." It was a sure way to die magnificently—a sort of martyr's death, but more useful.

The men reach the swamp lands. It is high tide, and the water is much deeper than Wayne had expected. They wade in silently; the wet, fibrous marsh grasses whip around their legs and almost throw them. There is nothing to be seen but the shifting, stumbling forms of men and the giant, dark, foreboding, sinister mass ahead, like fear itself, in the form of some great animal, crouching for a spring. Not a word is spoken. The men push silently through the water and grit their teeth. They sink up to their waists. In the awful stillness of the night there is only the long thick swish of the black human mass moving rapidly through the tide and grasses.

It is infinitely solitary. Even the crickets and the frogs grow slack in their immortal pipings. It is ghastly, this business of going out to die in a voiceless, black-shuttered night. The great, brooding promontory looms up larger and darker. It is all like the world's end and the silent march through the brackish waters to eternity. If there were only a light . . . or some faint glimmer of the dawn somewhere . . . or a word spoken by a man.

But there is nothing—only this fierce onrush and labored breathing of men drenched to the skin. It becomes more and more tense. All earth itself seems to be holding its breath. . . .


GEORGE ANNAND
A CHART showing WAYNE'S line of march at the time of the STORMING of STONY POINT
N.C.
CHAIN
WEST POINT
Gen. McDougall Amer. Centre
MASS.
Gen. Heath
American Left Wing
Sugar Loaf
Long Pond
American Right Wing Gen. Putnam
MD.
PENN.
Wayne's Camp
Rose
Canada Hill
Anthony's Nose
Ft. Montgomery
Ft. Clinton
Bear Mt.
Queensboro Dist.
West Mt.
DONDERBURG
River
Peekskill
Storms
Verplanks
Butler
Springsteels
Murfree
Wayne
Stony Point
Hudson
Stony Point was captured at midnight July 15-16 1779
½ 1 2 3
SCALE OF MILES

Then suddenly . . . the crack-crack of rifles . . . and a loud, repeated cry from above them:

"The enemy is coming! The enemy is coming!"

They have been discovered by the British sentries on the southern hillside, who shout their frantic alarms. The storm has broken upon the night. Wayne yells encouragement to his men, and they move faster . . . faster! There is a terrific crick-crack of rifles, but they are firing too high. The Americans make no response. Here and there a man falls, while the rest push on . . . on . . . faster . . . faster! Crack! . . . crack! . . . torch flares . . . sudden lights . . . commands shouted in thick, excited voices. Earth is in upheaval.

The awful suspense is over. This is reality now, and the nightmare is forgotten. Hearts leap up; the surging wonder of conquest drives them on.

The Americans are out of the marsh now. They charge furiously across the beach and up the steep hillside. One officer looks at his watch in the light of the flare; it is precisely thirty minutes after midnight. The fire from above is incessant, but it is too dark for the sharpshooters to see, and the Americans are protected now by the trees.

Then there comes an ear-splitting shouting and gunfire from the top of the hill to the left. Murfree has arrived with his panic party, created a terrific stir, and made the garrison believe that he is leading the main attacking column of the army. They all rush to the spot to resist him. Before they realize that they are doing the wrong thing they have wasted the most precious minutes of the night.

Wayne's column keeps relentlessly on. They tear through the first abattis, while brave fellows fall for the last time and tumble back down the steep incline to stretch out full length in the muddy sand below. Wayne shouts orders, and cheers. Escapes are narrow. Hull, the big buffalo from Pennsylvania, has his boots and hat and coat riddled with bullets without receiving more than a scratch himself. Guns are knocked out of hand by flying shells, but the owners go unharmed. Old Denmark Febiger slaps his hand to his face where a bullet has plowed through his nose.

Then the second abattis. They rush on. The fire is grueling. In Gibbons' "forlorn hope," out of the twenty, only three men reach the hilltop. Above are taunting shouts of "Come on, you damned rebels! Come on!"

Wayne looks up, and laughs triumphantly in the face of the frowning guns. "All right, my lads! Don't be in such a hurry! We'll be with you presently!"

"Hell with you! Come on!"

Febiger screams up, in broken English: "Ye'll know it win we geet ye, by God!"

Artillery comes into play above. Heavy howitzers snap off fair-sized trees, which crash down on the men, pinning wounded underneath. Wayne leads on, waving his spear and yelling. He stands out in the midst of it all.

Then suddenly he chokes in the middle of a command and grabs his head. A muffled, painful cry. He wavers for a moment, spins, and falls forward. His aides rush up and turn him over. For a moment he lies senseless. His head is bloody. Then he slowly opens his eyes and looks around, barely conscious. At once he is all nerve again. He tries to get up, but sinks back. He raises himself on one knee and points his spear towards the garrison.

"For Christ's sake, keep on!—and remember Paoli!"

He shouts to Old Denmark Febiger to take his place in command. Then he turns to his aides who are trying to keep him quiet.

"Carry me in, lads. Let me die inside, if I have to die!"

Immediately the cry goes the rounds: "Wayne is dying!" Of course, he is not dying; he is not even seriously injured; but the idea that he is fills the men with fury and determination to revenge. They rush on, shouting "Paoli! Paoli!" They charge over the abattis and jagged rocks at the summit.

Rapid and devastating work now. Fleury, the Frenchman, leading the right vanguard, storms the flag bastion at the high point where the lighthouse stands to-day and strikes the British standard. A cry is raised:

"Get that devil! Kill him! Get the commander! Break their heads! Back with the bastards!"

Men dive at Fleury. He whacks them down with his espontoon, and goes through the rain of bullets with the immunity of a saint.

Butler comes dashing up with his column from the left. They whip through the paralyzed guards. Everything goes down before them. The force is overwhelming now. Fleury leaps over the parapet, the first man in. George Knox immediately after him. Then Baker; then Spencer; then Donlop. The watchword rings through the dark night.

"The fort's our own! The fort's our own!"

Half the British with Johnson, the commander, are down at the western end, trying to force Murfree and his panic party back. It is a magnificent feint. The British are completely fooled! When it was all over, Murfree, strung up and hysterically overjoyed, laughed like an idiot until he had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

There is the sharp clashing of steel in the garrison now. Overbearing whoops of battle. The horrible cries of men dying. The columns surge over. They pour into the fort. There is no end to them. They poise a moment on the parapet, black forms against a black sky, and then drop like hawks upon their prey. The place is a crazy, swarming ant-hill.

The work of the cool, quick bayonets is horrible. The muskets and spears drip blood. Men writhe on the ground, choking and moaning. It is merciless. Then the British back against the wall and huddle in corners, whimpering and trembling. They throw away their weapons and submit.

"Mercy, dear Americans! Have mercy! In God's name, give us quarter!"

A voice in the dark. "They surrender! Let them live!" It is Febiger's voice.

Johnson comes thundering up, red in the face, his eyes staring. He rushes into the mass of men to find himself face to face with Febiger. Old Denmark puts his espontoon point to Johnson's breast, and, very calm, he says:

"Your game's up, sir!"

Johnson glances wildly about. All his soldiers are covered. Rifles are leveled at himself by tall, lean men with frowning brows. He turns pale, looks at Old Denmark, hesitates a moment, and then makes a magnificent, mocking bow and surrenders up his sword.

"Your servant, sir!"

There is a glint of admiration in his eyes. He is trembling from head to foot.

Two men come over the parapet bearing between them the figure of one whose head is covered with blood but who is laughing and yelling and reaching out to shake the hands of the soldiers. It is Anthony Wayne.

Now it is exactly one o'clock. Stony Point, the Gibraltar of the Revolution, is in the hands of the Americans.

VIII

A terrific shouting went up on Verplanck's Point opposite, the British there thinking the attack had been repulsed.

But soon they lost their illusions. The moment the Americans came into possession of Stony Point, they turned the captured artillery on the fort at Verplanck's and on the *Vulture* in the river. Verplanck's shut up like a clam; the man-of-war pulled her moorings and dodged down the river out of gunshot.

They began to collect the dead and care for the wounded. The prisoners were divided into groups and stationed under heavy guards in the out-huts. Wayne and his officers met to discuss plans for the morrow. Wayne was intensely nervous and still somewhat stunned. He lay on a cot, propped up, and wrote a laconic epistle to Washington:

> The fort & garrison with Col. Johnson are ours. Our officers & men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

The handwriting, usually so regular, is a shaky scrawl.

Nobody slept that night. Every living man was on the *qui vive,* even the wounded. They broke open the British liquor stores and drank to the triumph of liberty. The people about the countryside who had been awakened by the noise of battle, flocked into the barracks on the outer line of fortifications and tried to plunder all they could lay their hands upon. The soldiers who did not go on little strolls in the woods with pretty girls who arrived with the rabble, did their best to shoo these scavengers away.

Wayne talked exuberantly of the night, holding his throbbing head all the while. He and his officers were still laughing and drinking and sketching out a future program when the long-wished-for dawn crept up, cool and soft and silent, over the hills of the highlands.

IX

The news of the brilliant wonder of that night hit the lethargic condition of the country like a lightning storm. In that passive year of the war, when everything was at a comparative standstill, it was the big exclamation mark!

Gérard, the French minister, wrote to Steuben that such bravery and dash and genius would even "elevate" the ideas of Europe, and he sent an express to Baltimore to carry the glorious news to France.

Clinton was at Mamaroneck on the Sound. He heard the dull thundering of the great guns from the north that gloomy midnight, and waited in nervous anxiety to learn what event it presaged.

When Major Benson, his horse's mouth dripping foam, rode in early the next morning and related the tale of the crashing American victory, Clinton "turned about as if panic-struck."

Immediately he pulled up stakes and raced over to Yonkers to join the fleet, sent an urgent message to Tyron in Connecticut to come at once, and set sail up the Hudson to Haverstraw. He wrote a letter to Germaine in London, telling of "the accident," and lamenting the sad situation of the British soldiery. In fact, it was only a few weeks after Stony Point that Clinton wrote again to Germaine and begged that he be granted release from his command. He said he was "worn out" and "oppressed," and that his force was "inadequate."

At least he got to Verplanck's soon enough to hold it. The connection here is a little messy. It was Washington's idea that Verplanck's should be attacked immediately in case Wayne carried his assault. But there was a stupid delay in getting Wayne's dispatches to McDougall, at West Point, who was to have charge. So that it was not until morning that General Howe (the American, Robert H. Howe) could move with the two brigades appointed for the work. Then more delays. Howe was slow. There was difficulty in moving the heavy cannon, and a mistake was made about the transportation of entrenching tools. By the time they got down the river and were ready to attack, the main British army had arrived on the spot, and Howe's men had to flee for their lives.

It was a gorgeous chance lost. All because of bad management. Webster's force at Verplanck's was weak. Clinton himself confessed that a well-timed attack would have finished them. At one time the Americans had them cornered before a tight wall of advance—and yet nothing happened. It is not extraordinary that Washington was irritable about the affair.

But Stony Point tempered everything. In a few days' time it was the talk of the hour in every barrack. Chrystie's report showed sixty-three soldiers of the Crown killed, seventy wounded, and five hundred and forty-three taken prisoners of war. There has been so much dispute about the American losses that it is not safe to put any figure on paper. Johnson, the best authority on the subject, thinks that only about thirty-four of Wayne's men went down forever.

X

Two days after the assault, Washington, with Steuben and Greene, rode down from West Point to examine the works and to congratulate the men.

Hull said that if he lived to be a hundred he would never forget the expression on Washington's face that day. He seemed overwhelmed with joy; he beamed like a child. He took each soldier by the hand and thanked him with pathetic earnestness. Wayne stood by, smiling. Steuben rushed about, talking volubly and brokenly, and let everybody know that he considered himself a very fine drillmaster. The troops who learned under his supervision to handle the bayonet had now accomplished this—ah, dear God, it was colossal!

Wayne became the hero of the country. Immediately there was the halo. People who had classical references at hand compared him to Xenophon and Alexander. The simpler folk were content to remember him in pious eulogies and prayers. Engravers scampered about and produced elaborate and abortive likenesses of his proud face. The poets were busy, too. They spilled over into the newspapers of the time with high-flown effusions in which

Every youth with Ardour burns
To emulate our Wayne!

At last he is riding the crest of the highest wave. The glory he has longed for is now his in full measure. The countryside rings with his name. People ride for miles to try to catch a glimpse of the great general. Little girls bring him nosegays. War widows come to enlist his sympathy in their endless weeping. His praise is sung in churches and God's mercy is asked for his safety and health.

Letters began to pour in from men like La Fayette and Gates and Schuyler, bubbling over with emotion and effusion. There was rather a measured note from St. Clair, who was still strongly conscious of the contemptuous chill in Wayne's attitude towards him; he made high prophecies and confessed it was "the completest surprise I ever heard of." The faithful Benjamin Rush wrote in characteristic tenor from Philadelphia:

> Our streets for many days rang with nothing but the name of General Wayne. You are remembered continually next to the great and good Washington, over our claret and madeira. You have established the national character of our country.

Then there was a rather pathetic note from Wayne's old enemy, Charles Lee, saddened and sobered by his enforced retirement in Virginia, and remembering the duel that—as he must have thought himself in the cold, lonely moments of reminiscence—he had so shadily squeezed out of. This is what he said:

> I can have no interest in paying my court to any individual. What I say, therefore, is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely believe that your action at the assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, through the whole course of the war, on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history. Upon my soul, the assault of Schweidnitz by Marshal Laudon I think inferior to it. I wish you, therefore, joy of the laurels you have so deservedly acquired, and that you may long live to wear them.

A charming gesture! The old grudge had vanished; the Lee of a year ago had changed and softened through reflection. For his part, he had forgotten all.

XI

What impressed the British more than anything else was Wayne's extraordinary humanity. The English Vice Admiral Sir George Collier, in his *Journal,* spoke feelingly of this "generosity and clemency which during the whole course of the rebellion had no parallel."

The canons of war provide that an attacking party may slaughter every opponent they find armed. When the garrison was taken there was scarcely a man but who still held his gun, and there was plenty of light inside for the Americans to observe as much. The British knew the laws of the game they were playing; they scarcely expected any mercy; they cried hysterically for it, with the tone of men who are facing certain death and torture. They had not forgotten what Grey had done at Paoli, nor had they forgotten that he did it with Wayne's men. Yet it was Wayne who ordered:

"If they throw down their guns, give them quarter. But any man who delays shall be put to death!"

It is said that two or three of the British officers wept like children afterwards, out of sheer gratitude.

Nobody was more profoundly touched than King George himself, that Wayne should have forgiven the British for that macabre 11 P. M. of the 27 September, 1777.

XII

Before Washington, Greene, and Steuben rode back again to headquarters, Wayne gave a gay dinner party and asked everybody of rank.

This was his favorite form of extravagance all during the war. Even at the most grueling times of hardship Wayne supported an excellent table as long as adequate supplies were forthcoming for good money. It was his own independent fortune that he used, as his pay as brigadier-general was not enough, with the depreciation of currency, to maintain a birds' carnival. The meat and drink and gayety finally sucked the life out of his income. What with this and Shannon's bad management of his affairs, he got hopelessly adrift in debt in after years and began to wonder for the first time about the uses of improvidence.

Yet nothing could stop him. He thought his high command in the army necessitated this social splurge; and he contrived to live better than Washington himself. Wayne's parties soon became affairs that every officer in the line looked forward to, and talked about long afterwards.

But he was never an easy mark for parasites, as Steuben was soon to become. Although his hospitality was wide open, he soon caught on to people who were trying to play him.

XIII

Three days after the assault the Americans evacuated Stony Point at the approach of Clinton's main army. They took what they wanted, destroyed what could not be carried, wrecked the works, and beat up the Hudson. To hold it, Washington would have had to divide his forces at West Point and thin out the line of defense; a conference of generals, including Wayne, decided that this would be tempting providence. Concentration of forces was the one thing needful.

The British repossessed the ruins of the garrison and built a new one on the site. But it never figured much after that; by the time it was completed the main theater of the war had moved south.

The American gesture had been accomplished. The stunning victory had been won. Wayne's glory was secure. The morale of the country had been given a new lease on life. And the number of redcoats killed and captured had made a permanent hole in Clinton's storehouse of hopes.

XIV

As soon as Stony Point was history, the inevitable little quarrels began to pop up, with Wayne as storm-center.

The nucleus of all the trouble was in Wayne's official report to Washington.

To-day the report seems fair, balanced, and generous. But certain officers took violent exception to it because they were either omitted from special mention or given what they fancied was only begrudging credit. Of course it was impossible, as Wayne said, "to particularize every individual who deserves it for his bravery," and he spoke only of those who came to his mind as being especially distinguished.

Immediately the avalanche of protest. Meigs, from Connecticut, was the first to write. He as much as told Wayne that he had been dishonest and accused him of extreme partiality towards Pennsylvanians. Why did Wayne give such honors to Fleury, who was a Frenchman and one of the "frog-eating gentry"? Why did Gibbons and Knox get the "forlorn hopes"? Because they were Pennsylvanians? It evidently did not enter Meigs' head that the leaders of the "forlorns" were drawn by lot out of a hat, and that no appointments were made.

Wayne had not yet pacified Meigs when the knockout letter came from Isaac Sherman, bursting with insults. Sherman told Wayne that his official report had "tarnished the lustre of your character" and that Sherman's blood "boiled at the thought" of the state partiality shown. Poor Sherman had not been mentioned except in a remote way to John Jay, and there was no glory to display at home and abroad. He had a cavernous greed for this glory and worked himself into a neurosis over his disappointment. He lost his temper and his dignity. He told Wayne that *"Nature recoils, and points out a mode, the only one of redress"*—by which he meant that he would challenge his general to a duel if that general did not loudly sound his praises.

Wayne threatened Sherman with court martial for his imprudence, and this closed his mouth. After a while the quarrels slowly died down; the futility of griping was too obvious.

They were forgotten; but other things came up. There were arguments about the exact nature of assault. One man put himself ahead of another, and still another said it was all a lie. Take Fleury's case, for example. Almost everybody agreed that he was the first man that actually entered the works, but his comrades said that they could have made it before him if they had dared desert more important duties on the outside. One or two maintained that when Fleury scaled the parapet he was assisted by men who could easily have beaten him, if they had wanted to.

All this seems doubtful. There was a five-hundred-dollar reward offered to the first man over the wall; and there probably was not a soul in the corps that would not have left the busy scenes outside to make that pleasant bonus. Fleury himself was just magnanimous enough to divide the money among his men when it came his way; but doubtless he felt that this was the only delicate thing to do, considering the barricade of criticism around him.

Forty-two years later, Gibbon, when he was an old man in Philadelphia, wrote to his comrade of that night, Allen McLane, and exclaimed how the historians of Stony Point "abound in fiction." He maintained that Fleury did not "strike the flag," but that it was done by one of Gibbon's own men by the name of Goodbread, who shinnied up the pole and threw the standard down into the crowd. Fleury merely caught it, the report goes, and waved it about, thus making everybody believe it was his own conquest. Gibbon says: "I myself could have struck the flag at any time for a half hour, but I had too much to occupy me!"

This seems doubtful, too. It is not quite clear which flag he meant. Four were taken that night and sent to Congress, but the main one was on the bastion. Everybody who said anything at all about this special feature of the attack, except Gibbon, agreed that Fleury had captured the big standard. Wayne wrote it this way in his report, and nobody at the time offered any difference of opinion. And it took Gibbon forty-two years to protest!

Gibbon said very little about himself, except that he was muddy to the neck and that his clothes were torn to rags. However, when Old Denmark Febiger rendered his version of the "Confounded place," he said that Gibbon had openly disobeyed orders not to fire and had rushed the hilltop with every musket wide open. Nobody else remarked upon that, but it may be true. The only thing we do know is that there was firing on the American side after the attack had been discovered and Murfree had drawn half the garrison to the wrong place to resist his mock-flank.

If Gibbon charged with gunfire, it must have been after that. But, when all is said, he could not have made any great impression, because he had only three men left in his "forlorn" besides himself.

◆

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHARMING ANDRÉ OPENS HIS SHIRT

I

WITH Stony Point over, Wayne was quiet. He went back to Montgomery and began the tidying-up process in preparation for autumn. And the moment he regained his equilibrium there, he issued an order that was amusingly characteristic.

The eyes of all the world, he said, were focused more upon his now illustrious Light Infantry than upon any other section of the army. A march was soon to be made to the southward, and the citizenry of every town and village along the line would turn out in full to see the famous corps pass through the streets.

For the good of the soldiers and the good of the cause, it was imperative to produce a high impression. Bayonets were to be furbished and polished until they shone like splinters of a broken mirror. Everybody was to be powdered and plaited, and a neglected beard was to be shaved in public as a humiliation. The linen—the poor stuff that was so old and threadbare—was to be immaculate in cleanliness. No spotted uniforms; no muddy boots. The officers' horses were to be curried to glisten like sleek satin. Wayne himself invested all his Stony Point prize money in needles and threads and buttons to patch out torn uniforms.

The pathetic absurdity of it all came out a few months later when the Infantry was being disbanded and the corps returned to the lines of their respective states. When Old Denmark started back to Philadelphia with his Virginia division, he had to carry most of his men in wagons because they were barefooted and too miserably clad to endure the aching sharpness of the winter that was closing in upon them. All along the way they depended largely upon plundering for what they put in their stomachs.

As men returning from the field of glory, they cut rather sorry figures. Underfed and half clothed, with scarcely a red penny in cash, filching all they could from the loyalists, Febiger's pathetic division jangled on, through impossible roads, to Philadelphia.

The rest of the famous Light Infantry broke up immediately and, hardly more fortunate, returned to the general lines of the states they hailed from.

Wayne himself went back to Philadelphia with a sore in his heart.

II

The absurd, the inexplicable thing is why on God's earth the Light Infantry was ever disbanded. Washington evidently felt that to hold this famous corps together meant the weakening of state lines; and he thought, also, that it was not badly needed, in that he had no eye towards an important assault for some time to come. If he could defend what he had—that was enough; the rest of the big business could wait.

Wayne was profoundly disappointed. He was hurt. There are two or three vague hints in his letters that he suspected ill-feeling somewhere. He seemed to imagine that Washington's attitude towards him had changed and that his chief did not like him so much as he once had, did not trust him so implicitly. There was little foundation for this fancy, except that it is possible to understand how Wayne might have thought himself out of grace from the mere history of what had happened to him—the Paoli court martial, the St. Clair mess, and now this.

His letters to Washington at this time are always cordial, but there is a strain of discomfort running through them. And there is a strange note of cynicism in his politeness, too, a note of almost superior deference.

But he said nothing definite. He simply waited and watched for the tide of affairs, knowing his value. That was in the December of 1779.

III

It was the next spring, before the static period passed, and Washington wrote to Wayne again, telling his plans. He excused his long silence. He excused a number of other things. Now he wanted the man at Waynesborough to come back as leader of the old Pennsylvania Line.

A few weeks later Johnston also sent him a letter, full of despair, imploring him to return to camp post haste. Everything seemed worse. No clothing. No unity. Downhearted fighting men. Useless money. . . . The American cause seemed marching passionately to the dogs. It was again now to do—or to die!

Wayne picked up, bade farewell gloomily to his family and his old friends, and joined Washington at Morristown.

The imperturbable commander-in-chief looked haggard and worried after the winter, and older. He had only three thousand hangdog creatures in his entire force. The British, in New York, had a rosy and comfortable twelve thousand. And now news came that Clinton, moving up from the south, was recruiting and arming refugees in an effort to march upon the fortifications at Morristown and capture the military stores there which were the hope and backbone of Washington's bedraggled crew in those lugubrious days. And all along the seeming interminable line from these New Jersey heights to West Point on the Hudson, the British were teasing and threatening the thin American defense which had stretched out like a rubber band, in an almost futile show of resistance. The sound was of drums of doom beginning to roll.

Anthony Wayne, his jaded nerves calmer after the quiet winter in Philadelphia and in his "Sabine fields," came back to his army with well-fueled energy. He knew that these were days thick with disaster.

Money was the saddest stumbling block of all. Men were complaining more than ever and refusing to fight. Officers were resigning because their pay would not decently clothe them. A deep-throated lament was rising all over the country. Less than half of Washington's little army was sticking with the colors—and they were weary and woe-begone enough.

And in the face of all this, the British were dangerously active. In the spring they moved up to Springfield, in New Jersey, burned the town, razed the countryside, and then blithely chased back to their outpost at Elizabeth before Wayne and his men, who set out on their trail, could get within gunshot.

Conditions grew steadily blacker. Charleston had fallen after a month's siege and the loss of valuable officers and men. Morristown itself was seriously threatened, without much chance of holding out against a furious storm. Paper specie, the great *bête noire,* was becoming more worthless day by day. Even Steuben, who was generally happy, said that the Americans could not hold out much longer—without men, and without money to get men.

Wayne's impression was that Washington seemed more depressed now than at any other period of the war. He said little. He went about in silence and his gray eyes seemed to be turned in upon himself. It was here again and in particular that his magnificent tenacity came to the fore, weathering all. By the sheer force of his personality, by the intense vitality of his ideal, by his uncanny gift for holding desperate men together in a comprehensive unit, Washington not only kept a weak thing from breaking but pieced a broken thing together. It was certainly not money that kept those few thousand faithfuls in their dirty camps; it was not greatly the hope of fame, because their cause seemed wellnigh defeated; it was hardly the promise of a reward of any sort; it was Washington.

He was simply one of those rare persons who could inspire boundless confidence—and no one who knew him, not even his intimates, could say just how he did it, or why every man seemed to fall under his influence as under a fascination. It is probably true that he was not the brilliant field general that Wayne and Greene were; but since the Revolution was won, not by a few brilliant attacks only, but by a long and patient persistence in the face of the most malign setbacks, it was Washington, more than any one else, who laid the foundations of victory.

IV

The army in that brewing summer of 1780 had been unpaid for five months, seldom had more than a week's scanty provision in advance (which meant that a mild siege would put an end to all), and medical supplies and efficient doctors were memories. Nothing was happening. The campaign seemed to stand still like a thing in a trance. There was no definite direction of movement. Both armies were scouting, shifting, feinting. The British were burning towns, bombarding private houses, bayoneting private citizens, abusing women. Parties of Americans were giving them chase occasionally, but nothing was ever settled. Clinton's army was increasing; Washington's, because of inaction and want of coin, was falling away. Time went by, deadly. But in the thick air a storm was gathering its forces together.

The scene of war was moving away from the north.

Congress, without Washington's approval, sent Gates to South Carolina at the head of an army. Congress was beginning to ignore the commander-in-chief with open cocksparrowness . . . working over his head . . . making military movements without his knowledge of them. It seemed out to win the war he had lost, with Conway and Gates shoving it on.

Cornwallis swept down upon Gates, turned things over swiftly, and almost entirely annihilated the southern department of the army.

The news of it came to Washington. He made a tragic, despairing gesture; but he immediately appointed Nathanael Greene to command in the south . . . perhaps the most brilliant selection of the right man he ever made.

If America has ever known a man of first rate military genius, Greene was that man. He was the organizer *par excellence.* When he arrived in the south he found an army that was nothing more than a few broken regiments of downhearted, badly trained recruits. He had no credit and he had no gold. His cause had no popularity, because the south was full of Tories and America had not yet done anything there to create enthusiasm for the patriot ideas. He was like a man working with a pulmotor over a drowned person. But his pulmotor was effective. It brought the army to life.

It became so effective within a few months that he was able finally to elbow Cornwallis out of the Carolinas and run him into the Waterloo that was in the lowlands of Virginia, where Washington and Rochambeau were soon to exhaust him for good.

Of all the generals of the Revolution, Greene was probably the greatest. He was a person of extraordinary intelligence, foresight, cunning. He was not so nimble-witted in the field or in getting out of tight places as Wayne (who was primarily the fighter), but he far outdistanced the others when it came to planning maneuvers and executing large-scale campaigns.

He came from Rhode Island originally, from a wealthy, puritanic family who did their best to suppress his spirit. His passion for reading left him well educated. His father was so violently opposed to war in all its forms that, early in his life, young Nathanael, always a bit contrary, began to take an enormous interest in tactics and strategy. By nature, he possessed a sheer gift for managing men so as to get the best out of them. Without Greene, the Revolution could never have been ended with such a sudden smash at Yorktown, and might have dragged on indefinitely.

He was good looking and had big shoulders. He loved action, women, and decision. He and Wayne got along splendidly together. He teased Wayne about his little eccentricities, but his affection for him was deep and abiding. It seemed to tickle him infinitely to see his charming wife, Catherine, dance with his friend, while the two of them flirted desperately, like two children. Of all the friends Wayne made in his professional life, the Greenes were closest to him. They knew all of one another's intimate affairs, and Catherine came to Wayne with all her troubles. It is a strange comment upon Wayne's mysterious relations at home that, despite the profound friendship between him and the Greenes, Polly seems never to have met them. . . .

One of the proofs of Washington's greatness as commander-in-chief was his ability (and willingness) to select men greater than himself in their special fields to help him do his work—Greene, Hamilton, Wayne, and others. Instead of weakening his individual control, he fortified it. Washington quickly detected ability in a man, and knew how to make the most of it. Only once or twice did he make a mistake, as in the cases of St. Clair and Lee, or of Arnold, in whom he had put his unsuspecting confidence.

V

About the middle of July, meat became more and more scarce at Morristown. Around Bergen Neck the British had a good deal of cattle —and the Americans wanted that cattle and, above all, they were not willing that it should be driven into New York for Clinton's use. The stray farmers in the vicinity, also, were supplying the British with provisions and green stuffs—and neither could this go on. A siege was too everyday a possibility, and Washington was full of dread that he might find himself cut off in time of dire need. Clinton pretty well knew the conditions at the American camp. He would have to have known—unless he were an awful fool.

So Wayne was appointed to go out with four Pennsylvania brigades and some artillery to drive off the cattle and to demolish a blockhouse on Bergen Heights (opposite what is now West 80th Street in New York City), where the recruited Tory refugees of the vicinity had deposited the spoils that had come out of their raids about the countryside. It was Wayne's eager desire to corner the British in the defiles of the Palisades near Fort Lee, drive them into the pot of the forge, and then close in on them with bayonets until they were in such a huddled mass that the infantry and artillery fires from the Sixth and Seventh Pennsylvania regiments, ambushed near the mouth of the defile, could take them by sudden storm and mow them down.

This plan did not succeed finally with the complacent ease with which Wayne had planned it should, but it did work in retarding the British four days in getting started on their long projected attack on the French fleet under Rochambeau at Newport. Finally they did nothing, as the delay had ruined the chances of a surprise and put the French on air-tight guard.

The attack on the blockhouse seems to have come in for undue fame (even George Bancroft took the trouble to write out voluminous details of it in one of his notebooks, in his spidery handwriting). In reality, it was not of much importance; it was merely a side-issue of Wayne's cattle-rummaging.

When they got there, the place was found impregnable to light artillery. So the First and Second Pennsylvanians rushed the works, broke through the abattis and weak pickets, to find that the only possible entrance was through a subterranean passage broad enough for only one man to pass at a time, leading by tortuous ways to the cellar of the place. It meant too much risked, with little gained at the best, so Wayne gave orders to get out of the neighborhood and forget it.

The British crowed for months about "Polly" Wayne (which was the latest nickname they had given him) and the flower of his line having been repulsed by seventy-odd refugees. They could not get it out of their minds. Even the King sent his personal thanks to the refugees for their determined showing.

It was a hopeful sign in a way. It showed the Americans for the first time that the British were beginning to catch at straws.

It was at this time that John André's famous poem about Wayne appeared. *The Cow Chase* ridicules "Polly" and a handful of other American generals with a satire that is delightfully malign. Wayne was furious, but he was also hugely amused. As he read it, he raged while he chortled.

Poor André! He did not realize how well he prophesied that "this same warrior-drover, Wayne" would catch him yet! Too soon he was to dangle piteously from that tree in Tappan!

VI

The summer was full of plans. Wayne proposed a means to Reed by which the British in New York could be attacked by surprise—a very wise and well considered plan, but one which Reed laid aside until definite signs came from Washington, and kept aside until the psychological moment for pivoting it had gone by. Wayne made a few ironic comments about "obedient servants," and forgot the affair. He was past the time when he protested to the limit about everything; it took too much vitality. A grey casualness had begun to settle on his spirits. Under his sunburn, his brow was furrowed, and his eyelids had the weary droop of one who had seen too much of the bottom of life.

This was the time that Wayne wrote out in detail the features of a possible siege of Quebec.

It would seem incredible, if the whole thing did not exist in his handwriting.

Why on God's earth did Wayne want Quebec? It seems absurd.

Its possession would have proved nothing. The British army of occupation there amounted to no more than a few scrap regiments basking lazily in the sunlight. Wayne didn't seem to reflect that the Canadians were at peace with England and would have made things very unpleasant for him if he had made an invasion.

It is hard to think of him as being so stupid. It meant, in the first place, carrying the greater part of the American army through an interminable wilderness to the ends of the earth to no obvious advantage, while the cities and towns of the thirteen colonies would be left wellnigh defenseless at the mercies of Clinton and Cornwallis. The British could have burned, plundered, and desolated, until, within a few weeks, America would have been a smoldering countryside overrun by enemy hordes.

America's preoccupation with Canada amounted to an obsession. It would appear that they felt that no real liberty could be assured until every redcoat was off the continent, from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Wayne told Washington that he could see that there would be some menacing dangers in taking the scanty forces to Quebec, but he also seemed to consider it more important, if not so practicable, as the siege of New York or the recovery of Charleston. This seems even stranger when one considers they had no intentions of holding the army in Quebec.

However, it pretty definitely appears that America, in spite of her despair at this period of the war and her ruined finances, already felt an inner assurance of victory in the end and was thinking of a cleaning up process. Wayne and Washington and Greene especially seemed to have a premonition that the war had turned round the halfway mark and was coming down the last lap. It had been a relay race in a way, and now the strong runners were getting ready to exert their last ounce of brawn and speed.

VII

Just at the moment when America was most in need of money and everybody was trying to manage a foreign loan, that obscure and splendid Jew, Haym Salomon, came to the fore and handed out vast sums of gold to Congress and to individual officers without asking any interest and without much hope of ever getting a return on it. And he never did; the United States Treasury owes hundreds of thousands of dollars to his heirs this very day. Once a collection was attempted, but the papers were lost by a careless clerk of court, and the claim had to be discarded.

Poor Salomon! He was a splendid person, but he has been ignored and forgotten. His interest in the war was perfectly selfless, but he was too modest, and he died too early. He was a skilled financier and did more than a whole battalion for America's cause. Some faithful historian ought to resurrect him from the dust of the dark shelf and paint him in his true light alongside of Robert Morris.

VIII

After Wayne had shifted to Tappan in August another of those backbiting squabbles about rank came up. A new Light Infantry was being created in the Pennsylvania Line, and somebody stirred up the idea that the appointments were partial. Officers threatened to resign. Wayne tried to quiet them, but it was impossible. Thorns everywhere.

Finally it was decided to abandon the Light Infantry as the only comfortable means out of the mess. Wayne was annoyed beyond measure at these spoiled children who called themselves soldiers. He was also living in dread of a mutiny such as he had been through at Ticonderoga, and he put himself out enormously on certain occasions to avoid hard feeling. He made a passionate address to the field officers of the Pennsylvania Line.

> For God's sake, be yourselves—and as a band of brothers rise superior to every injury—whether real or imaginery—at least for the campaign, which probably will produce a Conviction to the World that America owes her freedom to the temporary sacrifice you now make.
>
> You will also reflect that this is a favour solicited by men who would bleed to Death, drop by drop, to defend your honour—as well as that of your very Affectionate
>
> ANT'Y WAYNE.

IX

The French fleet at Newport was doing nothing, but doing it very charmingly, and delighting all the young ladies of the town with fine foreign manners and a new type of love making. Washington met Rochambeau at Hartford, Connecticut, in September to see if some definite move could not be planned. Nothing came of the conference, except a pleasant friendship and a few pointed remarks in the *Diary* of Comte Fersen, who was Rochambeau's aide, a good friend of Mary Vining, and later the lover of Marie Antoinette.

Wayne moved his army over to Haverstraw above Stony Point on the Hudson to strengthen the line of defense along these important highlands. This was a greatly responsible position, but evidently Washington felt perfect confidence in the Pennsylvanians. A close moment. An attack from the British was expected at any time of day. The woods were swarming with spies. Treachery seemed afoot. Wayne wrote to his friend Hugh Sheel that something was wrong around West Point; but he was not willing to commit himself to a definite statement regarding any one man or troop.

Desertions had become habits, and deserters at this stage of the game were more feared than the enemy itself.

Then, from what had once seemed the bluest spot in the sky fell the thunder that shook the earth.

⁂

Washington, on his way back with La Fayette and Hamilton from the futile conference in Hartford, stopped by at West Point on the morning of the 23 September to breakfast with Arnold, who was in charge there as first commander, and to discuss plans for the future. Riding through the fort Washington remarked that he ought to inspect the redoubts before he went to Arnold's headquarters. La Fayette protested. They would be late for breakfast.

Ah, said Washington, he understood; La Fayette, like all the other young men, was in love with beautiful Mrs. Arnold. Why didn't he go on, then, and join her as soon as possible? Washington, for his part, would ride around a bit and come in later. La Fayette laughed and stayed, but Hamilton went to headquarters.

At breakfast a messenger arrived breathlessly with a letter for Arnold. He read it on the spot. With perfect composure he got up and asked to be excused for a few moments. Those at the table never saw him again.

Washington arrived. He found panic. Mrs. Arnold was hysterical. Her husband's plot with Clinton for the surrender of West Point had been discovered; he had fled for his life to the British Man-of-War *Vulture* anchored in the river. Washington tried to comfort the poor woman, but she only screamed and wept, and accused Washington of trying to murder her baby.

She raved for two days, like a person in a delirium. She convinced everybody (including Hamilton, who wrote sentimentally about her) of her purity and the innocence of her intentions.

A consummate actress. Only after the whole long and ugly plot was revealed did it become apparent that she was a prime factor in it, and that most of her emotion, so well staged, was sick chagrin at being defeated in her last chance.

Arnold had long been negotiating arrangements with the British to deliver into Clinton's hands a detailed ground-plan of West Point and its dependencies and to fix a moment when its capture would be as easy as turning over a card. Already he had had a secret interview with young John André, Clinton's representative in this tangle, and had sent him back to the British with the priceless papers hidden in the soles of his socks. The appointed time for the British attack was on the 23rd, the very day that Washington arrived, forty-eight hours ahead of his schedule.

XI

Young André, high spirited and eager for adventure, carried out the first part of his act with superb grace. The *Vulture,* on which he was to return, had been chased down the river by American cannonades, so that he was forced to make his homeward journey on horseback after saying good-by to Arnold at King's Ferry. A "character by the name of Smith," well known in the neighborhood, went as far as Croton with him and then, for fear of his own life, left André to his own devices. Had Smith stayed, doubtless all would have succeeded as it was planned, as he was familiar to all and unsuspected.

Arnold had given André a pass through the American lines as a safeguard against all scouts. André had taken the name of John Anderson, ostensibly an American, yet carrying with him things that would prove he was a Britisher should he happen to run into British guards who might not recognize him and so delay his progress.

The Highlands were infested in those days with poverty-stricken natives who had turned hi-jackers to eke out their miserable living during the dearth of money and the devastating effects of war . . .

About nine in the morning. Bright sunshine. A mile or so north of Tarrytown. Three of these amateur plunderers, John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, now modestly immortal in history, were sitting ambushed near a creek, playing cards and waiting for prey . . . The sound of horse's hoofs! They looked out. A young man was approaching, clad in fine clothes and wearing magnificent boots. Boots were a rarity, and these daring youngsters set their eyes on such prizes. Paulding rushed out and stopped him.

André wheeled, noticed a British uniform (probably stolen) on Paulding's back, and explained at once that he was a royal officer out on important business and did not wish to be detained. Whereupon the three calmly informed him that they were Americans. André, nothing daunted, dismounted and produced Arnold's pass, nervously laughing.

"My God, you know I must do something to get along!"

André's tact was not the best here! Paulding said afterwards that if he had produced the pass first they would not have dreamt of holding him; but such a statement is very doubtful. At least, they would have taken all he possessed before they let him go.

Their curiosity aroused, they searched him. In the bottom of his stockings they found papers endorsed "West Point." André first became noticeably nervous only when Paulding screamed at him:

"By God, you're a spy!"

They asked him if he would pay them handsomely if they let him go free. André was only too willing; he assured them of a large reward. They merely smiled at him. Then they covered him with pistols, rode him to North Castle, and delivered him up to the American commander there, Colonel Jameson.

When the story of the capture got abroad, Williams, Van Wart, and Paulding were lauded to the skies and decorated for their sterling patriotism in refusing a big bribe. This is rather amusing to think of, when one considers that they were no better than hi-jackers at most. André had no money in the first place. He had only promises to give, and it was gravely doubtful if these promises would ever materialize. Was it not much surer that the Americans would pay a pretty reward for such a good looking and prepossessing spy? No wonder that the three refused André! And it was easy for them to say when they were famous that they never had any but the most honorable intentions!

Jameson was dumbfounded when he saw the papers, and had such implicit faith in Arnold that his only thought was that some plotting party had forged them. Here he made his fatal error. He wrote to Arnold in sheer astonishment and innocence, told him the circumstances, and asked for an explanation. This was the letter that arrived in the midst of that famous breakfast (a sort of modest Last Supper) and enabled Arnold to make his escape to the British man-of-war before the news of his treason was broadcast. Washington vented his fury on Jameson for his action, but calmed down in the face of the colonel's charm and simplicity.

Every means was stretched to capture Arnold, but he was well under the protection of the British guns before the Americans were fully awake to the situation.

Washington made a rapid reconnaissance of the fortifications to discover what gaps Arnold had left open. He found posts deserted and companies scattered about the countryside on futile expeditions.

Within a few hours he had pulled it all together again and had the place armed to the teeth in preparation for a night attack.

Wayne, rushing to the scene over the Storm King passes, was to keep Washington posted on any British movements by water.

XII

Furious indignation against Arnold spread like wildfire over the country. Stuffed effigies of the "arch-traitor" were smeared, burned, and passionately torn to tatters by hysterical mobs. Washington was broken down. With tears in his eyes, he said to La Fayette: "*Whom* can we trust now?" Wayne said that Washington's joy and relief at seeing him and his battalions on their arrival after a top-speed march was too affecting to be forgotten ever. He received Wayne "like a god" and exclaimed passionately: "Now all is safe, and I again am happy!" Wayne was given first command over the West Point defenses.

Within a week of Arnold's treason Wayne wrote an especially illuminating letter to his friend Hugh Sheel, to whom he had already given, some years before, "a strongly shaded" opinion of Arnold:

> I think I informed you that I had the most despicable Idea of him both as a gentleman and a Soldier—and that he had produced a conviction on me in 1776 that honour & true Virtue were Strangers to his Soul, and however Contradictory it might appear, that he never possessed either fortitude or personal bravery. He was naturally a coward, and never went in the way of Danger except when Stimulated by Liquor even to Intoxication, consequently incapacitated from Conducting any Command committed to his charge.
>
> What think you of his employing Sutlers to retail the publick Liquors for his private Emolument, & furnishing his Quarter with beds & other furniture by paying for them with Pork, Salt, Flour, &c, drawn from the Magazines? He has not stopped here—he has descended much lower—& defrauded the old Veteran Soldiers who have bled for their country in many a well fought field, for more than five Campaigns. Among others an old Serg't of mine had felt his rapacity—by the Industry of this man's wife they had accumulated something handsome to support them in their advanced age—which coming to the knowledge of this cruel spoiler—he borrowed 4,500 dollars from the poor Credulous Woman & left her in the Lurch. The dirty—dirty—acts which he has been capable of Committing beggar all description—and are of such a Nature as would cause the *Infernals to blush*—were they accused with the Invention, or Execution of them.

The whole letter was written in such heat of excitement that we must take his statements with some reservations. Arnold was an excellent general and Washington, who was a better judge than Wayne of such things, showed very definitely that he recognized his ability. He had enormous courage, and it is quite certain that he was not always drunk. He had dash and energy. For the most part, men liked him and admired him, and he knew how to organize them and how to make raw recruits behave like trained soldiers.

He was good looking, and he was so essentially a man that "the dirty, dirty acts" that Wayne sneered at would seem to have tempted Arnold only when he came under the pernicious influence of his beautiful second wife, who had that benumbing strength that weak persons can so often exert over the strong. After his treason, Arnold was so vehemently despised by the whole nation that the imperfections on his head were exaggerated into abnormal proportions. His character was grotesquely distorted. All the good he did was minimized. Even to-day it seems hard for historians to hold an amiable partiality in writing of him.

He was not entirely at fault. His stunning wife, Peggy Shippen, was a passionate hell-cat. She was born a Tory, brought up a Tory, and was still a Tory when Arnold married her. She wanted luxury and Arnold could not satisfy her. She wanted glory and a title, and at heart she hated the Americans. She loathed the dull camp-life and longed to live in fashion and tinsel and extravagance. She spent everything she could lay her hands on. She flirted outrageously and pretended as a rule that she was open to any interesting seduction. She was enchanting poison. Arnold was distracted. He adored her. In trying to satisfy her whims, he eventually ruined himself. She was a confirmed neurotic, and so was he. When two neurotics get together so intimately and begin to play with loyalties, the air becomes heavy with doom.

It would seem that she was in treasonable communication with certain British officers long before Arnold put his hands into the affair. She wanted the Crown to win, thought the war was an ugly nuisance, disliked Washington, and made no effort to hide her feelings from her husband.

It was she, far more than the British, who convinced Arnold that he was on the losing side, and that he would receive a lordship and everlasting glory, besides doing a humanitarian service to the world in general, if he would agree to deliver up West Point and help put an end to this army of criminal rebels. If it had not been for her, the prize money for the betrayal would never have been so tempting, and he felt that if he stayed by the American cause and lost, he would lose her too, and his passion could not endure the thought. He succumbed.

In the end he gained little by it. After joining the British army he made two or three futile attacks along the coast, but seemed half hearted in his efforts. If the King greeted him with open arms when he went to England, the people scoffed at him. He was despised on two continents. He finally found it impossible to get a decent army commission, and he took up trading, with moderate success.

As he grew older his treason began to haunt him; he could not get away from the eyes of the world. He began to have obsessions, and in his last year when he was going down the hill very fast he had visions of himself fighting at Quebec and Lake Champlain. Repeatedly in his last illness, twenty-one years after West Point, he called out for his old American uniform which had been decorated by Washington, whom he admired to the end.

The cause of his death is rather ambiguously defined as "a severe nervous disease"—a phrase which may mean almost anything. But it was probably nothing new. He was always neurasthenic. And this neurosis, which had been working upon him in the old days of his treason, now grew feverish through his remorse and his failure, and finally, in a more violent form, destroyed him.

The letter he wrote to Washington from New York a week after his escape, threatening that if Washington "butchered" his wife and offspring, he (Arnold) would flood the country in American blood, was unmistakably the letter of a person half crazed. A number of other things he wrote and said at the time seem far from sane. Arnold's whole mental process for months after the treason was dangerously inflamed.

Essentially he was a pathological case. A just estimate of him would function on that hypothesis. Certainly he was no monster, as people once thought he was. He was merely a very charming and very weak gentleman, ruled by a woman and a strange psychopathic quirk, who found himself at the point of desperation and took the wrong way out.

Arnold was one of those rare creatures, the very soul of drama, for whom there is no halfway house. They either go far wrong or far right; become great luminaries or gut out in the mire. They are always enigmatic because they seem to have two personalities. Life for them is a battlefield where these two personalities clash for the upper hand, and in the case of a neurotic the battle shatters the soul. Arnold had a chance of becoming to posterity the fourth great general of the Revolution—Washington, Greene, Wayne, and Arnold. But he threw the chance away, perhaps because nothing could satisfy his consuming ego. He died tortured and shredded because he had been two persons, and neither of them whole.

XIII

The most poignant tragedy of the whole dirty business was the tragedy of poor André, Adjutant General of the British Army, poet, artist, lover, and wit. He was scarcely more than a boy, unusually handsome, full of French vivacity and full of the surging gayety of life. He was elected to help Arnold because he was cleverer and quicker with his tongue than the rest. He betrayed nothing; he was an honorable spy, like that other pathetic figure, Nathan Hale.

Both sides of his family were French, although André was born in England and lived there until his twenty-third year. As a very young man he fell desperately in love with the beautiful Honora Sneyd—a wild, passionate affair, with André impetuous and romantic. For a year or more the affair prospered. Then suddenly Thomas Lovett Edgeworth, the future father of Marie Edgeworth, the novelist, appeared upon the scene. Honora Sneyd met him; and André's fate was sealed. He joined the army and left England. But he never forgot Honora. She had hurt him. His mad-hearted flirting of after-years was a sort of answer to her who had thrown him down.

As an officer of the British army in America he quickly became famous for his wit and his charm and his handsome face. The ladies worshiped him. He was the life of every party. He was daring, caustic, impudent, delightful. He wrote graceful verses for his ladies, sketched their heads, played the harpsichord while they hung about him and generally ruled army society. He was the best conversationalist on this side of the water. When things got dull somebody always went out to seek André to make excitement for them; he could keep people up all night listening to him, laughing at his puckish antics and his wit, or being carried away by some hare-brained scheme he has just thought of to shock the elders. An entrancing madcap!

Everybody came under his spell. When the council of officers was called after his capture to decide his fate, even the most hardened seemed full of reluctance to give him a spy's punishment. But it had to be. Some of them said afterwards that passing the full sentence upon André took more moral courage than ten campaigns. It was like sacrilege, like smashing something extraordinarily fine. A plan was urged to give him up if the British would return Arnold—but it came to nothing.

André took his fate with utterly resigned composure. When they imprisoned him in Jacob Gilbert's house at South Salem, near the Horse and Hound Tavern, he sat down and wrote a very dignified note to Washington and asked to be shot rather than hanged. But the scaffold was the traditional punishment for spies, and things could not be changed for any man.

On the morning of the execution at Tappan, Wayne said he seemed as gay and natural as ever. He joked with the officers, shaved, dressed with elaborate care in a beautiful green and white uniform with full regimentals, and then casually sat down before a large mirror and drew a pencil sketch of himself—an excellent likeness which is in existence to this day.

The guards came in to get him. He got up, smiled, and said he was quite ready to go. He linked his arms in theirs and began the long walk to the place of execution, while a great crowd stood silently by, and the melancholy strains of the dead march filled the air of the autumn morning. Only when he saw the scaffold did he wince and show disgust.

"I am reconciled to my fate—but not to the mode of it!" His whole body twitched; his face was deathly pale. "God! must I die this way?"

In a moment he straightened himself up, threw aside his hat, and with an air of contemptuous gayety leapt lightly into the baggage wagon under the gibbet and calmly waved good-by to some of his friends, reaching down to shake hands with one or two.

The hangman tried to adjust the noose around the prisoner's neck, but André snatched the rope out of his clumsy hands, quietly opened his own shirt collar, and slipped the noose over his own head with those lean, artistic hands of his. Without the slightest vestige of a tremble he took out his soft silk handkerchief and bound it over his eyes. Then the orders were read in stentorian tones, while a light breeze tossed André's hair a little; and when they were done, André lifted the cloth from his eyes, bowed graciously to Wayne and some officers who stood with bent heads, and said:

"All I request of you, gentlemen, is that you bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Some of those standing near heard him mutter thickly then: "It will be but a momentary pang!"

All around him women were weeping and choking with laments. Even the toughened soldiers in the line had moist eyes and no one could seem to look straight at the lean, graceful figure of a lad standing there in his beautiful uniform with his eyes bound.

La Fayette wept openly. Washington was at headquarters with the shutters of the house closed tight, unable to endure the scene. He always acted as if nothing in the whole course of the Revolution had hurt him more, and refused to speak of André in after-days, as one might refuse to speak of a haunting experience.

Finally André motioned that he was ready. He set his teeth as they drove the wagon out from under him. As he fell his head seemed to be flung again into that characteristic gesture of magnificent disdain. A great groan arose—the almost accusing voice of the mob.

When it was over, Wayne and La Fayette walked rapidly away. The crowd lingered. When André's body was laid out on the ground, they approached reverently, in a hushed awe. The idea of the spy seemed to enter the minds of none of those who looked on there. They only knew that John André, the one Britisher they had ever loved, was dead.

Within a few hours they buried this darling of the gods under a cairn of stones.

He was just twenty-nine years old.

* * *

CHAPTER XIV

REVOLT AND THE DUSK OF THE HEART

I

AUTUMN, 1780.

Spies were increasing like flies. Secret information was sailing back and forth as openly as mail. Some mysterious force working in Congress was giving Clinton full practical knowledge of Washington's plans and movements.

The predicament of the soldier in the field became unbearable. It had been fierce enough all along, but now it was smelling to heaven of neglect and official blunders.

Towards the end of the year 1780, little mutinies began their ominous stampede in various divisions of the northern army.

In the beginning, none of them amounted to anything much. They were merely the irritable uprisings of little groups who refused to fight and starve any longer. They would riot at parade, curse Washington and America, get a sound thrashing and a few days in the guardhouse for their pains, and soon all would be quiet again. But these mutinies were signs of a bad business. If they were allowed to spread, a menace like this might become a fatal epidemic.

In Wayne's Pennsylvania Line, now having moved down from the Hudson to go into winter quarters at Mount Kemble, near Princeton, New Jersey, the soldiers had enlisted at the beginning of 1777 "for three years or the duration of the war," and they had enlisted at a certain stipulated pay.

But the pay was not forthcoming—and when it was, the currency had depreciated to the point where, in reality, the men got only about eighty cents a month. Besides that, they were in rags. They were underfed. They didn't have enough liquor. Freezing and sickening in that ghastly bleakness that is winter in northern New Jersey, they began to curse heaven.

And a lonely, hollow cheeked man cursing heaven is an ominous figure.

By the first of the year their commissions were to run out, and they were determined to run out with them. No more sissy promises from that dead body called Congress. These Pennsylvanians were a hard drinking, tough, swaggering crew of men, most of them Irish-Scotch, and they would be damned if they weren't going to get what was coming to them. If Wayne didn't like it he could go to hell!

Wayne seemed to have a premonition of what was going to happen. He acted thoroughly scared about the consequences. Before Christmas he wrote to Johnston that he was not superstitious but that he wished to

God that the ides of January were come and gone, because he felt in his bones that unless some drastic measures were taken pretty soon to sweeten the tempers of his men, there was going to be a bad storm and somebody was going to get lost at sea.

He didn't have to wait for the ides of January. On New Year's Day all his most gruesome dreams came suddenly true. Going out on parade in the morning, he found the whole camp steaming with excitement and secrecy, while mysterious movements were going on in the huts and the men were exchanging fantastic gestures and shrewd smiles.

The ominous stirring kept up all day. The soldiers had construed the phrase relating to their service "for three years or the duration of the war" to mean that when three years were up they were free, and if the war did not end within that time it made no difference.

Nobody could convince them that they had things all mixed up and that "the duration of the war" might mean three years or twenty-three. They were too hot to be reasoned with.

II

Between nine and ten that evening Wayne and his officers were playing cards. Suddenly there came the muffled sound of many men walking about the camp, and other men talking in thick, excited whispers. Wayne rose from the table and rushed out of headquarters, calling his aides to follow him.

They discovered about thirteen hundred men lined up in a number of regiments under sergeants, fully armed and equipped with provisions they had plundered from the storehouse. They were determined to march straight to Philadelphia to make things hot for Congress and to collect what was coming to them in money.

Wayne took pistols and, with his leading officers, he approached "the mob" (as he called it) which stood in lines under the light of some torch-flares which were probably planned to excite the spirit of mutiny. Wayne demanded that they lay down arms and explain this new outrage. His tone of voice was savage. He stood with cocked pistols. Jibes and hisses came from the men.

In a flash a hundred soldiers or so stepped from the ranks and leveled bayonets at Wayne's breast. A spokesman called out so that all could hear him:

"General, we love you; we respect you; but you're a dead man if you fire. Don't mistake us now. We want only justice. We are not going to the enemy. On the contrary, were they now to attack you would see us fight under your orders with as much resolution and alacrity as ever."

But, he went on, they were determined to get fair play, and now they were going to Philadelphia to make Reed give it to them—and nothing on God's earth could stop them. No! . . .

No! . . . They took up the cry. No! . . . No! . . .

A few guns went off in the ranks, shot into the air. Wayne yelled orders. Nobody heard. The whole lot began to shout excitedly all at once. A menacing hubbub, full of dire energy. Then some commands from a few of the trouble-stirring sergeants rang out above the din, and part of the line began marching with a blare of curses and pointless musket shots.

Wayne was purple in the face. He was helpless, and he knew it. In a few seconds the whole camp ground was a stampede of maddened, half drunken men rioting for their rights and charging off along the black, muddy roads into the night.

Wayne was all action. He dashed back to headquarters, gathered together all his officers who were standing about in panic-stricken groups, mobilized a regiment of faithfuls, called for horses, and started off in pursuit, dragging some artillery. They took the higher road and met the advancing hordes at the fork by Mount Kemble, on the road leading to Elizabeth. Wayne charged in and ordered a halt.

"Damn you, if you pass me, you'll pass me dead!"

The leaders paused at that, but the soldiers were still on fire. They grappled with Wayne's officers and shot wildly. Nothing could stem the tide. It was desperate. The rebels were pushing on.

Wayne wheeled back and hesitated. But only for a minute. He did what the rebels had never dreamed he would dare do. He ordered an attack.

His regiment combed in with leveled bayonets and pushed the mutineers back. Then grapeshot was poured into the mob by the howitzers—and the sting was not pleasant. A number of the rioters were killed and Wayne lost a captain and a few infantrymen. Then muskets started their challenging hammer taps, and the troops swept in on them in solid formation, riding them down with their horses.

Soon the mutineers saw that it was suicide to resist. Very quickly they became dead sober and quieted down. About a dozen escaped through the woods and never returned. The rest of them filed slowly back to camp, muttering and threatening. Wayne was visibly trembling —from both anger and shock.

He talked to the men quietly, but very firmly. He said he knew how they felt, but he pled with them to be gentlemen. He touched them. They said they had no idea he would be so sympathetic. His attitude pleased them so much that they promised to be patient for a while. The leaders of the mutiny knew how easily Wayne caved in to flattery, so they repeated again and again how much every man loved him, and they got more leniency than might otherwise have been given. Nevertheless, the leaders were put under heavy guard.

The mutinies became epidemic. Every line in the army was threatened. A New Jersey regiment got almost to Philadelphia to register their protests before they were finally stopped. But Wayne had seen the most serious of all.

From Wayne's actions and what he said, it would seem that, although he was greatly alarmed and worried, he was somewhat in sympathy, at the bottom of his heart, with his revolting men. He knew that they had been victims of vile treatment. He knew that most of them had not seen a dollar for almost a year, and that their families were largely dependent upon their support.

He told them that he was ready to do all in his power to help them, but that he was certainly not going to relax the strict discipline which they openly said they resented under the circumstances.

To enforce this stern rigidity of order on men who by all rights should have been free to do as they liked may seem a little harsh; but it was absolutely necessary. The army, such as it was, had to be kept together or the war would automatically come to a finish.

The whole country was thrown into a panic over Wayne's mutiny. It looked too much like the end of things. Reed got so excited that he chased all the way up from Philadelphia to settle things as well as he could. The soldiers met him quietly and, without any preamble, stated their claims.

Reed hemmed and hawed, but finally he managed to put some patches on the garment. It was decided that no soldier could be retained beyond the period stated on his enlistment paper—but a board had to sit in order to decide just what the ambiguous terms of the paper meant in each individual case. Auditors were elected to see that the men got their due pay. Clothing was provided at once.

About one-third of the Pennsylvania Line left service after these arrangements were made and agreed upon. But many of them came wandering back after a few weeks and begged to be reinstated as soldiers. Wayne wrote that the poor fellows seemed lost and were more impatient of their liberty than they had been of service.

Slowly things returned to their normal state again, but the mutinies had sent a shiver down the spine of America and appreciably weakened the moral fiber.

III

It was during this winter that Jemmy the Rover came upon the scene and gave Wayne the nickname by which he will be known forever.

Jemmy was an Irishman who drank a good deal and claimed to be crazy. No doubt he was a bit off his balance, but probably he was more eccentric than anything else. At least, he was a diabolically clever spy, and Wayne constantly used him to advantage. When he went into the British camps he had a way of convincing the enemy that he was a civilian. He would hang about for a while, pick up rumors and reports, and then he would always manage somehow to get back to the American lines with information that was generally valuable and invariably accurate.

Everybody took him as a joke, but Wayne insisted that he was priceless, and he seemed to be very fond of "the Commodore," as he called him, and would howl with laughter over his antics.

One day poor Jemmy got into a mess of some sort. Wayne was furious and upbraided him before the whole line; then sent him to the guardhouse.

He went off, grumbling, to his confinement. On the way he suddenly stopped, pulled the officer with him very close, and whispered in his ear:

"Listen! Is Anthony mad?" He always called his general by his first name.

"Very much put out by you," the officer explained.

"Oh," said Jemmy, with popping eyes, "then he is mad!"

When he was released from the guardhouse he ran about the camp whispering to everybody, very confidentially:

"You know, Anthony is mad! Yes, he is mad! I'm a prophet. I'm a philosopher! Anthony is mad!"

He was told that if he made any more noise he would not only be confined again but would be whipped with twenty-nine lashes well laid on.

"What!" said Jemmy. "Oh . . . I know the whole thing now! You're all mad! I'm going . . . Farewell to you! Make way for me! Clear the coast for the Commodore, Mad Anthony's friend!"

He ran off, and disappeared for a while.

A few weeks later he came wandering back with some valuable information. But, from then on, whenever he saw Wayne on the camp ground he would go far out of his way in a wide semicircle to avoid him. But all the time looking at him out of the corner of his eye, shaking his head and muttering,

"Mad Anthony! Anthony is mad! Mad Anthony!"

The title stuck. Wayne had dozens of other nicknames in his career —Dandy, Beau, Polly, Cow-Chaser, Drover, Black Snake, Big Wind, to mention a few—but this one survived because it characterized him best. His men took it up at once. In private they all called him Mad Anthony. Very soon it spread to the country at large.

Wayne's biographers have been at great pains to say that this sobriquet created a false impression and ought to be dropped.

That is absurd. Nicknames don't stick unless they mean something, and this one means a great deal. It is a splendid nickname. It is rather a romantic one, too. In it is encased all the energy and verve of immortal youth.

Poor Jemmy was wiser than he knew.

IV

Wayne spent the first months of 1781 in putting his gradually growing army through grueling drills to fit it for the campaign that was coming.

While Washington sat tight on the Hudson, Greene was artfully shoving Cornwallis back through the Carolinas, playing with him like a kitten, beating around him, double-crossing him, and in general making the poor Earl woolly-headed with irritation.

Towards the end of February Wayne received urgent orders to pick a detachment of men from the flower of the Pennsylvania Line, and to march south and join Greene as early in the spring as possible. In a breathless stir he chose his men, cleared up as well as he could the impending complaints at the New Jersey camp, and started out a number of weeks later for the selected "place of rendezvous" at York, Pennsylvania, where he was to set up temporary headquarters until Greene should give the signal that all was ready.

York was not far, but the drawn-out agonies of the journey made the distance seem interminable. The soldiers stalled and quit, pleading sickness. From the ranks rose an antiphonal chorus of complaints. Congress, as usual, had not kept its high promises, and the men told Wayne that they would be damned before they would march without decent boots and uniforms.

Wayne pacified them in the end, scraped together some necessities along the road, clothed the men with what looked like the wardrobe of a comic opera company, and finally got on to York—only to find conditions worse.

V

Wayne was only thirty-six in this spring, but those who knew him best said that his face was beginning to look worried and strained—the face of one who was very tired and who had had his spirit bruised by so constantly having to pull himself up from disappointments and the relentless exigencies of this life. It would also seem that it was at this time that Wayne began to drink a little more than was good for him. He was certainly no drunkard; there is no record that he often got intoxicated; but the fact remains that, under this long harassing of affairs, he was rather given to taking off the sharp edge of injuries with a few stiff drinks. On top of this, he ate too much. He seemed to forget that gout was an ancient enemy in his family.

Who can blame him, when all is said? His depression was ponderous. Everything seemed to turn on rusty pivots and break.

At York the situation looked hopeless. The soldiers were beginning to threaten Wayne personally. They accused him of stalling on purpose, and said that Washington was going to find his whole army dead or deserted before he got around to making a decision. Carping was rampant. The air was heavy with revenge. Nobody smiled or joked, and when they did they were acidly cynical. Everybody went about with a long, sour face, and cursed the country, cursed the cause, cursed General Wayne, and cursed an indifferent heaven.

When Wayne began his search for horses and baggage wagons to transport the equipment and supplies to Virginia, he could find nothing fit for the purpose. Finally he managed to collect enough to do inadequate but passing service. In the end he was forced to leave his cannon and howitzers behind because of the men's refusal to be burdened with them. Mules were short, and the soldiers had enough luggage to struggle with.

Down in his heart, Wayne seemed to feel untold relief at seeing this cumbersome cannon left behind. All through the Revolution he could never see that it played an important rôle. Mostly, he thought, it was in the way. Not even Knox, who was a good artillery captain and understood the uses of the ball, ever managed to do anything very striking with it. The whole truth is that the battlefields of the Revolution were not the places for it. Artillery was only necessary in an attack upon a town or the siege of a fort; the solid old ball in the field was nothing but a waste of time and expense.

Yet Washington and most of the other generals seemed obsessed by the idea of cannon. Think how those old stone-crusher guns were dragged over this interminable country! From Boston down to New York, up to Canada, over to Ticonderoga, back again to New York, up and down the Hudson, and finally to Virginia! It is the record of a martyrdom! How much better if they had scrapped them all in the beginning, and developed an efficient cavalry instead!

Colonial warfare was nothing if it was not fluid. Artillery is never fluid; it is too ponderous. Most of the generals who commanded in the American army were filled with the ideas of European warfare, which were as foolish here as a palm tree in the Arctic. Washington never seemed to be able to create an army that was strictly suited to the type of warfare that the geographical conditions of this country imposed upon his men. If he had only left his cannon in some swamp, where it belonged, and encouraged Lee to develop a rapid Light Horse and depended more upon quick-footed riflemen, he probably would have won the war in a much shorter time. If he could only have teased the British and played lightly around them a little, and abandoned his hopes of great frontal attacks, he very soon would have had the pompous generals of the King tearing their hair in desperation.

But he didn't. He tried to meet them on their own grounds, and in this way ignored the best advantages he had.

Wayne seemed leery of cannon and never put much faith in its usefulness. He knew that the Americans' finest chances lay in being quicker than the British, in attacking their rear guards, in cutting off their flanks, in pulling their ears; and he realized that with cannon this was impossible. The best, he said, came from the bayonet and from swift-moving riflemen. It is very significant that when he commanded the American army in the most desperate of the Indian wars ten years after the Revolution, he used scarcely any artillery at all. Nobody could combat wings with feet of clay. If Wayne was the only general who really understood Indian fighting, it was because he was the only one who had the courage to break away from the imported traditions of formal warfare.

VI

A week or so before the soldiers left their Pennsylvania encampment to drive toward the south, they were supplied with some decent clothing and given considerable back pay in Continental paper notes. Spirits came up immediately. They had a big party among themselves, and everybody was gay, singing and laughing.

But next morning there were the same sour faces again. The men had tried to buy things in the neighborhood and nobody would take their money. They were furious. They demanded gold. Where were they going to get gold?

Wayne assured them that all would be well again when they had joined the main army in the south. He promised every cent that was coming to them. But still they only growled. A week went by.

On the 19 May, the day before the march to Virginia was to begin, twelve men stepped out of the ranks on parade and began shouting that they were going to get real gold, not this damned stage money, before they would go a step. The rest of the line shifted and muttered menacingly. Another mutiny was on the verge of starting when the superior officers knocked the leaders down with the butts of their swords.

A court martial was ordered on the spot. The leaders were convicted and sentenced to be executed before the whole army. There was a moment's pause.

Wayne, suddenly dramatic, lined the twelve mutineers up in a row. He was livid with fury. Then he walked rapidly to a place some twenty yards away, halted, standing there alone, and cried out to the firing squad:

"This is the end! You are privileged to select your own authority on the spot!" He pointed to the mutineers. "Either fire upon them—or"—he put his hand to his breast—"or fire upon me. . . . You take your choice! Fire!"

The rifles cracked . . .

The mutineers stumbled, fell, and lay quiet. Wayne wrote to Washington the next day:

> Whether by design or accident the particular friends and messmates of the culprits were their executioners, and while the tears rolled down their cheeks in showers, they silently and Faithfully obey'd the Orders without a Moment's Hesitation.

Wayne may have had no hand in this miserable deal, but some of the officers, smarting with indignation, decided it would be impressive to have the men killed by their best friends. They thought the lesson would strike closer home. At best, it was a dirty piece of cowardice; but they were probably half-crazed with anxiety and ready to resort to the most desperate remedies.

One poor devil was only badly wounded by the firing squad and lay writhing in the dirt in his agony. Wayne came up, called a soldier from the ranks, and ordered him to kill the man with his bayonet. The soldier refused. The wounded man was his bosom friend. He couldn't kill him. He would rather kill himself.

Wayne glared fire and shouted his command again. The soldier was implacable. Wayne drew his pistol, put it at the soldier's head, and told him to obey orders or he, too, would be shot. The man, white faced and trembling, ran his bayonet through his comrade's heart, and then collapsed in a heap.

This was about the rottenest thing Wayne was guilty of in his whole career. Generally a sensitive man, he seemed absolutely callous to the most elemental feelings when he lost his temper. The remarkable thing is that the soldier didn't turn his bayonet on Wayne in sheer disgust. But the poor fellow was tired and underfed and sick of the long misery, and had no spirit for protest.

Next morning the regiments started out on their long march to Virginia.

It was a sad army. It was a desperate army. It was an army of men gnashing their teeth and going into the dark, without money and without food. They had come a long way to this. It was a forlorn hope and a last hope.

VII

Now things began to move more rapidly. The broadest and most intricate campaign of the Revolution was getting into swing.

The American army in the north had encamped in the Bronx for a long projected attack upon New York. Admiral de Barras at Newport was in full readiness to come down on call and cut off the harbor. Washington sat anxiously on the Hudson and waited for the best opening to spring into.

Wayne met La Fayette at Johnstone's Mill, near New Castle, Delaware, on the 3 June. Here they saw Mary Vining and spent an evening in her company. It evidently almost ruined Wayne to see her. He acted like a man afraid of a temptation.

Next morning they were up and off for Virginia. Cornwallis had chased through the Carolinas, performed a devious and maudlin course through Virginia, and was now marching down from Charlottesville to join General Phillips on the James River. He had scored a brilliant victory at the Guilford Court House and was full of cocky confidence. Wayne and La Fayette, who saw that the bulky Cornwallis was walking innocently into a trap on the seacoast, spent all their effort in keeping him where they wanted him. Immediately they sent urgent messages to Washington to come down at once and to get Barras and Grasse to bring down the French fleet and cut off the retreat by sea.

Washington sought out Rochambeau and the two men had an excited argument. Finally a frigate, *La Concorde,* was sent to the West Indies, bearing a note to Admiral de Grasse who had been dueling with Rodney, the British commander, among the little islands off the coast, telling him to come as quickly as possible.

Grasse might never come, but it was a chance too big with hope to be ignored. Wayne sat nervously waiting.

The first week in July, Washington's troops were joined at White Plains by the French battalions under Rochambeau. It was the first time, in the years that the French had been on this side, that French soldiers, armed and uniformed, had met under the American flag, ready for battle.

VIII

The same day, a negro and a dragoon, apparently British deserters, came into Wayne's camp in Virginia with the information that Cornwallis was crossing the James River and that his army was cut in two. The information was a lie—a trick on the part of Cornwallis to trap Wayne and La Fayette.

The two generals conferred. It looked like an excellent chance. La Fayette ordered an advance. Wayne took eight hundred fast riflemen and raced over to the James to attack the rear guard of Cornwallis's army, at a place called Green Springs.

When he arrived he began to assault immediately. A fatal rush. Within five minutes he discovered to his horror that Cornwallis's rear guard was in fact his entire army and that he had not yet begun to cross the river. La Fayette, who was behind Wayne, sallied back a little and sent out for immediate reënforcements. Wayne stood his ground.

A hot fire began. But for a while nothing serious happened. More time passed, and still the reënforcements did not come.

Before long Cornwallis began to see very clearly that he had Wayne and his eight hundred men in a trap. He knew perfectly well how many men Wayne had, whereas he had over five thousand, almost the whole of the southern department of the British army.

La Fayette came closer behind, but was afraid to get too near. No reenforcements were in sight. Wayne tried to back out through a gap, but the British had closed in upon him. Cornwallis was drawing up his forces for a frontal attack, while his flanks surrounded Wayne. The situation was desperate.

Even if the Americans could escape the flanks, there was little chance, as they stood with their backs to a swamp, and the advancing British front could catch them there and mow them down. It looked as if the goose were almost cooked and Cornwallis was going to have his way.

Then suddenly Wayne was all action, running here and there, shouting commands. The soldiers looked at him, open-mouthed. He was ordering an advance. Was he crazy? Two or three officers conferred uneasily with him. Did he know what he was doing?

Yes, damn it, of course he knew! He was surrounded. A retreat meant capture. Not only of them, but of La Fayette's men too! He couldn't stand a frontal attack from Cornwallis's overwhelming majority, could he! He couldn't stand there and smile. This was desperate. Bayonets . . . ! . . . Advance! Yell! Run 'em down! . . . Wayne led them on, shouting.

It was a stroke of dazzling brilliance. Cornwallis, seeing them advance, thought that reënforcements had come, that perhaps even Washington had come, and that he was facing the entire American army. The noise was enough for ten thousand. He called in his flanks in a hurry. He called in his pickets. He got his astonished men together and retired to a higher ground to see what it was all about. For fifteen minutes the Americans poured the fires of hell into Cornwallis's ranks. The smoke was so thick that the British could see nothing.

Slowly the poor Earl began to wake up. He saw Wayne there with a handful of men and realized that he had been fooled!

Mad Anthony! The most desperate trick in the whole course of the war had worked. By the time the pompous and procrastinating nobleman, sweating with fury and chagrin, had recovered from the shock, Wayne's men had gracefully performed a swift getaway back over the swamp, and had retreated directly into the arms of the Second and Third Pennsylvania regiments coming up as reënforcements!

Cornwallis's rage was magnificent. He stomped for days, purple in the face. Wayne had snatched a smashing victory out of his hands by a bluff, and had saved a large portion of the southern department of the American army from total destruction. La Fayette was ecstatic. Public enthusiasm went to the skies. Wayne always appealed to the public anyway. They loved the theatrical element in his assaults, and made him a kind of god.

In many ways Green Springs was even more brilliant than Stony Point, because it was accomplished against greater odds and came at a more vital point in the war when a defeat would have had the strains of a dead march.

It was the dazzling beginning of the end. From then on the big drama moved rapidly to the last curtain.

IX

Admiral de Barras came down from Newport with the fleet and played dangerously around New York. Towards the end of July the white sails of *La Concorde* were seen coming over the broad seas, and the news was brought that the pompous but clever Admiral de Grasse, with his La Fayette nose, was on his way to Yorktown with twenty-eight fully equipped men-of-war.

When *La Concorde* had brought Washington's message, Grasse was on the point of sailing back to France as convoy to a large fleet of merchant ships from the West Indies. But he immediately changed his mind. He loved this new gesture. He was coming to save the rights of man. He headed his majestic bowsprits for the coast of Virginia.

Wayne, waiting excitedly for him, followed Cornwallis's every movement, and elbowed him gently on towards Yorktown.

Washington, in the north, was playing the biggest tactical game of his career. He had to get on to Yorktown. He also had to fool Sir Henry Clinton into believing that he was going to attack New York.

Early in August a great American encampment was laid out on the Jersey shore of the Hudson, opposite Staten Island. Huts were built—a regular village of them—and huge bake-ovens were set up. The place was alive with men and movement. It looked like Washington's last big stand. The Americans spread the news around the neighborhood that they were planning to attack Clinton and lay siege to Manhattan. They contrived that the news should reach the British in all its emphasis. Sir Henry Clinton got ready and lay nervously in wait.

Then one morning spies came into the British headquarters with the astonishing report that the great New Jersey encampments were deserted and silent, and that the American army had passed through Philadelphia the night before on its way to the south!

Exit Clinton. He was stunned white. From then on he was to figure only as a formality.

The British Admiral Hood raced up and down the coast with a small fleet and finally landed in New York to get Admiral Graves to join in an effort to block Yorktown. A week's delay. At last they started. They sailed down to the Virginia coast with reënforcements and supplies for Cornwallis who sat on the Yorktown peninsula between the James and York rivers, with Wayne and La Fayette cutting off his land retreat, and water on three sides of him.

Hood and Graves finally entered the mouth of the Chesapeake to find the proud white sails of the French anchored blithely in the sunlight in the lee of Cape Henry. They were one day too late. The morning before, Admiral de Grasse had entered the bay, and emptied Cornwallis's last bag of hopes and surprises.

The miracle had happened—the greatest sort of miracle in military maneuvers. Washington and Rochambeau, traveling with their army by land, had arrived simultaneously with Admiral de Grasse. It was like impeccable clockwork. The whole big responsibility was no longer on the shoulders of Wayne and "the boy." The greatest part of the American army was at hand. The grand stage was set.

The old British lion was winded and caught in a trap. He wanted to escape back to South Carolina, but he seems to have made no drastic effort. He said afterwards that he had had no way out, but this is absurd. He seemed paralyzed by the huge armaments collecting about him. He could easily have crossed the river, probably with the loss of a great many men, but at least he could have escaped the pit that was at Yorktown. But he didn't. He simply sat still.

X

Wayne was in high spirits. It did not seem possible that it could all turn sour now. The army was gay, daring, high-spirited. The coming of the French troops, who so completely captured Wayne's imagination, cheered everybody. It was a hale crowd. They threw parties and sang together. The French went to the trouble of producing Grétry's opera, *Lucille,* for the special benefit of the American generals.

Wayne rode one night to La Fayette's headquarters to have a drink and a talk with the marquis. At the gate a sentry challenged him. Wayne was evidently riding fast and didn't hear the man or else he was in such high spirits that he answered him tauntingly. At least, the sentry mistook him for a Britisher and fired into the night. Wayne let out a yell and an oath, and reined in his horse.

La Fayette, hearing the shot and the familiar voice, rushed out to find Wayne sitting on the ground and holding his leg which was bleeding badly. They carried him into headquarters and bound his wound. It had torn a large piece out of the fleshy part just above his knee. For three days he stayed with La Fayette, unable to walk. Finally he got back on his feet again, but he hobbled badly for a long while.

It was this ridiculous accident that was responsible, indirectly, for his death, for it was from an infection in this wound that he got his first attack of gout which took hold of him a few months later and spread finally, after long years, to his vitals.

He was depressed by it and thought for a while that he would not be able to join the fighting at Yorktown. But two or three days before the assault he was running across the field—a bit painfully, but running nevertheless.

XI

The siege begins. Cornwallis is badly outnumbered. His supplies are short. His men are tired and disgusted. The great French guns blaze away at his fortification. Wayne and La Fayette lead magnificent charges and capture one trench after another.

The American camp organizes every man for service. The siege goes on. More trenches are taken. More redoubts. The second day Cornwallis retires from his outer fortifications which he has been a month building, and withdraws all his men into the inner defenses which he plans to hold until Clinton can arrive to help him.

A ridiculous move! The Americans move up, take the fortifications, and turn the big British guns upon the men who have left them. Cornwallis has automatically corked his bottle and he is inside.

Now everything roars. The nights are flaring scenes of smoke and spitting flame. Cannon boom. Walls crash in. Yorktown is a smoldering, littered pile of wreckage. Cornwallis begins to look desperately across the white-blue water of the bay for the sight of Graves and Clinton, but they never come. Admiral de Grasse sits out there on the *Ville de France* and smiles contentedly.

The last days. Wayne is tearing the British works to bits. Everything British is burning. The dead soldiers lie about the crumbling fortifications with nobody to bury them. The stench is terrible. The cannonades keep up their incessant work of destruction. Wayne sees that Cornwallis is giving the orders and making the movements of a despairing man. He plays around him and his sharpshooters pick off the British outer patrols like birds in a tree. Cornwallis has only one field-piece left. His ammunition is almost exhausted. His men have not eaten for days. They have not slept for days. Against the deep blue of the sky, over what were his own fortifications, a bright new flag streams gracefully in the breeze.

The last furious drive. Wayne limps about wildly, shouting orders. Everything British goes down before him. The American camp is a riot of delight and excitement. Wayne and La Fayette smile broadly and pat their soldiers on the back. Washington makes a statement with the ring of finality: "The work is done and well done!" The whole camp goes about repeating it.

The British are crushed. Cornwallis is too weak for another moment's resistance, and he raises the white flag over the ruins of his stronghold. It is surrender. The big guns stop firing. They rest silent like monsters in sleep.

On the 19 October, 1781, General O'Hara delivered up the sword of the Earl of Cornwallis with a gracious bow. The Earl said that he was too mortified to do it himself.

War's end! Samuel Adams' dream had come true. . . .

The next week Wayne invited Cornwallis to dinner—one of those magnificent dinners for which he was famous.

* * *

CHAPTER XV

FAREWELL TO YOUTH

I

YORKTOWN was the big gesture that finished the Revolution. But the United States did not get her formal independence until the September of 1783, when England signed the treaty of peace.

Those twenty-three months of waiting were very dull. It was like hanging on after the real party was over. Everybody was bored and annoyed.

Wayne said repeatedly that if it had not been for those dark years immediately following the end of hostilities, he might have thought himself to have had a moderately happy life. But those years killed his spirit, and killed his body in the end. After they were over, he was never the same man again.

They gave him the tragic sense of life which he had never guessed at in the gay early days. They showed him the churning rapids and the black pools in the river. The shades of his careless past began to gather about him. He went by that dreaded age of forty, so charged with disaster for lovers and doers with a fast youth behind them, with the eyes of one afraid on a lonely road at night.

A sardonic fate seemed to grip him then. It allowed him even greater glories in warfare, but it haunted the man. It punished the careless *bon vivant* with cares beyond any man's bearing. And in the end, when he was again the impetuous lover, it tripped him up with the bitterest irony of all.

II

Wayne was afraid that Yorktown had not satisfied England that she was defeated. George III was trying to prolong the war, and there was a warning given to Wayne by Congress to be on the lookout for attacks that might be made by local brigades of infuriated Tory refugees. The British still held Savannah, Charleston, and New York—though the occupation of these towns was hardly more than futile formality.

Yet Wayne was worried. He feared reënforcements from the Crown and a renewed attack with greater numbers, not realizing just how much England was tied up in quarrels at home, not realizing how few soldiers she could spare to revive a dead cause in the Colonies, not realizing, either, what a puny hold the King had on Parliament.

Wayne and Washington left Yorktown at the same time. Washington went back to the Hudson highlands, to sit tight and wait for a move from England.

Wayne marched up to his former camp at York, Pennsylvania, and squatted on his haunches for a month or so. He said that month was the most boresome he had ever spent.

His soldiers began to get restless. He tried to impress these "chimney-corner fighters" that the war was not yet over and that no man could sit about in lethargic indolence. The men who didn't care so much about dashing off for home at once cared enormously about sitting over their grog and making a fuss about their miserable condition. It was almost impossible to get them to drill with any spirit. They all insisted it was useless because the war was over anyway, wasn't it, and who cared? The place was heavy with the annoying stubbornness of indifference.

III

Then in November Wayne and St. Clair—how a malign fate seemed to throw these two mortal enemies together!—were ordered to make up a detachment out of what was left of the Pennsylvania and Maryland Lines, and to march to the aid of Nathanael Greene in South Carolina.

It was so long and so tough a job to get willing soldiers and to get them into decent mobilization, that weeks were spent in trying to get started. Not until the fourth of January, 1782, did they finally struggle into Greene's encampment at Round O.

St. Clair was the major general of the detachment at this time, whereas Wayne, through the outrageous neglect of his native state, was still a brigadier. Wayne was extraordinarily decent about this little piece of ingratitude from home, for he said little about it and only once or twice objected to being given a major general's command and work with only a brigadier's pay and commission.

Greene said nothing aloud, but he let his opinions be known by his actions. When the detachment arrived, he very quietly ignored St. Clair and gave Wayne the big command by sending him to Georgia.

There were some hot objections, but Greene said that he had his reasons. He never disclosed them openly, but they were pretty obvious. He never understood Washington's trust in St. Clair. Furthermore, he seemed to have an extraordinary fondness for Wayne as a friend and as a general. His wife and Mrs. Byrd liked him so much, besides, and Greene could always be strongly influenced by a woman.

St. Clair was sore and ugly about it. He said that Greene and Wayne were plotting against him because they had always borne a grudge about his evacuation of Ticonderoga in those sad days in the beginning after Wayne had gone home.

IV

Wayne's new task was beset with crags. He said he hated to face it, because he didn't see how any one man could be equal to it. Certainly it required more diplomacy than he had ever shown. The fighter was in second place, the diplomatic crusader in first.

The whole point of the Georgia campaign lay not only in the capture of Savannah and the driving of the British army out of the state, but most importantly in convincing the populace that the American victors had come to establish peace in what had been chaos. The Tories had to be run out or converted, and the state was teeming with them. Law and order had to be put back in joint. Above all, the confidence of the people, so many of them ignorant and backwoodsy, had to be won, and won more by kindness and hard work than by any strict dictatorship Wayne might hold over them.

For years Georgia had been in a state of internal combustion. Laws were ignored or revengefully broken. Taxes were scoffed at and never paid. Property was owned by whatever clever swindler could manage to get it away from somebody else without being shot down. Feuds were the fashion. Everybody was poverty-stricken, and in the absence of any real gold to buy with, people stole what they wanted; and any righteous objectors could either go to hell or get a gun.

Governor Martin tried in vain for months to get his salary from the Legislature. Finally, in order to buy bread, he seized ten young negroes off the streets and sold them as slaves.

It was a lion's den. What was left of the British army amounted to nothing beside it.

Wayne got hold of Martin immediately, and together they sweated and strained over the situation. Martin was disgusted, ready to give in; he said that the storm was too heavy to put out to sea through, and that Wayne had better wait for a more favorable moment. But not Wayne. He was impatient. What was the matter with a little action? Martin shrugged his shoulders and said he supposed it wouldn't do any harm to try again.

For days the two men and a council labored together. Then one afternoon they went to a little printer's shop and presented a paper to be published as a proclamation to the people of Georgia. It read to the effect that all Tories who had been British sympathizers and helpers would now be given a chance to declare their submission and allegiance to the United States of America, and that in such case they would receive protection from the army under General Anthony Wayne.

When copies of the proclamation came off the press they were handed out to riders who carried them into the towns and villages of the state and posted them conspicuously on the "Hear Ye" boards in public squares.

Then more waiting, to see what would develop from this.

In the meantime Wayne was building up an army of occupation to deal with outbreaks and riots among the people. Quietly he collected his force together and settled down for a long and arduous campaign. He had brought some artillery, a fast and dashing cavalry, and Moylan was there with his famous dragoons. Besides were some volunteers that Jackson and McCoy had raised and trained, together with a miserable sort of militia that Governor Martin had scraped together, and Wayne was to do what he could with them.

The English, on their part, were not stupid. Their propaganda department was put to a grueling contest. The big idea—and almost the last glimmer of light—was to convince the Indians of the Creek and Cherokee tribes that England was the Great Mother, that the Americans were barbarians, that only the Crown could assure justice and safety to the redskins. Clark, the British commander at the Savannah garrison, needed men; to convince these Indians of the softness of the British bosom meant thousands of superb recruits to the cause.

Under the sway of good oratory and good argument, the Indians took up arms against Wayne. They rushed out to defend themselves against the American rule that seemed so ominously to forecast the evening of their day. They were strong, efficient, and hot-tempered; and they knew far better than the British how to conduct sly warfare.

But by some happy circumstance, most of the Indians lived in the interior of the state; they were long miles from Savannah and the coast; and it was into this unmolested and unprotected strip between the interior and the sea that Wayne cautiously maneuvered himself and his army and took a temporary stand at Ebenezer on the river, some twenty-five miles above Savannah.

V

Wayne's state of mind at this time was one of overbearing depression. He had not only to conduct a clumsy and difficult warfare with inadequate troops, but he had also to win over the Indians as well as he could, or at least to convince them that their British affiliation could work them no good. Beyond all, he had to perform the duties of a temporary police and legislature, and no one knew better than he how his hand strayed in trying to govern private citizens as chief justice of the body politic.

He confessed with perfect *naïveté* that it was too much for a single man, just as he had thought it would be. He was beyond the time when he expected and promised miracles of himself. A sore grievance about the men under his command upset his nerve and his confidence in his own capacity; they were not highly trained; they were not greatly experienced in service; they did not know him. Wayne felt strongly (and rather sadly) that he was dealing with a makeshift crew.

The greatest sorrow of all was the loss of his beloved Pennsylvania Line; for Greene, needing the best men available in the army, had pressed those illustrious regiments into his grueling service in South Carolina, and Wayne had gone south from Round O without them. He wrote to Washington from Georgia and pled with him to send down some of the old Pennsylvania troops, as if to say that just their presence would give authority and spirit to the poor army. He strikes a note of affection almost pathetic: "I will candidly acknowledge that I have extraordinary confidence and attachment in the officers and men who have fought and bled with me during so many campaigns."

But Greene wanted them too badly. Wayne swallowed the disappointment, and strung his sad little army out in a straight line of defense from his post at Ebenezer to Ogeechee, in order to create a sort of fence between the garrison at Savannah and the Indians trying to get through from the interior.

In most ways it was a dangerous program, but Wayne saw perfectly clearly that it was the only one left to him. He was putting himself in a trap; the Indians on one side and the British on the other had only to close in if they wanted to bag him like a cornered fox; but it would seem that Wayne saw the improbability of such concerted action. Although his force was ludicrously weak to be strung out in a twenty-five-mile line of defense and doubtless would have caved in before any great pressure from the interior and coastal forces together, it was still strong enough and alert enough to prevent any communication between Clark at Savannah and White Fish, the magnificent old chief of the Lower Creek Tribes, who was maneuvering with his redskins behind the coastal plains.

Acting on the unlikelihood of this concerted action that could have paralyzed his long hopes, Wayne drilled his sorry recruits and lay quietly in wait for the advancing Indians. The Indians worried him a lot more than Clark's army; these dark brothers knew infinitely more about fighting in the bush than did Wayne's poor militia. The garrison at Savannah, on the other hand, seemed to be securely dead.

Wayne's game leg bothered him considerably during that damp winter; the wound was a long time healing, and the bone was permanently injured. He took long walks, despite the sharp stabs of pain in his thigh, in order to keep that leg well exercised. He seemed to have a premonition that this wound meant trouble in store for him; its continued swollen condition worried him, and he confessed that during the Yorktown campaign he had slept and waked in mortal dread of blood poisoning.

It looks as if he were heavily depressed during all the Georgia campaign by his physical condition in general. He complained of a constant dull ache in the region of his lungs and a hacking cough that would not leave him. He wrote to Benjamin Rush that he was afraid he might have consumption, and that the thought of dying down in Georgia almost drove him mad.

He was dreaming himself sick, and brooding over it. The ache in his chest was the effect of an old wound. When he fell off his horse at Germantown, he evidently landed on his breast-bone and fractured it, and it never got entirely well. In this dampness the soreness returned, and because he was depressed he imagined himself with tuberculosis.

He had been so well all his life up to this time, except for minor nuisances like colds and indigestion, that any sickness or injury that stayed with him a little while was likely to make him inordinately morbid —far more than it would with a delicate man who had never been able to count on health. Every time he had a strange feeling he began brooding on some disease that was sure to wipe him out in a day or so.

While Wayne was lying in wait at Ebenezer, he seemed to be slowly changing before the men who had always known him. He was irritable; he was apt to be insulting at the slightest provocation; his discipline, never very gracious, became more and more a despotism and less and less a part of the orderly spirit. His officers said that he seemed sad. Often he would mount his horse in the morning after parade and ride off alone; then come back hours later, dismount, and walk to his quarters with his eyes down and the expression of a man who had been thinking. He never gave any explanation of this conduct, or why or where he went; it is doubtful if anybody ever dared question him. But it was noticed and wondered at.

Other days he would go off into a clearing a little distance from the camp with Moylan or some other officer, and for hours the two would throw a ball between them. For the first time Wayne seemed to be thinking about systematic exercise. He faced with horror the imminent possibility of getting fat; he who had never been a faun anyway could not accept very resignedly the too obvious fact that his clothes were beginning to fit too snugly.

Certain friends who had not seen him for some time and met him again at this period all observed a change in him. They said that he seemed to have lost his youth—that rare quality of youth that had distinguished him.

VI

The last of February, 1782, saw the end of that long, dead waiting for action.

The Indians from the interior came down in heavy force upon Wayne. Lined up against him to the westward, they tried like ferrets to find a hole in his defense. Parties of them attacked at various portions of the line, staggered against the sudden wall of bullets, and scattered back again, covered with the blood of their comrades who had fallen.

In a few days they were mobilized again, and they marched five miles down the defensive and made another dive for the coast. Again they fell back. They criss-crossed, darted, barricaded, feinted, charged, but still the American bulwark was adamant. For a week they plugged and retreated and plugged again.

Day in and day out Wayne rode his black stallion up and down the line, telling his men to remember always to stand ground and kill, never to retreat and never to advance. One of the officers in that campaign said afterwards that Wayne's voice in giving a command had the sound more of a challenge than an order. That, perhaps, is one of the secrets of his genius as a field general.

The Indians were desperate. Wayne's Georgia guides (mostly native farmers, chosen for their knowledge of the country) constantly scouted the territory and kept close tab on the slightest movement of the redskins. The tribal chiefs, driven now to the last extreme, resorted to a piece of strategy, rather more clever than practical.

Seeing the hopeless impossibility of breaking through Wayne's line *en masse,* the Indians set aside two special parties of fast riflemen and cavalry to sneak around the northern and southern ends of the line while the rest of the redskin forces, in great number, attacked the center and drew Wayne's whole force into the main fray. It was evidently their idea to repeat this trick a number of times—at least until they managed to get a decent army into Savannah.

It was excellent in theory, but its actual working virtues went lame. Wayne's scouts detected the move, and the parties were surprised on the march, and retired, wanting only to get through and not to fight. Some were killed; a dozen or so fleet ones scraped through to Savannah to give warning. Most of the force escaped, but a good number were captured and the supplies (mostly food and clothing) which they were transporting to Savannah were taken. Wayne sent a small party of captured Indian officers back to their own tribesmen to tell them, for Wayne, that Clark's Savannah force would soon be compelled to surrender to the Americans, and that the Indians, if they valued their skins and their property, would be wise in remaining neutral thereafter.

VII

A state of battle, with occasional attacks, lasted for a number of days between the main body of warriors and Wayne's impenetrable line which was now not standing its ground so rigidly but moving about in fluid groups, in that it was not strong enough to stand a heavy assault at any one place.

The Indians who broke through took the news to Savannah, and Clark sent out Colonel Brown with a heavy detachment—cavalry, three infantry companies, and a vanguard of Indians. Wayne, getting a clue of their approach, marshaled a Light Corps in an hour or so and marched four miles to surprise them in a night attack from ambush. The line of march was over a miserable causeway traversing one of those illimitable swamps—a very muck sea.

Brown came on, very sprightly. They could hear him in the night. The Americans crouched in the blackness at the coastal end of the causeway, lying hidden in the marsh bushes. A Light Horse brigade waited in the woods on the right.

Brown's vanguard came rapidly down to the causeway and with picket scouts ahead started off on the long journey. The main army was just behind.

Suddenly . . . flares and sharp shots in the night. Wayne is upon them . . . on the left, on the right! The Americans seem to come out of the dark swamp like a swarm of bees, buzzing around Brown's "pretty boys." The British regular formation becomes chaos in less than five minutes; they are scattered all over the marsh and causeway. The Americans close in with bayonets; Wayne leans low over his horse's neck and shouts to his men to go on. Colonel Posey, waving his flat sword, takes his lads through the line like a battering ram. Moylan's dragoons hew the British down like juicy saplings before a cutlass. Men stretch out, full length, faces down, and blubber horribly in the mud. Others flounder in that soggy, smelly swamp, fall, and then go out, not like candles but as men die from bayonet thrusts, writhing.

Loud bellowing then from the woods—the unmistakable war whoop of the Indians. The main British army is coming; the redskins are ahead, leading the way. They charge in, backing up the now mutilated vanguard.

Then out of a clearing in the woods to the right comes a terrific swish of movement; it swoops down with the awful suddenness of a tornado. Hampton's American cavalry is wheeling and charging the British left flank, sabers flashing in the light of flares. Ambushed Indians let go a fire. Animals and riders fall, but the main stream goes tearing on.

The British Horse brigades come around to meet them. They collide, furiously. In a moment all the surface of the earth is a whirling, twisting, gnashing mass of sweat and flesh. The English stand ground for a while, savagely resisting; then more Americans come in, and the enemy begins to fall back, at first slowly, one by one, then faster . . . and faster. Infantrymen, caught in the stampede, are trampled by horses' hoofs. The Indians, being run over in their ambush, spring to get behind trees. The American bayonets advance like the teeth of a gale; they push the British infantry around into the swampland.

Then the last big drive. Wayne leads it on. Brown's troops wither, as before heat. They struggle—slip—struggle again—and beat a fast retreat. Wayne yells an order to run them down. The Americans give chase, firing into the scattering army. But they are beating off too fast; the woods are too dark for safe foxbagging. Hampton's Light Horse, however, charges through what clearings there are, and keeps up a grueling fire until the fleeing British are wooded beyond reach.

At dawn the ground was strewn with the bodies of men dead, dying, and wounded. It had been a smashing triumph for Wayne. He had not touched the Savannah garrison proper, but it was now as good as surrendered. Soon after, many of the interior Indian chiefs sent promises of their intended neutrality, and one or two of the smaller tribes offered assistance to their Great American Brother.

VIII

After that was peace for a little while. In March, Wayne picked up at Ebenezer and trudged over to a new encampment at Sharon (contemptuous defiance of omens for one who knew classical mythology!), so as to be nearer the enemy's lines at Savannah.

IX

Wayne, who was still feeling low in mind and body, stayed a good deal indoors in the damp chilliness of that late winter weather, and he managed to get a good deal of reading done. He journeyed through his dog-eared copy of *Macbeth* again, and fished once more in Fielding, whose Tom Jones he had read with Hattie Griffiths in those days long ago when he had been the Chester representative to the Committee of Safety. He found himself liking Richardson and being bored to gruffness by the popular "pomposo" Johnson. References in his letters at this time show that he must have been dipping occasionally into the English Bible. There was also some fly-by-night stuff that he read—books kicking about the camp, sent by friends to the various officers and men. Wayne seems to have always had a good taste for reading; he was no connoisseur, but his likings, honest enough throughout, were pretty solid.

Even in those old days of the first campaigns, when he used to come to a conference of generals with a book under his arm and sit reading in a corner, paying very little attention to the proceedings of council, the volume was generally one of Smollett's or Swift's or Laurence Sterne's.

His reading helped his writing. He always wrote a pretty fluid English, sometimes a little purple with his conception of poetry as eloquence, but scarcely ever stilted or cumbersome. And except when he did make his pathetic efforts to be "poetic" or "classical," his language was direct, vivacious, and pliable. Among the officers in the American army, it seems to me that only Hamilton wrote an English prose that was more muscular and balanced and more distinguished than Wayne's. But Hamilton was a born writer who happened to have a position in the army, whereas Wayne was a military man who happened to have a rather happy knack for turning phrases.

X

Spring was a long time coming in that year of 1782. Winter stayed on like a beggar oversleeping.

The winter supply of forage ran low, then lower, and finally gave out. For some reason horses and cattle always eat ravenously just before spring; the cavalry animals and livestock had finished all there was in no time. Nothing left. A consequent shortage of milk. Restless, stomping animals.

Wayne, despairing, wrote to the Secretary of War that the army should have been better provided for, just in case of shortage and a crippled spring. The answer came back that the Georgia army was expected to find their own forage, and if they were short it was too bad; but Mr. Peters did not see how Mr. Peters could help them out.

Hampton and Wayne went out to see what could be done around the countryside, and finally managed to get a few days' supply from some state stores. They took them in perfect innocence, just as Wayne had taken some similar stores in Richmond the autumn before and had been attacked by Governor Nelson as a thief and a filthy braggart. The Georgians repeated the scene. They accused Wayne of stealing. He said he was very sorry, but had been given to understand that Georgia was somewhat interested in the fate of the army and regretted that he had made a mistake about it. At least, he said, his noble cavalry officers would be saved from the muzzles of guns, as they would have no horses to ride onto the field!

They tried to buy forage from the farmers of the neighborhood, but the farmers were as short as they, and, besides, none but a fool would accept their Continentals. There was nothing to be done. They would have to wait for spring. They would have to pray to God. There was no choice.

Then, with advancing April, another nuisance whipped at them. Springs got muddy. Swamps became impassable. Rain soaked everything, and freshets very nearly washed the camp away. As a result, there was no decent drinking water to be found. All linen that was washed took on a chestnut hue. Everything that was cooked seemed full of dirt. The liquor stores began to go down very fast, as everybody was drinking straight rum and whisky to avoid mud deposits in the stomach.

XI

Then May. Easy sunlight again. Green grass in plenty at last. The streams began to clear. More militia men came down from the north to help things out. Spirits rose.

Wayne's included. The long, dull ache in his thigh almost vanished with the coming of the warm sun.

At last life seemed to have straightened out again. On the evening of the 24 May, the men had sat up late, drinking and talking and enjoying one of the first really warm nights. The pickets who went out at midnight to take guard until morning were a bit sleepy with heat and grog. The army had gone to bed. Wayne, only recently able to sleep soundly for the first time in months, was worshiping night with reverent snores.

Suddenly . . . breaking into the big unconscious . . . voices, yells, barking rifles . . . into dreaming, into waking . . . Hubbub! The whole camp was on its feet. War whoops bellowed forth out of the night. The whoop of the Creeks, the most formidable of the interior tribes.

Wayne scrambled into his clothes, grabbed his sword and a pistol, and rushed out into the midst of his men. The Indians were upon them, already burning, destroying, raging down in seeming endless number. The sleepy pickets had been taken off guard, scattered in their futile resistance. Those who were not lying dead in the bush somewhere had stumbled back to camp, powerless before the onslaught. Guristersijo the Magnificent, the deadliest Creek warrior bearing arms in battle, led his men onward like a prairie fire.

The Americans were rushed off their feet. They fell; they floundered; they lost their bearings and their guns. For a moment they scattered hopelessly.

Wayne, mounted on his great black stallion, rode across the front, ordering his men to recoil. He got them into formation. He shouted:

"Into the swamp with them—the swamp! The swamp! Drive 'em in! Forward!"

They charged. Wayne rode ahead, his sword high. The Indians stopped, and massed to withstand the assault. A brawny, heavy figure rode out of the thick of men, crouched over a white horse.

Guristersijo! Rifles cracked about him. He rode on, hugely ominous in the darkness. Another figure, sitting higher, charged out to meet him. Wayne!

A clash of steel! They collide. Curses. Again they strike swords—back, forth, parry, dive. They ride apart, wheel, return, clash again! The horses rise up, throwing their manes. It is hard to see. The riders touch, hack, dodge. The two armies are closing in. Again the horses charge against each other, and fore legs rise. The fighting is right around them, under them, pressing them, at all sides now.

Suddenly steel flashes furiously once more. There is a yell. One rider goes down. The great white horse, masterless, canters foaming through the line of soldiers. The black stallion rears, pawing the air. Crack! . . . he goes higher, flings his head violently, falls over on the left, and kicks on the ground. Guristersijo, just before death, had found his trigger.

The Indians, their chief gone, were in retreat. Wayne, thrown from his dead horse, picked himself up out of the brush and called to his men to give chase. The Indians fled into the swamp, stopped firing, and finally disappeared—or seemed to.

For another hour or two there was quiet. Then dawn came. With dawn the scouts of the outer line rushed into camp with the report that they had seen troops advancing.

Wayne formed and marched out to meet them. Within a half hour a large detachment of British infantry and cavalry appeared in a nearby clearing.

The Americans charged. Posey and Finley led again, as they had during the night. In less than an hour the British were hopelessly at bay and were fleeing for their lives. Wayne followed them right into the Savannah lines and, before he turned back, fired a last big volley as a warning to them never to try it again.

XII

They never did. The Georgia campaign was over, as far as actual fighting was concerned, on that morning of the 25 May. The spirit of the Indians was blasted and broken. The British were exhausted. The people of Georgia, who only a few weeks previous had been supplying the British with food, now turned frantically patriotic and tried to give the impression that they had never felt any differently. Wayne said it was interesting how these pretty girls of Georgia managed, as they vowed they had, to have had American flags under their pillows while they slept with British officers!

Wayne wrote afterwards:

> The duty done by us in Georgia was more difficult than that imposed upon the children of Israel—They had only to make Bricks without straw, but we have had provisions, Forage and almost every other apparatus of War to procure without money: boats, bridges, &c, to build without Materials except those taken from the stumps: and what was more Difficult than all, to make Whigs out of Tories. But this we have Effected, and have wrestled the Country out of the hands of the Enemy with the exception only of the Town of Savannah.

Though everybody knew the Crown's game was up, and no one knew better than the ministers of the Crown, the Savannah garrison did not finally surrender to Wayne until the 11 July, 1782.

The citizenry of Georgia, which had so recently changed its horse, gave Wayne a magnificent ovation, full of thanks, full of praise. They put him on a pedestal. He was Alexander conquering the western world. Some gentleman who should have been in a university thought of Aetius. Immediately Wayne was another Aetius; Clark was Attila; the British were the Huns, and the swamps around Savannah became the Catulannian Plains. Very charming.

Wayne was touched. He was so touched that he said they were sincere and were a people more sinned against than sinning, and that they had been misled and were not disloyal. Also very charming! Hearts in Georgia fell for him.

They began to collect money, in spite of their abject poverty, to give him an estate in Georgia as proof of their gratitude. . . . It was the result of this excess generosity that in a few years was to turn on itself and break Wayne's heart. It was the gift horse that threw him.

XIII

The heat during those months of June, July and August was intense. Wayne's stomach was affected and he had a hard time with his digestion.

When he started out with his army on the long march up to South Carolina to join Greene for the purpose of reducing the British garrison at Charleston, he was seriously below par both in body and nerves.

When he arrived at Greene's encampment, he was a very sick man. Greene ordered him to bed immediately.

Three days later he had a pronounced case of swamp malaria. His fever raged and he tossed in a babbling delirium. The "Low Coast Plague" that was thinning the ranks of his army kept him hovering for days between life and death.

Slowly, then, the fever passed from his body, but its enervating effect was to stay with him forever. It sapped his excess vitality and made him from then on measure his strength. He seemed to feel that ten years added to his age could not have taken so much spirit from him. After that he was never a young man again.

◆

CHAPTER XVI

PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS . . . FOR A MOMENT

I

Wayne's convalescence was long and slow. The fever had sapped his resistance and brought the old enemy back into his thigh again. For days and weeks he lay in bed, hearing only the babble of stuffy army-talk. Finally he was almost inclined to agree with Jefferson that most soldiers were numbskulls, and that they could not see beyond the line their little circle described.

During the interminable autumn evenings, when the hours seemed to be laboring by on a broken-down cart, Greene would come in to sit on the side of the cot and talk. Together, deep into the night, the two men would discuss the battles they had fought, their colleagues, their friend Washington, young Hamilton, Arnold, Henry Lee, whom they both loved and admired, the state of the Revolution, home, women and wives, marriage, children, and life itself.

It was in these long talks that the two men became stauncher friends than they had ever been before; they grew to admire each other more than any other men in the army. And neither was apt to be far wrong in his estimate of men. Those who knew him wrote that there was scarcely anybody at the time more genuine, more charming, more capable, and more friendly than Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island.

It is one of the best and most intimate pictures of the whole war, this picture of Greene sitting on the side of his sick friend's cot, talking and drinking the long hours away.

In less than four years' time the scene was to be reversed—a sadder scene. This time it was Wayne who sat on the side of the bed, and there was less talk, because poor Greene was dying.

II

The last warm days of autumn saw Wayne out of bed and on his feet again, walking about the camp ground supported on Greene's arm, or strolling alone around headquarters, kicking with his boots at the dry leaves, with a heavy mind on other things, quavering in his knees, and looking a very ill man.

October into November. November into December. Still Wayne found it hard to keep heavy food on his stomach, and was exhausted at the end of a half hour's stand in watching the troops drill. He was irritable. On damp nights he couldn't sleep. He tried to help Greene in advising on the reduction of Charleston, but he seemed to have lost confidence in himself, and Greene found his opinions very contradictory. He was morose and worried about everything. He insisted that nothing was going right and that nothing could go right, because Congress was only a brothel of dead-alive ideas and armchair politicians. He told Greene that he was going down hill very fast and didn't know what was going to become of him. He brooded constantly on disaster, to himself and to the country. His nerves seemed utterly shot.

Then, on the 14 December, the British garrison suddenly picked up their guns and their flags, and hied themselves off, disillusioned and weary of an unending vigil; and next morning a bright new flag flapped lazily in the breeze over the ramparts of Charleston.

This cheered Wayne out of his depression a little, although his part in the success of arms had been that of an "honorary member," directing from behind the lines and too weak to mount his horse. The fact that he was officially in charge of the Light Infantry during those months means only that Greene, who saw that Wayne's fighting spirit was close to breaking, had given him the command to help keep alive his self-confidence.

III

Savannah and Charleston had fallen. The war in the south was won. In the north Washington sat impatiently on the highlands of the Hudson and waited for Clinton to get out of New York.

Towards the end of December Wayne went by slow degrees to Augusta, to discuss terms with the Creeks and Cherokees, and to negotiate a lasting peace for Georgia.

He was a tired man doing over an old business. He was bored and half hearted. In a letter to Rush he said he was paying the price of overwork and faithful service. He felt now that he only wanted to sleep, and didn't give a damn where or how long.

Rush, perhaps the greatest of early American physicians, saw the dangers of Wayne's state of mind in a man so passionate and headstrong. He pled with him to come home for a rest; but the only reply he could get from the wandering soldier was that, yes, he would come home some day—back to his "Sabine fields." Some day he would retire from the bickering public life, to sit among friends again, and forget the climbers and politicians and the traitors and the liars and men eaten away by jealousy—but not yet—alas, not yet! And then perhaps the finished work would see him finished, too.

Rush, distracted and despairful over his friend's attitude, talked seriously to Sharp Delany about it, and Delany threw all his lawyer's force of persuasion into a letter. Wayne must come home, he said; the rest he needed was only possible among friends and those who were well-beloved. His children missed him and needed him. Margaretta had become very beautiful in the years since he had last seen her. She was high spirited and charming. Yes, Delany himself confessed that he was half in love with her; who wouldn't be? Her eyes and hair were making the boys all over the countryside pine at the moon. Surely the father who loved all beautiful women would be proud of this girl.

The doctors in the army who attended Wayne during his exhausting convalescence believed that a long sea voyage would be the most bracing rest-cure of all. They planned that he should go to the West Indies, and were already making efforts to induce the government to charter a ship for the purpose.

But Delany had a different idea. He thought that a sea voyage would afford Wayne too much time, between ports of call, to think of himself, and this would never do for a man with shredded nerves. No, Wayne needed exercise and sport, Delany declared.

He suggested the idea of a walking tour. No need to go into some far part of the land; they would merely take a leisurely jaunt through the trout country of Pennsylvania, where the high air was noted for what it could do for invalids and for men frazzled by the long littleness of public life. Delany promised that he would find two or three old friends to go along and that he himself would leave his practice in Philadelphia for a few weeks to join them. Anything for his old comrade. Wayne would come home feeling like a different man.

Wayne was not impressed; the idea did not appeal to him. He had had enough of nights under the stars, of trackless forests, of long walks under the blasting sun. It was not his notion of rest, though to Delany, a city man, it seemed the perfect cure for all evils.

In the end, nothing came of it. Delany seemed a little irritated by his friend's indifference.

For a few weary months Wayne stayed on in Georgia until all the final treaties of peace were made at last. Then he bade farewell to his Pennsylvania Line and the men who had served under him "in the defense of the rights and Liberty of America, from the frozen lakes of Canada to the burning sands of Florida."

It was all over! Georgia gave Wayne a sounding good-by and presented him with the 830-acre estate near Savannah, intended for a rice plantation, which was to come so near ruining him forever.

Slowly, almost torturously, the sick man wound his way homeward. In July he arrived at last, and went straight to Waynesborough and to bed. And there he stayed, under Polly's worried nursing. Washington wrote and asked if he would not come up to New York (Clinton had now evacuated) for the farewell to the army at Fraunce's Tavern, where all the officers were to assemble.

But Wayne was too ill. Not even when Washington passed through Philadelphia in the autumn of that year, on his way home to Mount Vernon, could Wayne make the effort of going to town to see his old friend and commander and to ride with him among the trumpetings of glory.

IV

Now Anthony Wayne was again at Waynesborough after the long years. He had come home at thirty-eight, with the shadow of middle age already upon him, and with the feeling that much that had been the best in life had gone by now.

Under the hot sun of August and September he sat quietly in his chair out on the lawn, bathing his racked body in the warmth. Polly came to sit with him, and to bring him glasses of cool claret and a little food. His stomach was very bad still. But his head was better; the vise across the temples had passed away, and the dizziness was almost gone from the eyes.

He thought deeply in those siestas. . . . Nine years now since the little Chester county militia had charged an imaginary enemy over those broad fields. Nine years since he had dreamt of war as a sweet release. And six years since the night at Paoli over the hills, and those ghoulish works of darkness.

Six years, too, since Molly Vining had sipped madeira with them before Brandywine. He had not forgotten a pair of big brown eyes—soft bumble bees. He had not forgotten La Fayette's dancing toes. He had not forgotten "the boy's" look of adoration as he wheeled with that slim goddess amid the bright uniforms. But "the boy" had gone home now. He had left those soft brown eyes behind, and, perhaps, he would never see them again. And, perhaps, not Wayne either. Dreams are buried faster than lives, and the grass grows more thickly over them.

Nine years. . . . Everything had changed, and yet nothing had changed. The long moss-cool shadows seemed to sleep on the wide lawn, as they always had. The birds jumped and chirped in the great box-bush as before. Beyond, the little brook trickled as lazily as ever. The cattle punched their big noses into the clover; and in the barn the saddle horses thudded the floors with their hoofs.

The afternoon sky said that there had been no war. War was a dream. War was a moment of sleep-walking in a troubled slumber. It was all over now, and life went on as if war had never been.

But Anthony Wayne remembered the cold Canadian stars. He remembered the snow and the ragged, weeping men that had slept on the frozen ground across these peaceful hills at Valley Forge. He remembered bayonets and blood and men's cries in the night and Grey's gloating face; and the fog at Germantown and a drunken fellow officer. He remembered a dark, sultry midnight on the Hudson. He remembered the tormented faces of mutineers in New Jersey, and starving, frenzied men shooting their brothers and their friends. . . .

The soft sky said that war was a dream.

The long nights and the hatreds and the sound of guns were history. The liars and the traitors would be forgotten. The faces of men fighting would be forgotten. Perhaps the great and the good would be forgotten, too. Battlefields would grow corn and grapes again. And grass would triumph softly over all.

Wayne felt that the days of fighting were over for him. There would be no more wars for a time; the country was too tired. And now what could he do? He knew no other work—no other work but how to lead men against men. Peace was leaving him stranded. He was washed up on a strange shore, not knowing the country, exhausted and ill.

His career was over, then. Yet he felt that he was still young; and yet too old, too settled in a way of living, to begin a new work. He would be a farmer, then!

Polly talked to him of what the men had been doing on the farm; it had been largely closed down during the last few years; but now he could direct the operations again. It seemed to be put upon him naturally. It was as if war had been an interruption. He had never dreamt that the family might feel that. An interruption . . . ?

His children hung about him. Margaretta was almost sixteen and as beautiful as Delany said she was. She looked at her father with great hazel eyes and said things that made him smile and gaze off at the trees. Isaac, now thirteen, sat on the ground with his arms around his knees, chewing a blade of grass. He had been out with the men who were bringing hay in from the fields and he had a dirty face. They said they were becoming used to seeing their father around home again. He wouldn't have to go away again. No, he wouldn't have to fight any more, would he? They wanted him to stay.

Now all was cut out for him. He would be resigned; his lusty spirit would be resigned. But still it seemed to him that this moment was the beginning of a parenthesis whose first bracket was marked after Georgia, taking in all from now on, and whose other bracket could be marked only by death itself.

The lazy afternoon drifted smoothly into twilight. Margaretta wandered off with the dogs. Isaac stretched out near his father's chair and tried to nap. The cattle labored home from the fields. Some of the workmen, clean after the day's dirty toil, strolled up to Wayne to ask advice and bidding. Barn swallows impertinently shredded the air. Crickets piped their private serenades. Night stole softly down, as if claiming the soldier for home.

V

Wayne wrote afterwards that those next eight or nine years were the strangest he had ever spent. And the most painful.

Only after the Revolution was finished did Pennsylvania become mildly aware of the debt she owed to her men. Gratitude came only after the dire need for it was passed.

Her appreciation became so very strong that she discharged her financial obligations to her soldiers by paying them almost one-tenth of what she owed them!

Then brilliant ideas of honors and promotions fell like hail upon the stately heads of Congress. They showered high military commissions upon men who had no more use for them than they had for a new pair of army breeches.

Wayne immediately appealed to them as one of the most neglected of the great figures. He had been home only three months when he was appointed Major General by brevet. The fact of the brevet hurt Wayne's feelings. Why hadn't they given him the commission when he could hold an active command? Why didn't they give it to him after Stony Point, instead of letting St. Clair nose his way to the top of the basket? When Wayne thanked them with stiff dignity they seemed hugely surprised that he was not more overcome by this title in the abstract.

As far as command was concerned, he practically had been a major general since Valley Forge; he had done a major general's work and had shouldered a major general's responsibilities. But nobody seemed to notice that. Congress passed it by with painstaking indifference.

In the neglect of Wayne, the heart of the matter was in the vicious cowardice of the military department of the state. They had decided at the beginning of the war that they would appoint major generals only in relation to the number of men enlisted from Pennsylvania. This was to avoid jealousy, they said. Mifflin and St. Clair had been major generals since very early in the war, and, according to the size of the line, it was against the rules to have more than these two. The fact that St. Clair was once out of service for almost a year, having been suspended by Washington, and the fact that Wayne did more actual work than both St. Clair and Mifflin put together, were of relatively small importance compared to the *divina commedia* of martial law.

Mifflin was a good man and a good soldier, but St. Clair was as incompetent in the rôle of major general as a donkey in a breeding stockade. He should have lost his rank after Ticonderoga for incapacity, but nobody had the courage to kick him out. The fact that he had been trained a British officer seemed to build around him a sort of immunity to mortal errors in the minds of those who were trying to make card-pack soldiers out of rangers.

He and Gates were proud windmills clattering in the same breeze. Yet it took Washington fifteen years before he finally cursed the day he ever set eyes upon St. Clair, and he was at last ready to give him the long farewell. He might have taken Wayne's advice in the beginning, had he not felt that the handsome young man from Paoli was given to exaggerated criticisms.

VI

One of the things that most upset Wayne in those days was the furious scandal and virulence that percolated around the very innocent and very admirable Society of the Cincinnati, in which he had been so interested and which he had done much to found.

It was merely a sort of fraternity of surviving officers of the war, organized for the purpose of helping one another out in trouble and to keep together the spirit of the Revolution.

Because some overzealous members tried to make it a sort of charity for war widows and disabled soldiers and made some efforts to get contributions in money from the public, the whole country began to jump at the throats of the leaders. The direct cause for the tirade of abuse was the workings of some bull-necked and tough-skinned politicians who thought they could make money out of the Society by joining their forces and exploiting the charity and war-sentimentality of the people.

When things began to go wrong, the public overlooked the plotting politicians who had stripped the gears with their meddling, and blamed the Society for profiteering and partisan sympathies. They anathematized the soldiers and accused them of trying to coin in on the strength of their patriotism. Irvine wrote an outraged letter to Wayne from northwestern Pennsylvania and said that feeling was so strong in that part of the country that there was even an attempt on foot to have every member of the Society disfranchised and run out of the state. Their argument was that any man who had to be supported by the public had no right to his ballot. They seemed to feel that their liberty was theirs by some divine privilege, and not because it had been won for them by the very men whom they now wanted to put out of the way.

Wayne's anger was magnificent. He wrote long letters in which he said, in effect, that gratitude was a beautiful word, but that nobody knew how to spell it. . . .

VII

When Wayne's health became sturdier towards the end of that year 1783, he left Waynesborough for Philadelphia to take his seat in the State Council of Censors, as one of the two Chester representatives. This Council of Censors was a body created for purpose of examining conditions, to investigate law-keeping, to see that taxes were levied and paid, and to keep the Constitution from going astray in the hands of the legislators. The Council itself had no legislative power—it was merely a sort of dignified police patrol of politics—but it could make as many suggestions as its secretaries could write as to amendments and repeals in the laws of the state.

Wayne sat in committee for months pleading with the councilors to recognize the difficulties of the returning soldier and to make his transition from war to civil life an easy one. He should be granted special privileges; law should always lean in his favor. Free land should be granted him; his finances should be reimbursed; he should not have to suffer for time lost away from his business and private life.

All very nice sounding, said the Council, but it would mean jealousy and strife in the country; everybody who had been even slightly touched by the effects of war would put in a claim.

Quietly they sat all over Wayne's proposals. There was internal dissension. The Council broke apart and fought. Congress ignored whatever pleas finally did get through. Backbiting and insults ran higher than sense. Wayne grew disgusted, then bored. And he resigned.

VIII

But he didn't go home; he stayed in Philadelphia. He seemed to want city life for a while; he was finding it amusing. Delany and Rush had some interesting and lively friends, and evenings were taking on a new flavor; they were no longer so many hours when one merely sat and waited for time to go to bed. Taverns were pleasant places. After the dark loneliness of war, after the maladies of body and spirit, these narrow little streets were fine places to walk through in a merry company. The night stars were beautiful over the housetops, and the moon's shadows seemed so secure; "these fiery orbs" were no longer the guardians of a haunted vigil off in some dank swamp. Now the days of youth were returning. The nights were long; dawn often crept up quietly over the chimneypots as Wayne and his companions, not so quietly, staggered gayly homeward.

When Wayne reflected how these late hours might affect his health, he realized that he was really forgetting his troubles and that his health was coming up with his spirits.

He found a house on Second Street, between Market and Walnut, which he could get at a great bargain, and he bought it. He got some furniture, put in a large wine-closet, gave a great housewarming, and became a citizen of Philadelphia. Delany, who saw at once that Wayne had his heart set upon becoming a force in city politics, laughingly congratulated him on his vigor.

Then the first step. He was elected a member of the Assembly.

When he found that things in the Assembly were going to be quiet for a little while, he began to think of doing something with his Georgia estate. Or rather, Robert Morris said he should, and that it would be sinful to let such valuable property go to waste; and Robert Morris seemed as solid as he was resourceful. Yes, said Wayne, but to make a paying proposition out of a rice plantation of this sort he would have to purchase an awful number of slaves; and the trouble was that he had had such big expenses lately that he didn't have any money to get slaves.

Oh, never mind about that, said Morris; that was a very little trouble.

They would negotiate a loan. Why not? Wayne had plenty of security. He could mortgage Waynesborough; and there would be no danger because the thing would certainly be a success. Now, would four thousand guineas be enough? Plenty, Wayne said.

Excellent, Morris thought. . . . Now, he knew Van Berkle, who was the newly elected minister from the Netherlands, and he felt sure that he could manage a loan on the banks at Amsterdam.

It would take a little time to manage the affair, but it was a perfectly certain thing. Morris assured Wayne that their names would carry anything. So the four thousand guineas would be coming in soon. They only had to be patient.

But Wayne couldn't be patient. He carried his war spirit into finance. He made his fatal move.

He advertised in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* that a portion of the Waynesborough property was for sale, and that it would go to the first good bidder.

Bidders came, but none of them was as good as Wayne wanted. They refused to pay his price. They would pay handsomely if he let them have the whole place with the house included. But he refused to sell. He got so indignant that he took the place out of the market almost as soon as he put it in. He wrote to Polly afterwards that he supposed his holding on to it was the blunder of his life.

He had to have money, and he could get nothing from the farm. He had no time to lose; the Georgia plantation might deteriorate from neglect. He saw Morris again. Was Morris absolutely sure of the result of the Holland loan? The financier reassured him. Nothing was likely to go wrong. Why did he worry?

He didn't worry any longer. Contentedly confident of Morris's advice (but without telling Morris of his new scheme, for fear of disapproval), he began drawing drafts on the amount of the loan, to populate his Georgia estate with slaves. The moment he had signed the fatal notes, he began to wonder how he could be so reckless. But he tried to forget it, made a hurried trip to Georgia, elected an overseer, started off his new proposition in fine form, and returned home to await developments. When he told Morris of what he had done, Morris bit his lip in thoughtful fright and said he was taking a pretty headlong dive. But he thought that all was going well, though it might take a little longer than they at first supposed. Yes, it would be all right—it would be all right.

Just here Wayne felt a slight chill in his feet. What if the thing buckled and broke? What if Van Berkle couldn't work the miracle that Morris promised? What if—?

But Wayne had implicit confidence in Morris. He tried to forget his premonition of disaster, and went about his work in the Assembly.

Months went by. Every time Wayne met Morris on the street or in the house of some friend, the financier dispelled all doubts with a careless gesture that meant all would be well because it couldn't go wrong. But of course it would take time. That was only natural.

More months were left behind.

IX

Wayne threw himself feverishly into the work of the Assembly. For once, as an "amateur philosopher" of government, he delivered himself of a stroke of genius.

Wayne's constitutional inability to bear a grudge or to stamp down an already beaten enemy—an invaluable "failing"—stood him in excellent stead.

A hot battle surged around the Oath of Allegiance. A great number of the sedate magistrates felt that any man who had been, during the Revolution, an avowed or even suspected Tory, or had in any way assisted the purpose of the King, or had not taken the Oath declaring unremitting allegiance to the United States before the 1 November, 1779, should be disfranchised and deprived forever of his rights as a citizen.

Then how was it, asked Wayne, that all the property they owned was yet taxable by the state? Rather strange.

He rose in the Assembly and accused Pennsylvania of stumbling into British pitfalls. What was this if it was not "taxation without representation"? Had not the Revolution been fought to kill just this? And now Pennsylvania was trying to perpetuate it within her own boundaries. Somewhat inconsistent—didn't they think?

Besides, Wayne said, they were forgetting things. Not all who failed to take the Oath were Tories—not by any means. There had been neutrals all during the war, hadn't there? And the Quakers—the Quakers had refused to commit themselves to political creeds. What is more, there were a great many who had been opposed to a revolution on moral grounds, because they objected to the principles involved in rising against the mother country, and not because they were loyalists or because they were not as sincere lovers of America as any one else.

Now if Pennsylvania persisted in disfranchising all those who had not taken this Oath for these various reasons, they would include one-third of the population in number and over one-half of the total wealth of the state. These so-called "Tories" were, many of them, people of means. Did the Assembly dream, for one moment, that any man who had been deprived of his vote would still pay taxes on his property without protest?

Pennsylvania was striving for union, peace, and accord—was she not? Good. But how did she expect to gain any one of these when, by disfranchising citizens, she courted insurrections from every part of the state? If certain individuals preferred not to vote, that was all very well: but you couldn't, by bullheaded legislation, make nonjurors out of the most representative people of the state, and still have peace.

Standing before the Assembly, Wayne warmed to his subject. His rich voice rose with excitement. Under emotion it had the sound of a 'cello touching baritone; it swelled, fluttered, fell deep and low, and swelled again under the stress of feeling, sounding out the syllables, somber, then sharp, then lyrical, then back to the bass of profound conviction.

Men who differed in every political principle were struck into silence by this ringing voice.

On it went. Under the spell of that voice men leaned towards Wayne's argument for a moment. The plight of the unhappy people he supported touched the hearts of the Assembly. But not for long. When the voice was still, when they had had time for reflection, they harked back to the old gags that people who had once been unfaithful to the United States—and failure to take the Oath meant just that—could not safely be accepted as free citizens with a voice in government.

Wayne's resolutions were voted down by a heavy majority in March, 1784. In September, his petition that all young men in those "Tory" families who had attained the age of twenty-one since 1779, were to be admitted to the rights of a citizen, was also killed. Some members who had signed and stood with Wayne threatened to resign; they rose from their seats and left the hall; both parties published broadsides and distributed them. Wayne attacked the law as odious, unconstitutional, and "British." Excitement frothed and fevered.

In December, there was another election, and again Wayne failed. The prejudice and thick-headedness of officialdom seemed to want to ride blindfolded towards civil war. Wayne made a passionate speech, but the old heads of the Assembly refused this time to be touched emotionally by the soldier's voice; they only sat restlessly in their chairs, growling and grunting. Mad Anthony wasn't leading an assault, they said; politics was a harder game than war; he couldn't take a state as he had taken Stony Point. No, he was urging the impossible. They had to play safe. These Tory suspects were too dangerous to be allowed to vote so soon; God only knew what they might do. General Wayne would have to wait.

He rather openly lost his temper; but he did wait. He waited five years. In 1789 they finally adopted his resolutions, but only long after he had impatiently resigned his seat.

This Fabian balderdash enormously sobered his zest for politics. From then on he stepped in only when he thought his authority and reputation could help a cause he believed in. The partisanship of it all disgusted him too much; after the clean game of war this was a dark business. His dream of a politician's life died as quickly as it had been born.

◆

CHAPTER XVII

GOD, HOW TIRED I AM

I

BEFORE Wayne left the Assembly for good, the country wallowed in one of her hysterical crusades against vice. Philadelphia was accused of being a libertine's city, stinking with offenses against God's special ruling that in America every man and woman had to hide the flesh with at least ten layers of clothing. The theater was being raked over the coals as the devil's private workshop.

Wayne and Robert Morris determined together that they would put a stop to this nonsense. America would have to call a halt on her orgies against immorality; she was making herself ridiculous.

It did not occur to them that they were attempting the impossible, that they were trying to kill a national trait. Vice can be cured; puritanism can't.

America's intellectual voltage has always been short-circuited on somebody's bare knee.

Wayne told the Pennsylvania Assembly that if they closed down the theaters as moral charnel-houses for the young, it would be just those youngsters who would be first to find out what their elders objected to most in the plays, and then would proceed to learn by heart all the smutty jokes and to discuss in juicy detail the seductions and adulteries and fornications that might otherwise have passed over their heads. Try it and see, he said.

A certain Dr. Whitehall rose before the Assembly and proposed a bill to heavily fine and jail any man who staged or enacted a play, or any man who built a theater or an outdoor playhouse.

Ridiculous! shouted Wayne. Look about the world. Everywhere the theater was regarded as an instrument of education, a polisher of manners, an incentive to ambition, a teacher of moral lessons. America needed all this badly. Now, for example, look at Paris; and look at—

Dr. Logan jumped down his throat. Yes, look at Paris! Why, they had to have armed soldiers at the theater gates to check demonstrations. . . .

Wayne rode Logan down. He loved the theater. He loved his *Macbeth* too much to think no good could come of plays; oh, what a stern, straight lesson was to be taught by the man from Stratford! Think of the enjoyment! Think of the gay times! Now Philadelphia wanted Congress to return, didn't she? Well, think of the inducement a theater would be to those brilliant young men who were serving in it! Did the Assembly think that these young gallants would not demand amusement?

Protests from a certain Smiley. The general's argument was too frivolous. Now, if he had said that the theater would be enjoyed by the wise and great and grave heads of state, then there might be virtue in it. But as mere amusement for the young—fie! Amusement was the sin of the idle. Imagine the noble Washington. . . .

Wayne reminded Smiley that no one had been such a lover of good theater as Washington, and that no man was so indignant when sniveling councilors objected to plays that were being given for the pleasure of the army during the drear years of the Revolution.

Smiley shut up. Morris suggested that the whole foolish excursion into morals be shut up too. The argument was dropped for a while. But Wayne had won as much as he could of his ground. When Philadelphia finally threatened to become the liveliest of all towns for plays, the Assembly did no more than frown.

Before he left the Assembly for good he warned the members that to try to legislate the pleasures and private habits of the people, as long as they did not interfere with the general good, was a practice doomed to a sorry end. A mild statement!

II

1785. Everything seemed to be in a state of flux and reflux. Nothing was stable. Wayne hung about Philadelphia, waiting for developments.

Then one morning he met Robert Morris coming out of a tavern. The great financier was depressed and afraid about conditions. He couldn't say what was going to happen. He had just received a letter from Van Berkle . . . and Van Berkle had said that . . . he had done his best, but it seemed hard . . . well, it didn't look very promising just now . . . just now, you understand . . . to manage a loan from Amsterdam. It might come through . . . yes . . . but it might not. . . . You see, the American credit . . . it was really not very good. But still Morris felt that something would turn out in the end to save things.

Wayne knew at once from Morris's nervous attitude that the game was up, and that the long-sensed disaster was upon him. Waynesborough had not seemed solid enough security across the seas; the idea of a rice plantation did not appeal in Amsterdam. The American financial status was too wobbly to let money go out into a country without solider-sounding mortgages to back up a loan.

Wayne felt ruin upon him already. The notes he had drawn were being returned, protested. He had no money. The plantation was not paying in the first year. Shannon, the agent, had lost terribly at Waynesborough and there was no surplus to gamble on there. When he suggested his lands in Nova Scotia as a holding, he was laughed at and told that this northern property was worthless.

For a time he stayed on in Philadelphia, distracted and breathless, trying to raise enough money to pay off his most pressing debts. But all his friends were strapped. Post-war conditions had left the country poverty-stricken. Morris himself was encountering steep difficulties. The money he had lent to the government left his private fortune to flounder for a time. He could not help Wayne, he was afraid. He was very sorry.

In fact, nobody could help him. He wrote to Polly that he didn't know what he could do, but was coming home for a while in a few days. He told her that some young fellows were passing that way on a journey and would come in to call and explain some matters in the city. He said to keep them to dinner by all means and to fill them up on "Madeira and Claret & port if you have it." He said he was going to Wilmington for a visit to a friend and would be home Monday or Tuesday of the next week. He hoped to manage a loan there to help him pay his debts.

A loan in Wilmington? He did not know a great many people there. Was he going to see Molly Vining? Was he dreaming that she might help him? What was the reason for this sudden and mysterious excursion to Wilmington? . . .

On Tuesday he got back to Waynesborough. He unburdened his troubles on Polly, stayed a day or so, and then bade her farewell, and started post-haste for Georgia to try to collect the tag ends of hope. He could not help thinking of himself as a ruined man making a pathetic effort to scrape up what he had spilled.

On the way down, gout attacked his foot. He wrote home that he felt he was going to his grave, but that after all it might be the best place for him, his only chance for rest.

III

On arrival at his plantation, he found the work stumbling along under half-hearted supervision, run by an agent who drank too much and caroused all night. It was scarcely paying for itself, much less making any profits.

Wayne put himself in immediate control, discharged the superintendent, and began the whole scheme over again on an economic basis. But soon it became clear that the crops would only be middling; it would take a number of years to get the plantation to yield a steady and sizable income.

The protested bills that Wayne had drawn had been turned over to a Scotch collecting house in Savannah. The Scots wanted immediate settlement. There were some cloudy hints that Wayne had not been scrupulously honest.

With frigid dignity, Wayne replied that they were to choose one of two courses: either to grant him time in which to square accounts by means of the income which the plantation and Waynesborough together would bring him, or to take the Georgia property in lieu of his debts.

For months no answer came to this letter. He fussed and fumed.

Finally he got wind of an impending lawsuit in which both the Georgia plantation and Waynesborough were to be dissolved to meet his deficits.

His temper exploded like a bomb. He scattered shrapnel of his rage to all corners of the country. Judging from his letters of that period, he never before or after let himself go in such a tempest of anger. He seemed convinced that they were only intent upon ruining him, and that some of his enemies were behind it. His mind was morbidly apprehensive and suspicious; it was feverish with the thought and fear of somebody working to get revenge and using this debt as an excuse.

These letters show one thing plainly: that, as a financier Wayne was about the funniest spectacle on the continent of North America. He thought business reverses meant personal insults.

IV

Finally his rage sobered down and he made efforts to escape the tangle. There have been suppositions that Wayne made Waynesborough over in Polly's name to prevent its being confiscated. But there is nothing in the Chester county archives that could possibly bear this theory out. Wayne may have considered such a move, but there is nothing to show, or even to suggest, that he ever made plans for its execution.

V

In June, 1786, a letter came one morning from Catherine Greene, saying that Nathanael had had a sunstroke and was dying. Wayne went immediately to them.

Seeing his old friend buried in the earth did not much improve his fortitude. He wrote to Margaretta that Greene's going had almost killed him, and that it had made him feel for a while that all of living was a great darkness.

VI

As the winter of 1786 came on, he selected a new overseer for the plantation, and went home again. He said he could manage things better from Philadelphia, but I hazard the guess that he had another reason for going back. I think he dreaded the idea, in consideration of his miserable health, of spending a whole winter away from his family and friends.

Back in Philadelphia, he found that some hitches had come up in process of the lawsuit against him and that it was delayed. Then things began to grow a little fairer in aspect. He managed to scrape together enough money to pay off the interest on his debts and also to pay off a small part of the principal.

For a while the trouble rested. It gave Wayne a few months in which to better marshal his forces and his resources.

VII

He went out to Waynesborough for a short time, partly to recover from the nervous irritability his gout had ground into him, but mostly to see that Waynesborough was working in as perfect order as possible and yielding profits to the farthest limit of its capacity. He was driving for money, driving and squeezing. And currency was picking up slightly. The Jamaica market for hides had opened up again; and the tannery outside the big kitchen windows was teeming with movement that meant good business.

Late in the winter of 1786-87—it was almost spring—when he saw all at Waynesborough running again with the inspiring smoothness of the old days, he went back once more to Philadelphia.

VIII

Here the delegates from the thirteen states were coming together for the Constitutional Convention. Each day brought more.

A delightful spring. All his old friends were there. It was good to see George Washington again; he had laid eyes upon him only once since Yorktown, six years ago, and that was when he had stopped off for a night at Mount Vernon on the way back from one of those tedious journeys to Georgia.

Hamilton was in Philadelphia now, also; delightful, gay, rosy Hamilton with his daring, *risqué* tongue! And John Dickinson—Dickinson who had been so good to Wayne through thick and thin and now offered to help him as best he could out of his financial maelstrom. Old Gouverneur Morris, with his fat chin in his collar, stomped about on his wooden leg, laughing and joking with "vulgar ease," slapping even Washington good-humoredly on the back,—then to quail slightly before the "great man's" stiff shudder of surprise. Franklin, old and failing, reminisced with Wayne about the days gone by, about those Nova Scotia days, and said how he had felt sure when he saw his head surveyor was a mere boy—oh, he had felt sure—that Wayne was cut out to be great. In a thin, quaking voice he told "his young Anthony" that he was an old man these days, that he would go on his far way soon, that it was up to "the young ones"—Wayne at forty-two felt a shiver—to carry on the light.

As the hot summer progressed the Constitution began to take shape. It was a long job, with dissension and ten thousand protests; but great things were happening. Wayne, hugely excited by the prospect, hung about to aid and suggest, and escaped only to Waynesborough when the intense heat of midsummer drove him to the country for relief and mercy.

By autumn all was settled, and the Constitution received the signatures of the delegates on the 17 September, 1787. Now it remained only to be ratified by the states.

Pennsylvania called her convention for the ratification in November, the first among the thirteen to act.

Wayne, regarding the Constitution as a final cure for most of the worst evils of government, took his seat in the convention and passionately proclaimed his views. He said he was for adoption without reservations. Hamilton, who had been gloomily scowling at everybody, scowled all the more at his old friend.

Then the intolerable delays. The Federalists and Anti-Federalists locked horns. They raked up every objection on God's green earth, naming all the possibilities of miscarriage. Ponderous delegates wasted whole days arguing about the meanings of words. One or two wanted the thing written in Latin: English was so changeable. Through it all, Wayne sat nervous and fidgety, bored to nausea. As each day came to an end he fled off to a tavern somewhere to forget the dreary business over a brimming glass.

Then at last the final vote was taken. The ratification had been accomplished.

Philadelphia was ecstatic. They were always the leaders, were they not? Bravo! They rang bells. They waved bright colors. They yelled and sang. They baptized decorous lamp posts with bottles. They made it evident that they were rather delighted. When a few mild public demonstrations of protest against the vote broke out, they baptized the leaders like the lamp posts. Then peace again.

Wayne went home, content that one thing, at least, and at long last, had gone right.

IX

But there was no rest for long. Almost immediately he was plunged into his financial mess again.

Another year had passed since his return from Georgia. More interest was due on the money he owed. The Scotch solicitors wanted a part of the debt to be discharged at once. The lawsuit was now imminent. Wayne closed his eyes and shuddered. Polly was distracted. The very blood of their bodies was being drained by these people.

Wayne packed up very early in the spring of 1788, and went to Savannah to interview the Scotch agents. There, after endless haranguing and pleading, he arranged with them that they would accept an annual interest, and a small amount of the debt every year, for four to five years. The lawsuit would be forgotten. But they told him they would have no mercy if he neglected to pay. In fact, they only gave him this broad concession, they said, on account of their respect and gratitude for his fine work in Georgia. Very kind indeed. He thanked them.

He left Savannah then and took over his rice plantation as sole manager. The thing was finally yielding a mildly good crop, but it still hung sadly below his expectations. Summer came on, with its suffocating heat and the shrill glare of the sunbaked sand dunes that the people of Georgia called their soil.

Wayne's spirit was enervated; all ambition seemed to fold up like a collapsible tent under these sorching skies. The planters around him sat and drank toddies all day in exquisite indolence.

Wayne, half annoyed at first by this universal laziness, soon joined his neighbors. There was nothing else to do. All day they sat looking at the gray earth and the sad pine trees, and drank, and talked of the blessings of work. In the evening they raced horses and gambled. Wayne, who was fairly lucky at stakes, often won a little money.

A year passed. Wayne, living in the little town of Richmond, Georgia, almost next door to his plantation, found his nerves and health shattered again by the pace and uselessness of his mode of life. Business had been fair but he had not paid enough to meet much more than the annual interest. He tried to lessen the debt by sending rice to Savannah, but the Scotch agents refused it. They hounded him. They threatened to attach the farm, and he was too weak in spirit to resist them; yet nothing serious happened. The Scotch seemed as lazy as the rest, when it came to anything but threats.

With another summer, Wayne began to suffer from splitting headaches. His nervous system was nothing but rough edges, inflamed and sore. He had insomnia and lay awake for nights in succession. He was bored and lonely. In June, 1789, he wrote to Aedanus Burke from Richmond:

> God, how tired I am of being buried in a damned rice swamp. I want a more active scene!

A month later he sent a letter to Polly that seems full of sinister forebodings.

> My dear Girl: I had intended writing you a long letter, but my head will not permit me, at present, to write with any degree of coherency. Persecution has almost drove me mad and brings to my recollection a few lines from "The Old Soldier":
>
> "Once gay in life & free from anxious care,
> I through the furrows drove the shining share,
> I saw my waving fields with plenty crowned,
> And yellow Ceres joyful smile around,
> Till roused by freedom at my country's call
> I left my peaceful home and *gave up all.*
> Now, forced, alas! in distant climes to tread,
> This crazy body longs to join the dead.
> Ungrateful country, when the danger's o'er,
> Your bravest sons cold charity implore.
> Ah! heave for me a sympathetic sigh
> And wipe the falling tear from sorrow's eye."
>
> Adieu—a long adieu—
> Yours most affectionately,
> A. W.

Exactly what he meant by "adieu—a long adieu" is questionable but it probably fits in with the cast of his feeling at that time that he was going to die and that he would never see his wife and friends again.

X

During the winter of 1790, suggestions were made to Wayne that he had so long been a resident of Georgia he was really a full-fledged citizen by now and might become a representative of the state of Georgia in the House. The idea appealed to him; he would have done anything then in order to get out of Savannah. He saw that the plantation was only a long hope and that he might never get clear if he depended on what it would bring him.

All of a sudden, he sold it. When the affair was cleared up, it was found that the purchase value had been large enough to meet his debts. In that, he was a free man again.

But letting his property go had been, in another way, a fatal move.

On the 3 January, 1791, he was elected to serve in the House of Representatives as the Georgia delegate.

By the middle of the same month the storm broke, with James Jackson dealing out thunder and lightning.

This Jackson was a young blowhard who had been a bad army officer in Georgia, and was now throwing all his force of bombastic eloquence into hysterical complaints about nothing and defending the Anti-Federalists with large gestures of his fists. He was heart, soul, and brawn for Georgia and for justice in the name of God. He believed before heaven, apparently, that the newly created Congress was merely a political nonentity that should be under the divine legislature of the state of Georgia.

A large part of his energy went into hating Wayne. He thought that he (Jackson) should have been in command of the Georgia campaign in 1782, and said that "Dandy Toney" had only driven the foe from Jackson's front yard, as it were, in order to have the privilege of spitting on his doorstep.

It was this Jackson who rose at the first meeting of Congress and impudently asked Washington if he had ever heard of Wayne's Creek Treaty. Yes, Washington said, he thought he had; his freezing tongue failed to daunt Jackson at all. The representative from Georgia, gesticulating, began a long speech, the substance of which was that this man Wayne had signed a treaty that took three million acres of land away from Georgia and that this treaty contained secret clauses that no one knew about except God, Wayne and his conspirators, and Jackson himself.

The speaker roared on. He lost his temper; he lost control of his arms and legs and flung his body all over the platform. Fisher Ames said he sounded like a furnace bellows, and that his mouth ran a sort of "divine molasses" about God and political graft. "Mr. Jackson, of Georgia," wrote

Ames, "yesterday let off a balloon about the treaty with the Creeks." When he was through Wayne was seen emerging from the mouth of hell, embracing an Indian.

When Washington called his loud bluff and asked him what he was driving at, Jackson too plainly did not know. When he was requested to back up his statements about the secret articles of the treaty, he escaped by saying that it would take a long while to find them, but that he fully meant to do it some day soon.

Washington said that he couldn't endure this young buzzsaw before the House any longer; he was too much of a bore. Jackson was asked quietly to depart for home, and Wayne was elected in his place.

Red flag to the bull! Jackson exploded. He had had his nose pinched by the fat, groggy fingers of state. Wayne was an impostor! Before Christ, he had no right to represent the holy state of Georgia! He owned no property now; he had lost what he once had, and lost it "dishonorably." His election to Congress had been illegal. He was not a citizen of Jackson's beloved state. He was a Pennsylvanian! Throw him out!

. . . And install Jackson in his place. . . .

The thundering orator was right. Congress voted that he was right; Wayne had been returned illegally. That seemed unquestionable. His friends, who had only wanted to be kind, were accused of foul play. Dirt was passed between hands. This Wayne appointment became a byword for political graft. Wayne himself was vilified. He was unseated.

But Jackson didn't get his place. Washington couldn't stand the thought. He was cautiously kept out of government.

XI

Wayne was neglecting all of his best friends. Catherine Greene wrote to him and complained bitterly about his recent indifference to her. She was lonely without Nathanael; she was having trouble about the estate; oh, why didn't he come to see her or write to her at least? She wanted to see him more than anybody on earth. She seemed to be a little in love with him. Her letter had the coy haughtiness of a woman in love. She spoke of some "professions" he had made to her a few years ago, but she neglected to say exactly what they were.

It would appear that Wayne had at one time been half in love with Catherine Greene—a sort of infatuation—but had finally forgotten it all. Catherine, on her part, had taken him very seriously as a friend and as more than a friend.

And she had not forgotten, as he had. She seemed to be very much hurt by the coolness of his reply. Yet she forgave him. She said he was a big, sad boy who had been wounded by the machinations of little men. She reminded him that he would always be "her dear."

XII

The disastrous news of St. Clair's defeat at the hands of the northwestern Indians had already rocked the country, and Wayne, utterly desperate for a job, asked a friend of his and Greene's in the South Carolina legislature, to speak to Washington in regard to Wayne's being appointed in St. Clair's place.

Now that Wayne was being accused on all sides as having himself plotted the shady business of his election as Georgia representative, he was despairful of getting the command of the army. He insisted he was innocent—as he undoubtedly was—but that seemed to make no difference.

Jackson, outraged and disappointed by his failure, kept the cauldron boiling. For months Wayne was painstakingly abused by a vast ring of scandal mongers.

Just when things seemed blackest in the April of 1792, Washington bestowed upon Wayne the greatest honor and responsibility that could be given to a man in the military service of his country.

Anthony Wayne was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States.

The abuse died. The vilifiers grumbled on, but nobody listened. Jackson faded grayly out, like a sick ghost disappearing down the chill dimness of time. Wayne had become the great man. Everybody clustered about him like bright lice to assure him of their friendship. Because nobody forgot that he would have to choose officers for his army.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE LONG TRAIL TO THE WEST

I

Now we come upon days lean with fear.

For generations the noiseless shadow of the Indian had recrossed the American scene. Now his war whoop was growing louder and louder in the west. Armies had been raised and marched against him; but soon those armies had lain dead in the hungry wilderness, their powdered heads scalped, and sending up to heaven a stench like "rotten pumpkins in a December cornfield."

Since a gay young Virginia ranger by the name of Clark had led a mysterious army to the Wabash during the Revolution, and taken Kaskaskia and Vincennes from the French by a stroke of sheer military genius, none but incompetents had crossed the Ohio. The Indians, scheming and sore, had jumped to inherit the earth. The British, having lost the United States, and yet determined to keep one flat foot planted on the North American continent, had jumped with the Indian.

Grewsome tales of massacres became more bloody every day as they poured back into the waiting ears at home. Border settlers and peaceful frontiersmen shivered in an ague of dread. The terrible shadow of the Indian neared the light, and grew larger. It rose in the west like a storm.

The Six Nations became larger and more desperate. Streaks of war paint were splashed across the face of the new country, when everybody was praying to God for a little peace. A cold damp chill ran the length of America's spine.

II

In 1787, Washington and Henry Knox, the old artillery commander and now Secretary of War, had sent Josiah Harmar to take command of the western army of occupation. Arthur St. Clair become Governor General of the Northwest Territory, and arrived in the wilderness with silk bed-sheets, beautiful glass, and silver knives and forks for his mahogany dinner table.

Just why Harmar was made Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army remains one of those mysteries that the War Department has perpetrated in the very face of common sense. Harmar was a little man with a flea's sense of organized movement. During the Revolution he had been an insignificant colonel who showed a certain amount of personal bravery and a fairly cool head. But he had never showed any talent for leadership, and both Knox and Washington knew it when they gave him his appointment. He had never had any number of men under him in active service, and was only created a brigadier-general by brevet after the end of hostilities in 1783, at the same time that Wayne had become a major general.

There was some talk at the time of sending Light Horse Harry Lee to do the western work—and what a strange comment on the attitude of the country is the fact that he was thought "too valuable" for this service!

There is a broad hint in that, anyway. Did Washington and Knox feel that this Indian menace was a temporary and unimportant nuisance compared with the political scramble at home? Did they send St. Clair and Harmar because these professionals were more or less "on their hands" and they thought they would make a test with mediocre men in order to see what could be done towards pacification without staking too much? Is it possible that Washington, who had fought with Braddock, "the iron-tempered general with the pipe-clay brain," could have thought of Indian warriors so lightly?

Wayne said that the British redcoats were tin soldiers compared to these fiercely painted braves and that America was facing the most menacing moment of her young existence. But nobody paid much attention to his opinion. They thought he was merely trying to be dramatic.

The mystery deepens as the facts come out. The picture at home is the picture of men with the weight of a struggling little nation on their shoulders, praying that no guns might be fired in the west and that all might come to good by words and treaties—and by sending two incompetents to pacify bloodthirsty Indians.

Harmar was not a coward. He was merely incapable. He settled in a place in Ohio which he passionately christened "Fort Harmar," and became immensely interested in his wife's garden. "Lady Harmar," as they called her, inordinately loved the idea of becoming "Cleopatra of the Ohio." The Harmars became very much interested in civilizing the northwest, and they threw "genteel dinners" to all who came. Occasionally they ran across "hostile" Indians, shook hands with them, and bought venison. And the Lady's garden grew.

The motley lot of soldiers who had come with Harmar at the salary of two dollars and ten cents a month got bored and sick and deserted like flies.

Harmar cultivated his grapes, beautified the garden, entertained lavishly, and swore at the ungentlemanly conduct of his men.

Naturally his military prowess struck terror into the hearts of the Six Nations! They lived in such mortal dread of him that they encamped under his nose and stole what they needed to live on. A delightful civilization was growing up in leaps and bounds.

When infuriated reports came to Harmar's ears about Indian raids, telling how men and women in peaceful homes had been massacred and scalped and children carried away, the charming general found it very difficult to believe that these pacific redskins could be guilty. Were they not somewhat exaggerated, these reports?

Then accounts of more outrages came pouring in. Harmar sent regiments into the wilderness to frighten the Indians into good behavior. Days later two or three of the survivors would come straggling back into camp to say that their comrades had fallen but that they had heard nothing but swishing movements in the forest and derisive laughter, and had seen only a grewsome painted face or two and tongues of red flame from guns that were somewhere—oh, God only knew where!—behind those ghastly trees and stumps. Oh, they would never go again! Sweet Christ, deliver them! They were going home.

Harmar and St. Clair were at their wits' end. St. Clair had been enjoying himself. He had christened one of his small posts "Cincinnati" to signify eternal readiness. He had been spending pleasant days on hunting trips with smart young officers who were not good enough shots to get sufficient to supply two meals, and yet were the very backbone of the army.

But now the seriousness of the situation struck him hard. He urged Harmar to take care not to expose himself too much and to be patient.

Harmar threw up his hands. Why! What could he do? These Indians threaded the woods like streams. They picked off his sentinels and his pickets without a snapped twig of warning and disappeared before the soldiers could even find where they had been. Any man who went after these murderers never came back. Yet, for all they allowed themselves to be seen, they might just as well be thousands of miles away. What on God's earth could one do with an enemy like this?

III

The last thing they understood was the attitude of the Indians. Harmar and St. Clair, together with the historians who came after, patently assumed that there was only one side to the case. It never entered their heads that the Indians might be suffering an injustice and that perhaps there was something to be said for their resistance.

Even Wayne felt that they were only a dangerous impediment in the expansion of empire and that they ought to be put out of the way just as quickly as they could be shot down. Washington said, however, that he did not hate the Indians as much as the British but wanted to defeat them totally because they had become treacherous tools of the Crown. His idea was the most human of all and the most sane; the rest of the country seemed bound up in a hysteria about them. They could not see or did not want to see that the Indians were a good people and might become a valuable aid to the country.

All things considered, the Six Nations, and the Indian tribes in general, got the worst of the bargain in every way. They gained nothing, and lost about everything they had.

The case for the Indian has been forgotten with all the carefulness in the world. Nobody likes to think that they may have been cheated. Nobody likes to remember that these Indians owned land and lived a peaceful life, and then had it all taken away from them under the divine holiness of progress.

The argument is that the Indians showed themselves dangerous and dishonest; their territory was one big ambush, and no white man was safe. Of course the distinction is between the white man as an agent of God and the Indian as an animal, bloodthirsty and uncivilized.

Yet Henri Timberlake, who lived with the Cherokees after the French War, reported them as amicable and charming companions and took three of them back to England with him.

These Indians were robbed of their rightful possessions. But America was no more at fault than any other nation. France started it; England kept it up; and America triumphed in the end only because Wayne was a better general than any man from the other side and the greatest field officer that had ever crossed the Ohio.

The Indians themselves were greatly responsible for their end because of the tragic mistake they made in the beginning. Here is the picture: a comparatively peaceful settlement, a growing race, healthy, powerful, self-respecting, and a council government that had come to regard the whole west as its territory. That picture is prior to 1755. There had been scrapes before, but they were of relatively small importance.

The French were virtually the only traders in the Indian country, and the Indians, after a few rumpuses, had made friends with them and liked them. They said they liked them because they respected the red brothers' rights. . . . Then Braddock. England thought she had right to the west under the province of God and George II. The English army went west, met colonial rangers, joined forces, and tried to oust the French "toad-eaters."

Right here the Indian nations signed their own death warrant. If they felt the English were intruding upon their rights they should have banded together by themselves, and by themselves alone, and resisted Braddock. But they didn't; and that is where they killed their chances. Instead, they signed up with the French, because they didn't consider themselves powerful enough to face the redcoats alone, and the French had been kind and now had convinced the Indians that they would defend their rights to the death. The Indians were taken in. They thought the great god with a moustache who lived in Paris would save them and bless them.

The French got chased out, and immediately these Indians became (so they claimed) violent supporters of the English King. This willy-nilly change of loyalties in favor of the victor of the moment took away their identity as a race and made them as dependable as an any-man's-dog.

When the Revolution was over, the British still hung onto the northwest. They were convinced that if the Americans conquered there the tribes would be slain and lost forever. But if they stuck with the Crown, George would save them. So that when the United States saw the urgent necessity of taking the western territories, they had to fight the Six Nations as well as the British, as these tribes had become tools in the hands of the Royal Army.

It was more the danger of a British hold in the west than the danger of Indian raids that sent Harmar and St. Clair across the Ohio. England could not be allowed to stand there; soon she might get her breath, conquer these lands for good, and shut off the thirteen colonies as an isolated little strip between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic seaboard.

The Indian situation afforded a magnificent way around a difficult point. The United States had signed the treaty of peace and a warlike gesture toward England would have been a breach of the agreement and might, even worse, have plunged the trouble-drenched and impoverished little states into another war with the Crown.

That couldn't be! Yet the British had to be run out of the northwest. That had to be.

How to manage this delicate necessity ceased being a problem when the Indians began their raids and massacres among private citizens of the United States, probably under the provocation of the British. Now it was easy to solve.

Go to war with the Indians! The British had built forts on the Ohio and the Maumee, and so on, and were supplying the redskins with arms and encouragement. If America struck down these Indians the British would surely resist, and if they fired the first gun it would be the Crown that broke the treaty. And so . . . !

When Harmar and St. Clair went west they went to starve the British by means of killing the cooks in the kitchen.

IV

Harmar's failure as Commander-in-Chief came about by a drawn-out and exhausting process—a sort of gradual wearing down. He didn't collapse suddenly, as St. Clair was doomed to do; he just slowly withered like a cut flower.

For three years—'87, '88, '89—the Indians played around him, teasing him until he was nearly crazy, killing his scouts, raiding his stores. Nothing greatly serious. Just maddening. Harmar wanted them to come out in the open and fight like dignified gentlemen. He thought war was a game with set rules. His army tried to draw the tribes out into regular battle, but all he found were sharp tongues of flame that shot suddenly out of bushes and stuck in a man's heart.

Harmar was desperate. He was helpless. But when he saw that he was not likely to be entirely wiped out, he grew more or less indifferent to these spasmodic attacks and planned to wait until there was a chance to finish things up in one fell swoop. Let the woods spurt fire. Some day he would catch these rascals on open ground.

This is precisely what he tried to do in autumn of 1790 when he marched upon the Maumees. The army was weary, and the soldiers got maudlin and drunk. Henry Knox had already written to Harmar to say that he had heard "you are apt to indulge yourself to excess in a convivial glass." But the Secretary of War could not stop that.

The army got separated—and drunker. They went screaming and gallivanting through the woods. The Indians pounced upon them. Everybody turned and ran—except about forty. They only stayed to be the dead bodies over which the Indians danced the Dance of Victory, weird and eerie by the light of fires.

In October Harmar decided to try it again. Repetition of the old scene. The Indians attacked in flank and Harmar's army got hopelessly adrift in the midst of smoke and forests. The redskins fantastically mutilated the wounded. Everybody was hysterical. The militia got so unruly, being without officers, that Harmar gave them two minutes to come to order or he said he would turn the artillery on them. Eventually, broken and defeated, they returned to camp and got drunk again.

Exit Harmar, to all practical purposes. He had become the laughing-stock of the army.

Enter another, who was not so amusing but was even more futile. Arthur St. Clair, when he took command of the western army in 1791, was both old and ill.

V

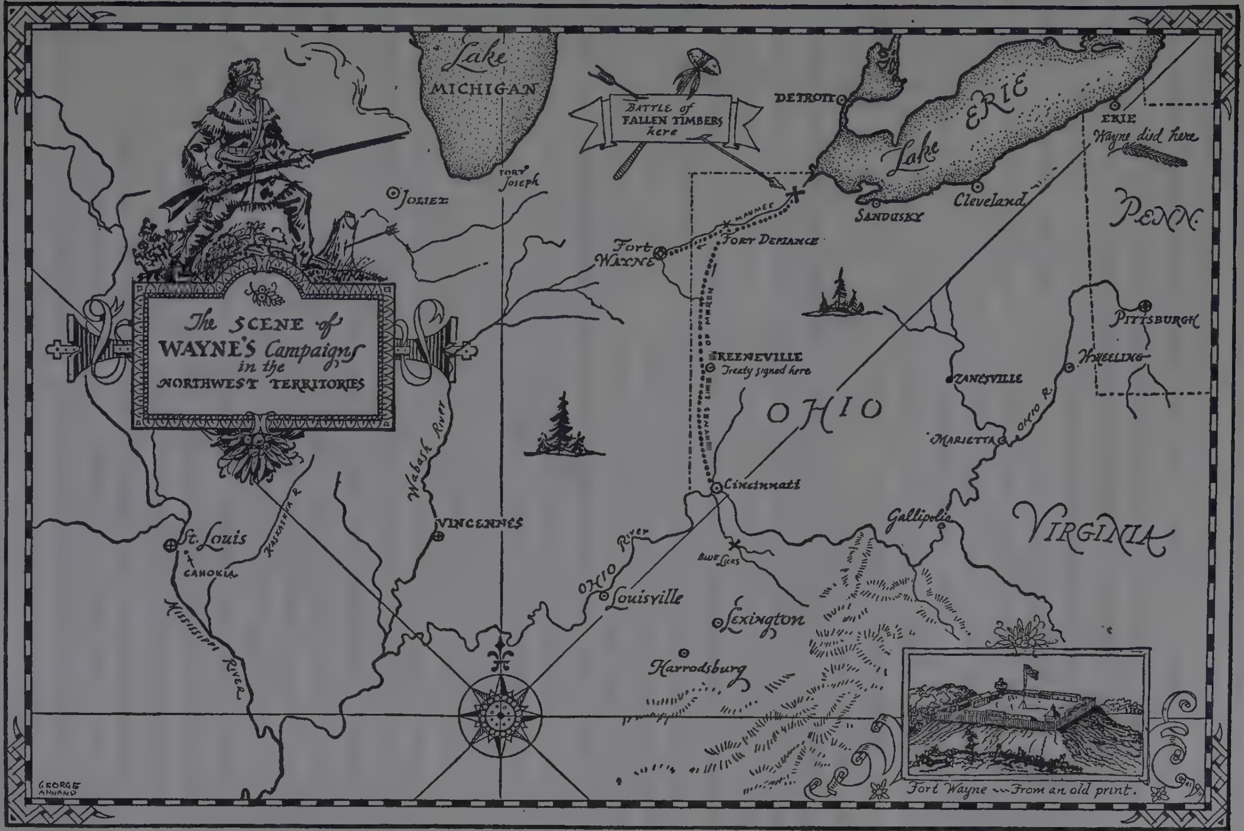
The lean gray face of Wayne's old enemy hangs like a wraith over this forsaken year.

In reality, St. Clair's first decisive action was to do nothing, and to do it with a great deal of noisy preparation.

He made large efforts to mobilize his little army as a bulwark to withstand the Indians. But he could not forget that he had received his training under the King. He still thought of an effective army as being in the form of a parade. He understood Indian warfare about as well as Braddock. Fighting behind trees insulted his idea of law and order.

Besides being weak and far along in years, St. Clair was supplied with an army that was an open outrage. They were a bunch of raw, impudent rookies who had been snatched up out of prisons and brothels, many of them shot with disease, and sent west at a salary of $2.10 a month to defend "the glory of the United States." They didn't know how to fight and they didn't want to learn. They only wanted their women and their rum.

St. Clair, instead of complaining so much about these women and this rum, should have put his soldiers through a course of severe military discipline. When a man knows how to fight he is more interested in


The SCENE of WAYNE'S Campaigns in the NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Lake MICHIGAN
FORT Joseph
JOLIET
BATTLE of FALLEN TIMBERS here
DETROIT
Lake ERIE
SANDUSKY
Cleveland
ERIE
Wayne died here
PENN.
MAUMEE
FORT DEFIANCE
Fort WAYNE
WAYNE'S LINE OF MARCH
GREENEVILLE
Treaty signed here
OHIO
ZANESVILLE
MARIETTA
OHIO R.
WHEELING
PITTSBURGH
Cincinnati
Gallipolis
VIRGINIA
Wabash River
VINCENNES
St. Louis
CAHOKIA
KASKASKIA R.
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
OHIO River
Louisville
BLUE LICKS
Lexington
Harrodsburg
Fort Wayne — From an old print.
GEORGE ANNAND

doing it; nobody can keep up the spirit of a solider who is ignorant of the art of war. But St. Clair was too tired; his energy had run out and so had his ideas. Harmar himself, looking on, said that he was doomed to failure.

When St. Clair started out with his army on the long march to the Indian towns, he exposed himself all the while with what was almost the insistence of martyrdom. He made no effort to conceal the movement of his line. He sent out no vanguards and pickets ahead and to the sides of the march, as he should have; he had absolutely no means of knowing where the Indians were in this deep forest country, and made no provision to ward off an all-too-possible attack.

In the fall of 1791 they arrived within a half day's march of the Indian towns. It was just when they were making preparations to attack that the inevitable happened.

Parade was scarcely over. The men were going to their huts. Suddenly from across the creek came ear-splitting shouts and the crack-crack of guns. The militia, lying there unprotected, received the full force of the Indian assault.

The regulars jumped up. Drums beat to arms. They charged across the ravine and drove upon a blank wall of trees and tongues of flame. The Indians fought in silence, well hidden.

The fire was terrible. Men went down like blades of grass before a mower. The savages, ghastly in their war paint and their brilliant feathers, were glimpsed here and there slithering between trees and behind logs, advancing nearer and nearer, leaping and dodging behind the rolling clouds of smoke from the futile American artillery.

St. Clair's men charged, bayonets glistening. The Indians jumped up out of ambush and glided back into the woods. The charge stopped. Nothing could be seen. Immediately the Indians were upon them again with that terrible casual accuracy of animals and woods-people. They came out, dim and swift in the hanging smoke, and sank tomahawks into the brains of men who had not even seen them approach. They slunk like shadows. They appeared; they disappeared; again they were upon them—and again gone. The dazed Americans saw only the black-gray wall of forest, an occasional gleam of eyes or a flash of dark skin, and their comrades falling around them.

Again the bayonets charged. But they only charged thin air; no point could seem to thrust through flesh. The Indians crouched behind their logs and poured a withering fire into the advancing line of men. Horrible laughs and jeers came from behind those trees.

St. Clair, ashen as the smoke, rode in full view up and down the line, shouting desperate encouragement. The army was beginning to break. "Dickie" Butler, Wayne's old friend, went down—forever. They propped him up against a tree to die.

The line was curling and twisting, like paper in a fire. The field was soggy with blood; at every step the living tripped over their fallen comrades. Again they charged; the Indians picked up and glided, almost gleefully, back to their hiding places. But the charge went too far. They found themselves surrounded; the Indians closed in on all sides.

St. Clair yelled orders to break through. But nobody moved; the army was paralyzed. Only when he shouted that it was to be a retreat did the soldiers start. Escape was their only thought. They drove with the superhuman strength that comes with horror and desperation. The Indians fell back. The battering ram of men went through. They gathered speed. The whole army was on the run. Women of the camp followed, their long skirts discarded. The only surviving officer of the artillery stumbled on, sobbing loudly. And the Indians came hot after them.

For miles they ran blindly, sickly on. Some fell by the wayside. The savages, close behind, came with their tomahawks and scalping knives. St. Clair, mounted on a broken-down nag, whipped on ahead, his horse's mouth dropping great curds of foam. Dreadful eyes glancing backward. Feet refusing to go another step—and others keeping on, on, on, faint and trembling. Men dropped in scores. Women fell on them, supplicating them to go on. All was moaning and weeping. Exhausted soldiers, their limbs paralyzed, took their last step, stumbled, and then mustered all their remaining strength to shoot themselves rather than be tortured by the Indians who were still coming on like a stampede.

Finally, toward evening, the savages, drunk with lust and triumph, turned back to loot St. Clair's deserted camp of its valuable stores. The survivors, safe now from the tomahawk, sank down upon the ground and wept themselves to sleep.

VI

Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, wrote that when the messenger brought the belated news of St. Clair's tragedy to Philadelphia, the President was at dinner and came out into the hall to read the message. He returned to the table, unruffled. Only when the evening was over and the last guest departed did Washington finally erupt in rage. He paced the floor, clasping his hands to his head, cursing and hurling invective at St. Clair as he had done with Charles Lee at Monmouth. . . . The last words he had said to him were to beware of a surprise! He had told him in this very room, too! And now!

"The army cut to pieces," he cried, "hacked, butchered, tomahawked! O God! O God! He's worse than a murderer! How can he answer for it to his country!"

Lear said that when his fury had spent itself, Washington calmed down considerably and, staring at the floor, meditated aloud: "But General St. Clair shall have justice. He shall have full justice!" He said he could see that it was not all his fault.

He knew that Henry Knox was also to blame. But Knox was new at his job and the country was sick with poverty. No real army could be had, because they couldn't afford to pay decent salaries. And apart from that, incompetence had had its way in too many places. The troops going to Fort Washington had been inexcusably delayed. The commissary department had gone sadly lame and perpetrated a score of neglects.

It was because Washington knew all this too well and realized that if the west were not soon conquered it would be gone from his hands forever, that Wayne's request to become head of the army in St. Clair's place came just at the psychological moment. Distracted, Washington turned to his old friend as the country's only hope.

VII

Wayne, whose spirit was as sensitive as an artist's to the ups and downs of life, was captured by the new zest of things. He got his army ready with tremendous energy and speed, and set off on the long trail to the west with a singing heart. He was forgetting the mud puddles of the last few years; he was forgetting Georgia. The verve and dash that had returned with his joy at being appointed Commander-in-Chief were full of the surging vitality that had taken Stony Point. He knew he was going out on a seeming-hopeless job, probably to die with a tomahawk buried in his brain; but he was a singing man.

It was this sea-steady, sea-powerful current of confidence and gayety that immediately revitalized the lagging remnants of the army that Wayne found on the Ohio when he arrived there in the June of 1792.

Wayne had a worse situation to deal with than either Harmar or St. Clair. To begin, the army on the Ohio was made up of raw recruits who had never seen war and old regulars who had been badly trained. Some of these had been with St. Clair on that "day of horrors" when his army was massacred, and their nerves had never grown healthy again. The thought of an Indian raid still froze them in terror. Wayne felt that it was far easier to train the new levies from the beginning, according to his art of war, than it was to try to break St. Clair's men of their bad habits of maneuvering in the British tradition. He tried to prevent these men from telling the grewsome details of St. Clair's disaster, but the bloody tales soon circulated and spread the terror of the savages.

The Indians, on their part, had grown brazen and bold over their victory and were lording it over the country, killing people right and left, and burning farms and crops in perfectly ruthless raids. McKee, of the British garrison, seeing the delightful epidemic of blood thirst among the tribes, encouraged it with guns and money, telling Washington at the same time that he was "neutral."

In face of all this, Wayne found himself tied by the attitude of the public and the government. An Indian war, after St. Clair's experience, seemed the final horror. The Atlantic seaboard said that it must never be; Congress let it be known that they wanted only a treaty with the

Indians. That a battle of any kind would be a very last resort. Henry Knox reminded Wayne that a defeat at this time would mean general hysteria and that the country would virtually wilt under the blow. He had to be careful; he was not to plan an offensive campaign without express orders from the Secretary of War.

Well, Wayne said, he was not ready to fight yet anyway; he told Henry Knox that not a gun would be fired until this disorderly army was absolutely within his control. And that meant long months of rigorous training. It meant such discipline as had never been seen in the west before. It would entail angry men and impatient men. But the result would be an army that functioned with the impassionate regularity of clockwork.

VIII

The army became the Legion of the United States, and was divided into four sub-legions, each commanded by a brigadier. It was one of these brigadiers, the preposterous Wilkinson, who almost drowned the army in his commercial mud-honey, and worked on an underhanded scheme to put Wayne out of the way so that he could jump into his place. More of him later. His name is the big smudge on the history of those exciting years.

The end of the summer saw the Legion encamped on the Ohio river about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh at a place which Wayne had christened "Legionville." His force was being molded, pounded, and chiseled into shape. The panic-stricken sentries who had at first fled their posts at the sight of an Indian, were now learning to shoot with deadly accuracy. Wayne's methods of training soon became so well understood that the officers themselves were given the job of breaking in new recruits.

Winter came. The Legion, living under fairly comfortable conditions, became more and more a model of regularity. There were still some throw-backs, still some deserters, but the general tone was that of tense efficiency. One writer says, however, that the desertions that occurred with the coming of the cold weather were appalling in number, and were stopped only by Wayne's drastic measures—"shooting and whipping the poor starvelings." The long months of preparation, the scared hesitancy of the War Department in refusing to let Wayne attack, gave him a force that was finally tempered.

In May, 1793, he moved down the river and settled at Hobson's Choice, impatient to be acting, but held down by Knox. The United States Peace Commissioners were laboring in a vacuum to try to settle amicably with the Indians, but the Six Nations demanded the Ohio as the border line between them and the Americans; and this could not be. When the dreary negotiations crashed and came to nothing in September, Knox wrote to Wayne to go ahead with his campaign but to take no risks and to tread softly on British toes. Wayne's own confidence and feeling of power are in the words he wrote to the War Department when they sent him flags and standards for the Legion and warned him with ten thousand small-fry precautions. His answer was stark and brawny: *"They shall not be lost!"*

The Indians, in small, agile groups, constantly lurked about the encampments, surprising scouts and attacking the supply wagons that brought food and munitions from the country around. Men haying in the fields, to get fodder for the horses and cattle, were shot from ambush; and Wayne lost seventy horses and eight men when a heavy baggage train was raided. It was the scalps of these slain soldiers that the British ordered to be taken to the Lake Indians farther north, in order to incite them to battle against the Great White Demon who was Wayne. The charming, "neutral" British . . . !

In the autumn of '93 the Legion moved to a superb ground about eighty miles north of Cincinnati which Wayne, thinking of his old friend, Nathanael Greene, and wishing to remember him who was dead, named "Greeneville." He sent a carefully selected detachment on from there to the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, the ground of St. Clair's disaster, to build a fort which they were to call "Recovery."

Wayne was managing all the while to do what Harmar and St. Clair had failed signally to do; he was making the scouts do more work than the army. He had a veritable network of patrols. The white frontiersmen of the neighborhood were invaluable—the very men St. Clair had hated and mistrusted. Many of them had lived with the savages, knew their speech and their ways and their most secret tricks in warfare; they were superb shots and skilled woodsmen, and were chosen to give target practice to the raw rookies. One militia man from Tennessee wrote that the horsemanship of Wayne's cavalry was a joy to watch; they galloped their horses over the worst ground in Ohio at breakneck speed and cleared fallen trees as if they had done it always. This man who had lived in the backwoods all his life said that even there he had never seen such expert shots, and that the infantry's speed and grace in a bayonet charge was more, he imagined, than he could witness even in Europe.

The chief of Wayne's scouts was a man by the name of Wells who had been captured by the Miami Indians as a child and had grown up with them. He fought with them at the St. Clair massacre and slew several white men with his own hand. But those white faces brought back other white faces out of cloudy memory. What if he had killed some of his own family? The thought began to possess him; he couldn't forget. It finally preyed upon his mind so hard that he left the Indians and came into Wayne's camp with his story, asking to be accepted back among his own people.

Wayne saw immediately how valuable he would be. Within a few weeks he found he could put full confidence in him; and Wells became his right-hand man, expert, keen-eyed, intelligent, and experienced. It was Wells who was generally sent out to capture Indians at hunting and fishing, and Wayne got from them, by searching examination, information that saved the fortunes of many a day. The Indians, for some reason, could usually be made to talk, and talk volubly.

The fear of Wayne had grown rapidly among the tribes. They had seen too clearly what he could do. "Black Snake" they called him, for his quickness and his skill. They knew after the first year that he was too strong for them, and hearts grew chilly in the villages as he approached.

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CHAPTER XIX

THE WILKINSON CABAL

I

In that early spring of 1793, a messenger rode one morning into camp, his horse's mouth dripping foam, and delivered an urgent letter for General Wayne. Wayne read it and went pale. But he said nothing. He set his teeth and gave an order to the scouts. For days he went about like a man in a stupor.

Polly was dead. She had been ill a very short time, and then had gone suddenly one morning. The message said she was to be buried at St. David's at Radnor, and the message was thirteen days old. So even now she was sleeping there. He would never see her again.

The pre-nuptial affection returned to his heart with a rush. His children were alone. He was alone. And this awful loneliness, together with a recurrent attack of gout, paralyzed his energies for a time. Age seemed to be upon him again.

II

And then, slowly and subtly, the Wilkinson Cabal began to weave its spidery web around Wayne and the Legion.

James Wilkinson was a young climber from Maryland with a mania for position and a diseased ego. He had entered the army at nineteen and was with Wayne at Trois Rivières where he made a noisy display of himself and meddled in the business of his superiors.

"My passion is for military fame," he wrote confidentially, and he didn't care whom he hurt in order to get it. He was appointed to carry the official report of Burgoyne's surrender to Congress, but he took so much time to get down from the lakes that when he arrived the news was already old to the people, having been conveyed by word of mouth, and Wilkinson was snickered at and got a mock reception. This infuriated him and he waved his arms about and vowed he would get revenge for the way he was treated.

All through his life he had a long nose for insults—and, if he got his just deserts, there must have been plenty of them—and he was always swearing that he would break his slanderers on the wheel. Yet he was sharp and clever in a good many ways and managed to drag a long list of intelligent people into admiring him; on the list was Thomas Jefferson, who certainly might have been expected to have better sense!

Gates—who was a mild rascal compared with this "arch-scoundrel" (as Roosevelt called him)—was involved with Wilkinson in the Conway Cabal and at the same time was trying to have his gay young friend appointed a brigadier-general; but their friendship was smashed to bits when Wilkinson blabbed about Conway's scheming. In spite of his life-long treachery against "the powers that be," he had a fatal habit of spilling over to people whom he expected to help him in his dirty plotting, but who, instead, proved faithful to the government. However, he contrived to keep so many influential friends that he always somehow succeeded in wriggling out of the mud, though it left him pretty black.

All during the Revolution he worked long and furiously to ditch and destroy his superiors. After peace was declared, he finally tricked the War Department into giving him a brigadier's commission, and he went west with the ostensible purpose of securing a separate statehood for Kentucky. But Kentucky statehood—hell! Kentucky money, perhaps! And Kentucky commerce to mold with his own hands. At this time the Spanish were threatening all along the Mississippi, trying to gain a permanent foothold, and when Wilkinson came west they had heard enough of him and of his reputation to know how valuable he would be. They made advances. They offered bribes. Wilkinson was in his element. He refused the offers until the stakes were raised to heaven—and then he accepted, as he had meant to do from the beginning.

He immediately signed the Oath of Allegiance to Spain and was in the pay of the Spanish government while he wore the uniform of a brigadier-general in the army of the United States. His sole purpose became to wrest Kentucky away from America and to put it under the control of Spain. When he was suspected of dealings with the Spanish and of visiting their forts, he excused himself cleverly on the ground that they were working together to check the onslaughts of the ever-threatening Indian.

His excuse was believed. Hector, Baron de Carondelet, the Spanish commissary, sent twelve thousand dollars to Wilkinson as his personal reward, but one of the two men who were carrying the gold was murdered and robbed by his own boatsmen on the Ohio. The culprits escaped unpunished, because both Wilkinson and Carondelet were afraid to bring them to justice for fear their own plot would be discovered. Wilkinson lived for a while in mortal terror when he thought that Federal investigators of the murder might dig up the slain man's body and find Carondelet's dispatches to him tucked away in the convoy's collar. A certain Judge Innes, who was a personal friend of the murdered man, refused to try the boatsmen because, he said, he had no jurisdiction over Spanish subjects. Not only was he involved in the dark infamy but he was also royally paid by Carondelet to shut up.

The affair stunk to heaven. But Wilkinson went gayly on. When St. Clair came west he served under him as his chief aide-de-camp, and after the massacre of 1791 his heart leapt high in expectation, thinking he surely would be appointed Commander-in-Chief. He had a lot of influence, and St. Clair of the dull eyes had liked him. When he heard that Wayne, whom he had always envied, had been appointed to the command, Wilkinson tore his hair and acted in every way like a fool. Immediately he started his hornet-nest of propaganda and big lies. He was going to get Wayne out of the way, by God!

Not only was he jealous of Wayne's position, but "Old Toney," as he called him, was very much in the way of the clear progress of his conspiracy. Wayne wrote to Carondelet and told him to get out of his fort at Chickasaw Bluffs just about as quickly as he could move. This was American soil, did he understand? The Spanish were impostors.

Carondelet responded with a thousand and one excuses and said that conditions prevented his leaving just at present, and that besides, the peaceful commercial enterprises of Spain had to be protected against the ravages of the Indians. Wayne would please wait a little while, would he not? A little while, please . . . ?

Wayne said he certainly would not wait, but for some reason he did, rather casually.

III

And Wilkinson went gayly on.

To judge from the diaries and letters of the men in Wayne's Legion, Wilkinson's propaganda department was nothing if not efficient. This consummate rotter had a genius for making his cause contagious, and before Wayne had been in the west a year Wilkinson had succeeded in convincing one-third of the army that Wayne was an incompetent commander and that he was going to bring them all to the grewsome fate of St. Clair's men. He tried his best to get the Kentucky militia to mutiny against the Commander-in-Chief with the intention to kill him if necessary, at least to shame his reputation forever. But now uprisings of the mildest sort were being so severely punished that the militia men were afraid to try it. Wilkinson cursed them for cowards and bent his energy to the task of making everybody believe that they were dissatisfied with Wayne's command and that only a new man in the place could save the day.

Some of Wilkinson's satellites together with this rascally brigadier, began an organized correspondence to friends all over the country, in which the set purpose was to find so much fault with Wayne and his methods that the whole country would soon begin to protest against this wholesale waste and maltreatment of soldiers in the west.

Wilkinson started out by praising himself by indirect means, telling what ought to be done—and it was exactly what Wayne was trying to do while he labored under the awful pressure of the government's fear—telling what wasn't being done, exaggerating Wayne's strictness of discipline until it sounded like a form of barbarism, and damning Washington for appointing "this old gentleman" to control anything larger than a walnut shell.

Wilkinson said that he himself had been urging for peace—all the while he was being royally paid by Spain—but he reported Wayne as wanting only to fight, and quoted him as saying: "We must scourge these heathen Caitiffs before we give them peace!" Wayne was out for murder, Wilkinson insisted . . . Now he had hit upon a fine point. There! He would drive it home! Here were the Indians, perfectly willing to come to terms without battle, and here was Wayne, refusing to listen to them, wanting only to butcher everybody, while his army diminished and the best men died under the awful stress of camp life. He just wanted to hold a slaughter-house in the open, this Wayne—that was all! And everybody had to join in. He didn't care how many men he lost. Now what did the country think of this? How could President Washington, before the Eternal God, answer to his conscience if he allowed a man like this to stay at the head of his army? That was what Wilkinson wanted to know.

He wrote to Jeremiah Wadsworth that he thought the savages were unusually nice people and would hate to see them all massacred. Besides, the American army could never do it anyway; they would be lucky if they got away with their own lives; for they were "stagnant" from Wayne's holding them back; they had "fermented too damn long."

While Wayne was the chief object of the Cabal's criticisms, they often picked upon some one else in order to cast reflection upon the condition of the army in general. Washington was defiled. They pounced upon the fact that Hamilton was an illegitimate child, and they ridiculously slobbered about the man who was controlling the high finances of these proud United States being nothing but a cheap bastard. Wilkinson and Carondelet worked together to convince the people on the frontier that the whole American government was a collection of fourflushers and hijackers, and that poor Wilkinson was being obliged to bear the weight of the entire sin.

Another man who got raked over the coals was Henry Knox. Everybody buzzed that he was incompetent and afraid. Of course Knox did make a good many mistakes, but he was in hard straits. Undoubtedly he should have depended more upon the power of arms and less upon possible treaties. He should have ordered Wayne to shoo the weak Spanish out of the Mississippi territory before they could wink an eye. He should have let the Legion fall upon the Indians early in 1793.

But money was not forthcoming to pay for an extensive campaign; the country shivered in mortal dread of a defeat, and Washington had cautioned the Secretary of War to be patient, and to be careful above all of how much rope he gave Wayne, who was apt to be reckless of finances. Knox, being new at a responsible job, was so afraid of making a big mistake that he made, almost automatically, a score of little ones.

A certain Major Thomas H. Cushing from Massachusetts, one of Wilkinson's most dependable shadows in the long treachery, wrote in March, 1794, to Jeremiah Wadsworth (the Connecticut agent in the work) a long and very interesting letter in which he spoke at length of Wayne, Knox, and Wilkinson in relation to the condition of the army. It drips lies, but it is a good statement from Wilkinson's side of the fence.

He exaggerated, to begin with, about the desertions from camp, and said that nobody seemed to understand that it was not only because of the small pay and the outrageous discipline Wayne was perpetrating, but "largely because of a very general want of confidence in (not to say contempt for) the Secretary of War. His manner of introducing officers —their different and mixed characters and his treatment of them whilst in service—his open and glaring falsehoods—his partiality and injustice—in a word, all his actions, as they respect the army, are so many proofs that it can never be respectable whilst Henry Knox is Secretary of War."

From that, after miscellaneous complaints, he goes on to a vilification of Wayne which is perhaps the most uncompromising diatribe ever written against a man in the United States Army by a fellow officer. He spares nothing; he writes even filthier accusations between the lines. Jeremiah Wadsworth, on receiving it, must have shivered; and it is only a wonder that it remains, for if it had ever been discovered at the time, it is considerably safe to say that both men would have been hanged for treason. Here it goes, in part:

> The Character and conduct of the Commander-in-Chief renders it impossible that the Army should be respected or useful, whilst he is at its head. He is Ignorant, Jealous, Partial, Rude, Ungentlemanly, and Unjust. Vanity and avarice are his governing passions, and who approves of all his actions, however foolish and absurd—the sycophant, who will put up with the most ungenteel and improper treatment, and will flatter, fawn and lie, on all occasions—is alone his friend and favourite; whilst men of merit, the intelligent, regular and systematic officer, who does his duty with punctuality and military precision—who treats the officers like gentlemen and the soldiers with humanity—and who knowing the value of reputation will not degrade himself by keeping the company of those who do not—is treated as a dangerous designing character; and every effort of his to promote discipline and subordination is regarded as an innovation of the general scheme, and opposition of the General's will. To prove in detail what I have asserted in general terms, is completely in my power when with the army; but as Captain Pratt's stay at this place will not allow me to go or send there for documents, I shall content myself with referring you to him, for a corroboration of my assertions, *as far as his knowledge goes.* [Italics mine. The master crawls.] The treatment which this gentleman, Gen'l Wilkinson, Colonel Hamtranck, Captain Grison and myself have received are instances in point, and I wish you to confer freely with him on all of them. The articles of war are disregarded in almost every instance, as the General's will is *the Supreme Law of the Land!*
>
> I will not attempt a description of our discipline—this is above my comprehension, and as it is on an entirely new plan, I believe most of our officers are inadequate to the task, as I am. We have not tried it in action

> —God forbid we ever should! But we have made out to disable nearly three hundred men, and to dishearten the remainder of the army (by the incessant fatigues and follies to which it subjects us) in such a manner that the former must continue *invalids for life,* and the latter (whose times are daily expiring) will never enter the army again. What with disability, and discharging, we shall not have a thousand good men in the field on the first day of June.

To back up Cushing's assertions we have only the statement of good authority that at the battle of Fallen Timbers a few months later Wayne had, besides the sick, forty-seven hundred men on the field of arms!

It is impossible to guess what Cushing means when he speaks of the three hundred men who are *"invalids for life"* as a result of Wayne's discipline. There is on record only one instance of a soldier being permanently injured by punishment in the Legion, and this was the case of a drunkard who furiously resisted and got rather badly sliced up. What Cushing probably referred to were the men who had got tuberculosis from exposure, or the handful that had ruptures from carrying heavy loads. But he didn't write it to sound that way at all. No, he was extremely painstaking: he plotted his effect, as they all did. He wrote it without giving any concrete instance, so that it might appear that Wayne had clubbed and maimed his men.

Cushing goes on to speak of the irregularity of the corps and says that most of the officers are "rioting at home, in ease and pleasure, and have not even inspected the condition of their men who are exposed to unendurable hardships." Yet, right on top of this, he reports that Wayne has not let a single officer go off on "furlong" to visit his family "for three years!" And that he threatened those who wanted to resign from service, for reasons of illness, "with a guardhouse sentence, as disturbers of the peace, inciters to mutiny, and a contempt for authority."

Strange how consistent this Cushing is! It is a deep mystery how these officers who had not been allowed to leave camp for three years managed to write so many letters from home during this time of confinement! But Cushing himself boasted that if he wanted to go he would just pick up and leave when he felt like it, and not even "Toney Lumpkin" could stop him! "Old Toney" and "Toney Lumpkin" became the common nickname for Wayne. "Mad Anthony" was too tame and too complimentary.

IV

In the spring of 1794 Wayne had a violent attack of gout along with a bad session of bilious vomiting. For days he was flat on his back, and he seems to have been afraid that "the Monster" was going to put an end to him before he could finish his work. He told William Hayman that he felt that his life was extremely uncertain but he would fight hard to hold on to it; but even if he did, he reflected, his breast was not bullet-proof and he was too lame to step aside a single foot to shield himself.

He told Hayman that he thought his army was a good one and that he put a world of confidence in it. Still, he didn't know how they would behave in actual warfare, as many of them had never seen a field strewn with writhing men and soaked with blood. They still had "to learn the dreadful trade of death," Wayne said, and he prayed to God that they would take the schooling cleanly.

Then one morning a letter came from Margaretta. She was going to be married—to William Atlee. She was all delight. Couldn't he come for the wedding? Couldn't he leave his army for a little while? Oh, why couldn't he come home? They hadn't seen him in so long.

The letter struck a deep melancholy into Wayne. He began to sense that the stream of life was passing by him too fast. His daughter—his little girl—married and gone away from him. Only Isaac left, and he was too busy with his own work. The picture of Margaretta kneeling before the altar came into his mind—Margaretta with the big grave eyes. And Will Atlee kneeling beside her there—tall Will with the Hamlet-like face and the serious hands. If only Polly might have been spared to see it all! It would have pleased her so.

He wrote to Margaretta that he would give his heart to come home to her for a little time, but he could only stay by his long job until it was done. He hopes that Will would be a better husband and father than he had been. It made him sad to think too much of that. He said he had been lost to the best things of life. He only begged her not to feel that his heart had been a stranger.

V

At the very time that Wayne, prompted by the pleadings of Knox and Washington, was making overtures for a bloodless peace with the Indians and finding it impossible to come to terms, Cushing wrote a strange tale which, if it were believed then, must have upset feelings at home. Cushing knew well that if he and Wilkinson and Heyward and Hamtranck and the rest of the Cabal could manage to excite the women in the east into thinking that their husbands and lovers were being sacrificed in the wilderness at the hands of a blood-thirsty general who wanted war and only war and forever war, then the cause of the Cabal was won and Wayne would be forced out, and Wilkinson and his dark crew could step into the breach and thumb the soft mold of new territories into the shape of their hearts' desire. So, even despite the fact that everybody knew how Knox's plans for peace had been shattered into nothingness, along comes Cushing with as bold a tale as you please.

He says that on the 10 January, 1794, a party of Indians arrived at the cantonment at Greeneville, under a white flag and with interpreters. Their business, he says, was to inquire how ready the Americans were for peace, and to "speak for their own willingness to sign a treaty *on terms.*"

Wayne kept them four days, took an interminable time, according to T. H. C., to give them an intelligible understanding of his own position in the matter, and then sent them away, saying he needed to think it over. He instructed them to return to Greeneville on the 11 February and to bring home the American prisoners that they had taken after St. Clair's rout and some of the smaller raids. He promised that until this time he would make no hostile gesture whatever. Both armies agreed on a temporary armistice until this 11 February. This, according to Cushing.

Cushing says further that when the peace delegation had gone home, Wayne publicly announced before his officers that he hoped the Indians would fail to keep their agreement, as he didn't want peace.

Then, just during the time when he had promised to be quiet, Wayne set to work and cut a wagon road, over thirty miles in length, straight into the heart of the Indians' country, captured some redskins, and shot upon a party of scouts.

It was this road cutting, in Cushing's opinion, that prevented "an advantageous and honorable peace with the Indian tribes in this quarter before the first day of July, 1794."

Cushing seems to know the intimate history of this breach of agreement. Yet in another place he attacks Wayne for keeping all his conferences and dealings with the enemy "absolutely secret from all the officers." Cushing was only a major at this time; in fact, he is listed on the Muster Return of the U. S. Legion as a "Captain *promoted.*" He confessed himself that "Toney Lumpkin" disliked and ignored him, and yet he professed to know all these great inner workings.

Of course we must remember that he was only a propaganda officer for Wilkinson, and it stands to reason that he knew very little or nothing of what the proposed Indian treaty contained. Notice that he speaks of a "treaty *on terms,*" but neglects to define these terms and rants on as if there were none. Probably the Indians still insisted upon the Ohio River as boundary, and Wayne had already told them that this was impossible. As far as the road cutting into the Indian villages is concerned, Cushing was working on pretty slim assumptions when he said it was against Wayne's word of honor. Wayne had no secretary—except for a letter writer he used when he was ill—and nobody opened his official correspondence but himself. Therefore, what means had Cushing of knowing that Wayne had not received a communication from the Indians saying that they would neither meet him on his terms nor would they return the white prisoners? It seems that if Wayne had broken any agreement so blatantly we would have heard about it from the Indians and elsewhere, and the only existing record of it would not be tucked away in a collection of old letters that fairly buzz with treachery.

VI

So far Wayne only dimly suspected what was going on in the Wilkinson-Cushing-John Pratt works of darkness and he knew nothing of the Wilkinson-Carondelet treason. In some ways he seemed extremely stupid about it all. When he heard rumors of what Wilkinson had said and done he seemed to put very little faith in their validity. All the reports were so nebulous that he felt unsure of his ground, and Wilkinson had a certain personal charm that made Wayne like him in spite of himself. He tried to be as diplomatic as possible.

He laughed. He let things ride. He rather contemptuously ignored the whole situation. Perhaps it was best in the end, after all. Wilkinson hoped that he would be able to work secretly, but he prayed to God that if Wayne ever found him out he would blow up and indignantly challenge Wilkinson to prove his statements. This might lead to a court martial—the finest thing in the world for the Cabal, because they knew that the shattered country would jump down the throat of a man suspected of incompetence, and the Cabal was strong enough and influential enough to carry all suspicions off the field. But now Wilkinson knew, when he saw Wayne calm and at his ease in the face of these black lies and contumelies, that the Cabal was starting to go out on the thin end of the day.

VII

The summer of 1794 saw impatience rampant all over the frontier.

An officer on Wayne's staff wrote that if they didn't fight pretty soon it would be a battle of skeletons, as the Indians were so active in destroying baggage trains that very few supplies were coming through. William Clark, the brother of George Rogers Clark, and the man who went later to the Pacific Coast with Lewis, reported that no meat whatever was on hand and that the soldiers with him on his scouting parties had to depend entirely upon their rifles for the means of life. The entire army was upset and fretting, he said.

But not even Clark can be believed. He behaved very strangely during this time, told some glaring lies, and just stopped short of turning extremely underhanded tricks. Because he was a fairly straightforward man, this becomes all the more curious. There is a bad history around him. His famous brother was vehemently biting at the government for refusing to recognize his great services in the west with adequate rewards, and it may be that William was influenced by his brother's bitterness. What is more, his younger sister, aged fifteen, had married a certain James O'Fallen, aged fifty, who had come at the head of a land-jumping army to take possession of property along the Mississippi and got inextricably tangled up in the subtle web of Wilkinson's Spanish intrigues. Later, having barely escaped arrest, he drifted into Wayne's Legion as a correspondent, and behaved fairly well until he finally entered into the muddy Genêt expedition years later, fought with everybody in that general free-for-all which centered around this scheme, and left with a black eye and a blacker name. Clark, in the whirl of this family mess, could not help having prejudices and acting peculiarly. Wayne trusted Clark so implicitly that he did Wayne a lot of harm.

The British were getting restless. They wanted to see things move. Their men were deserting also. Things had to come to a climax before long, or there would be nothing left.

The Spanish, with an army too weak and flabby to depend upon, were putting all their hopes of success into the hands of Wilkinson and Carondelet, and relying almost entirely upon intrigue and convenient rascals.

The Indians, wary and afraid of Wayne, hung silently about and waited for the high sign from the British commander, McKee.

VIII

That sign came towards the end of June. Two thousand Indians, led by English and French officers dressed and painted as savages, made a furious assault upon Wayne's vanguard at Fort Recovery, the place where St. Clair had gone down so piteously three years before. The fort was garrisoned by about two hundred men, and at the moment of attack about one hundred and sixty dragoons and light riflemen were encamped outside the walls, preparing to escort some packhorses back to Greeneville, from whence they had brought them the day before laden with supplies.

The Indians streamed out of the forest in a silent, swift flow of brown bodies and terrible, befeathered heads. The dragoons and riflemen sprang up, shouting alarm. The redskins came on, as noiseless as a shaft of light. The militia were powerless to stem this tidal wave of two thousand savages, and they fell back into the fort, wounded and confused and dripping blood. The Indians rushed down, scalping the soldiers who lay dead, and thundered like a battering ram against the walls of the fort. Then they retired into the forest for a few minutes, mobilized, and rushed out again, screaming their confidence and success, and drove down in an effort to take the garrison by storm.

This absurdity was the fault of the British. The Indian chiefs, who were intelligent warriors, recognized their fighting limitations and said that they would be helpless against such a well guarded fortress. But the British coaxed them on and the charge was made. It was slaughter. The American artillery roared confidently. The rifles of the Light Infantry sent a dripping soaking rain of lead from the slit windows. Plumed warriors fell in the brush and lay still.

They beat off in the end, but all night they kept up an ineffectual fire and studded the log walls of the fort with lead. They ran about with torches to collect their killed and wounded, and became as slow, beautiful birds of prey to the sharpshooters within the garrison.

It was the beginning of the end. Never again did the Indian warriors attack with the same ferocity and spirit. Again, it was the dire mistake of the British. If they had been content that day with the first skirmish with the dragoons and riflemen and had left the fort alone, the bravado of the Six Nations might have ascended instead.

IX

Wayne, hearing of the victory, saw that the psychological moment to strike the death blow was at hand. Scott, his old friend and comrade at Monmouth, joined him with a large cavalry from Kentucky. On the 27 July the Legion, powerful and organized, left Greeneville and began the long march into the heart of the Miami towns.

Terror went before them. The Indians scattered and retreated. The savage scouts brought breathless news to McKee that Wayne's line of march seemed endless and that they covered twice as much ground in a day as St. Clair had done, and that the main force was surrounded on every side by a moving fence of scouts. Every night they cut down a veritable forest of trees around the camping ground, so as to make a sudden assault impossible.

One evening about the first week in August, when the men were busy cutting down the forest around them for a barricade, a giant tree which they were sawing snapped off suddenly and started to fall. Wayne, directing another group of cutters some thirty feet away, was directly in the path of the descending mass of topbranches. The men yelled at him, but it was too late. He looked up, instinctively threw his hands over his head to defend himself, went down like a straw with the crash, and was buried out of sight.

The soldiers dashed up, thinking of course that he was dead, and dragged him out of the débris. He was momentarily unconscious, but when he came to again he seemed to be only badly bruised and cut.

But his gouty leg had suffered sorely. Next day he was in awful agony, and the march was delayed.

For thirty-six hours he lay flat on his back. Then he struggled out of bed and went on, but crippled and having to be lifted on and off his horse.

Wilkinson, whose hopes had flared up momentarily with the crash of the tree, must have felt himself pursued by an unlucky star. Of course it is impossible not to have suspicions of the Cabal in this accident, but it probably had nothing to do with them. They had too much faith in propaganda for disposing of Wayne, to revert to these primitive tactics.

The Legion marched on, the Indians fleeing before them, to the spot where the Glaize and Maumee rivers run together, and built a huge fortress in the very center of the Indian country. When Wayne christened it Fort Defiance, it was by way of telling the Indians that they could henceforth go, quite in the usual way, regularly to hell.

x

One of Wayne's Orderly Sergeants, whose name and identity are unknown, but who was obviously one of Wilkinson's well tempered tools, kept a *Diary* of the campaign at Defiance and Roche du Bout. It stinks of tutelage under the Cabal, but vibrates with amusing detail and contains a splendid account of Fallen Timbers, though the writer's conclusions as to its effect are probably reported verbatim from Wilkinson's opinions on the subject. Wayne emerges as a heinous black goat watering his lambs on the banks of the Styx.

This Unknown Diarist (a name for him, for convenience) always refers to Wayne as "the C in C" (Commander-in-Chief). "The General" or "General W." does not mean Wayne but Wilkinson.

The first entry is dated "August 18, 1794." At that time the prospect of a battle was imminent. The Indians had clustered on the plains, in full view. Then those impenetrable forests seemed to leak fiercely bedecked savages. Wayne evidently had spoken of an attack, but refused to say when he would give the final orders. The Unknown Diarist speaks of the turmoil in camp and the men's fury with Wayne for his "secrecy." He was "constantly deceiving his officers as to his proposed movements" and seemed irritable. There was so much loose talk in camp that Wayne very cleverly took the precaution of inviting all his officers to dine with him every night, so that they would not get off by themselves and stir up dissatisfaction. What is more, he liked the merriness of the company.

Criticism fairly bubbled around him. "The C in C seldom has fixed opinions and acts generally under the Caprice of a Moment." Wilkinson was perpetually hounding him to do this thing and that thing, and Wayne only listlessly heard what he said—or seemed to "overhear him" —and generally ignored his suggestions, which infuriated the brigadier.

The writer says that Wayne's "health is better; he begins to stand alone, though he cannot yet mount or dismount his horse without the aid of two strong men." His leg was always bound in heavy flannel, and he usually came out on parade supported on the arm of one of his aides.

On the 18 August, the Unknown Diarist writes, the army had but nine days' supply of food, and were on half allowance. This is a lie. They may have had only nine days' in the store-crib, but everybody who was at Roche du Bout spoke of the corn and vegetables which the Indians had planted and left behind them, and how Wayne's men feasted themselves in "this land of plenty." When we see the inner workings of the Cabal it is not hard to put two and two together. All the blame set by members of Wilkinson's crew upon the shortage of food and raggedness of clothes is plainly a piece of propaganda in favor of Thomas H. Cushing (who wrote the letter to Wadsworth, just quoted). Cushing had been in command of supplies and provisions, but he lost his job because he was lazy and shiftless; and the idea of the Cabal was to get it back for him.

They never succeeded, luckily. This whoring scandal monger finally got locked up in the guardhouse and stayed there a long while.

XI

When the nearness of an Indian attack became evident on the evening of the 18th, the officers clustered about Wayne with ten million questions about "the formation of assault"; but "Old Toney refused to organize the battalions" and said he would give orders of position only in case an attack was made. Of course Wayne meant an attack by his own army, but this writer makes it sound as if Wayne were speaking of an Indian offensive, and as if there had been no general orders as to formation in the first place!

Scott, who was excitable and a monstrous calamity howler, started a scare among his Kentuckians about a night raid that Wayne was planning to make—a sort of second Stony Point. Wayne, hearing it, thundered up to Scott, quaking on his swollen leg, cursed him roundly as chicken liver, and vowed that such an attack "should not be, by God!" The writer says that Wayne's oaths made Scott duck his head.

They had "every description of troops, with 17 hundred mounted volunteers, and no attempt made to attack an Indian cantonment 6 miles away. Nobody understands what the C in C is thinking of."

Wayne called a general conference of officers in his tent. He talked of the situation and said he did not care to broadcast his plan as yet. Then he said he had no plan, but that arising conditions would make one. Obviously he was very contradictory. But he was very ill, too. The officers refused to see that perhaps they irritated him while he was suffering intolerable agonies. When they left his tent nobody could see that he had said anything that made sense, and Hamtranck "swore the old man was mad!"

> God knows what will be the result, but certainly no army were ever before brought wilfully into such desperate circumstances. We continue perfectly ignorant of the C in C's plan for the campaign and are at a loss for the principles on which he acts—the protection of providence must save him; nothing else can!

The night passed.

◆

CHAPTER XX

VICTORY!

I

On the morning of the 19th, Wayne, like an old monarch, was lifted to his horse. He rode to the crest of a hill overlooking the river and sat there for hours "off his citadel." When one brave officer ventured out to ask his advice on a question of formation, Wayne vented his fury upon him and told him that the thoughts of the Commander-in-Chief were no business of this officer's, and that he could go to hell.

The Unknown Diarist says that the men had slept so little and had been so constantly on the *qui vive* for three days that they were exhausted. Wayne is said to have been so solitary and mysterious that he had not even seen to it that his soldiers' arms and ammunition were examined. Another lie! The orderly book of the time contains Wayne's orders that all arms be inspected, and Wilkinson was the man to see that it was done. Just how well Wilkinson did his work is seen by the Diarist's remark, which he would certainly have reserved had he known where it was going to strike in the end. He seems to have been furious at Wayne for sitting off on his horse all day, but plainly he did not appreciate that this was the only position in which Wayne's tortured body was comfortable.

"Old Toney" irritated the officers who said he could not "keep his word" as to orders, but they seemed blind to the fact that constantly changing conditions on the field might have something to do with it. He ordered and counter-ordered, and changed his troops every hour or less. The men were so anxious to have the awful suspense over with that they jumped at any chance to attack, and this Unknown Diarist was such a fool that he called any order that pleased him "a promise."

This writer was peculiarly stupid at moments. He says: "The old man had forgotten the Columns of Cavalry and Light Infantry" and left them behind.

The Orderly Books show that they were encamped near the army to act as guards in case of an attack from the rear or to come in as reserve in case of emergency. And they included less than half the Cavalry and Light Infantry at that. It seems curious that he did not know this very important feature of the formation, because he would appear to know everything . . .

II

On the morning of the 20 August, 1794, the American army began to move from Roche du Bout down the river to the Maumee Rapids to a spot within sight of the British fort across. On the right flank, next to the river, marched the fast dragoons and the proud cavalry. Inland, about five hundred yards to the right of these, Scott and his Kentucky volunteers trotted as a solid dyke of men to prevent the Indians from scampering around the army in the forest and closing down on the rear.

Between these two broad flanks, marched two long lines of infantry, their shouldered guns pointing skyward at the warm morning sun and their bayonets glistening in the brightness. Ahead went the fast vanguard and behind the lines came the scouts who spread a web of vigilance over the woods the main army had already passed through. The absence of artillery is noteworthy; Wayne had seen the absurdity of throwing giant bowlders at a rabbit.

Wayne and a few of his officers rode between the two lines of infantry. Wayne gave orders that no soldiers should strip, no matter how hot the day became; he wasn't going to have an army that ran around naked!

III

When they arrived at a place that was known later as Fallen Timbers (now Toledo, Ohio), Wayne sent out Scott with the Kentucky mounted volunteers to go far ahead, and smaller reconnoitering parties were sent off to the side to look over the ground. The river itself was flanked on both sides by a low prairie where the grass grew chest-high. About a hundred feet from the water's edge this swampy land gave way to a woods, but all the high trees had been torn up by the roots in a tornado and lay in fantastic abundance on the ground. Above, a high hill rose, cut by steep and almost impassable ravines, like the Hudson highlands, and also strewn with fallen timber.

The Unknown Diarist says that he, Wilkinson, Henry de Butts, and some others were reconnoitering on the crest of this hill just above the Indian cantonment, when somebody happened to glance towards the flat lands and saw in the distance the Kentucky mounted volunteers riding towards them across the plain, evidently retreating in hopeless confusion before a scattered fire from an unseen enemy. Then the enemy emerged, too, and started towards them on a dead run—a horde of them! Not Indians. No, the writer says: they were British! All printed accounts speak of the first attackers that day as redskins; but this man, who was one of the few that saw them and had no reason for distorting the facts, ought to know. Wilkinson, he says, rode out and shouted to his men "to oppose the British," who were driving towards them and "throwing their shot at random."

IV

Captain Shaumburg tore back to Wayne to report the assault, and found him leaning up against a tree, drawing something on paper.

"General!" Shaumburg cried, "we're being attacked in front! We're being attacked!"

Wayne looked up. "Well? I know it! I heard it! A skirmishing party. There were six or eight guns."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Shaumburg, "I have heard at least a hundred and fifty shots!"

Wayne lifted his eyebrows. "Great man!" he said. He called his servants, and gestured towards his black stallion. The servants came up, lifted him bodily, and set him astride the horse. Once in the saddle he leaned forward sickly, and the two who were closest to him said that his face was a twisted picture of agony and that his eyes filled with tears from the pain.

But, recovering from the shock, he threw back his head, set his jaw as if to keep it from quavering, wheeled, and was off. For a moment he had seemed on the verge of fainting; his face was chalk-white and his eyes were closed. It was when he opened them at that time that his men saw tears were running down his nose.

The fleeing mounted dragoons were immediately organized under a man whose strange name is listed on the muster as Robert Miss Campbell. (It is my guess that he was an illegitimate whose clever mother had simply put Robert before her own name.) But Campbell was no lady in spite of his cognomen, and he drove into the Indian lines like a hurricane, riding them down. But now they were invisible again . . .

Crack! A burst of rifles. A dozen American saddles were empty, Campbell's among them.

But the cavalry did not stop. Lieutenant Covington took command, flashing his broadsword in wide circles, while the horses cleared the trees on the ground and burst suddenly upon the Indians and British while going at full speed. They jumped up, let out savage whoops, and clamored off. Covington slashed two down with his own hand. The rout was perfect—but it was only a primary measure, and it was only for a moment.

The savages—a great many of whom were pleasant Londoners with their clothes off and decorated with bright paint—were taken again by the spirit of battle and came on once more in terrific force. The Americans were baffled; they started to go down badly. The Unknown Diarist says that the hysterical officers tore back to Wilkinson in this emergency and asked him what to do—but Wilkinson, with a supercilious sneer, said that "the big Mogul" (i. e. Wayne) was coming and he refused, as if in spite, to give either orders or suggestions. Still, just over the edge of this antic, seeing Covington's men stumbling dangerously among the fallen trees, half lost in the woods and smoke, he suddenly (and absolutely without orders) directed a general charge.

Down went the Infantry upon these spurting woods, bayonets ahead, and muskets coming behind with their noses pointing hungrily. Into the high grass on the prairie now. It was hip-high in some places, head-high in others. Men slashed at it with their sabers, but it was impossible stuff to run through at any speed. It whipped about the legs like ten thousand lashes and threw men right and left.

V

Then, just behind the very thick of the front line, a heavy figure on an enormous black stallion galloped headlong into battle, his saber low at his horse's side. Wayne's hat was off; his hair was standing out from all sides of his head in a fantastic "bob." He charged down the river line behind the dragoons, yelling, and pointing to the right with his sword. Good God! Didn't they know you couldn't see men through prairie grass! He shouted to Covington to get up on that hill.

"Shift to high ground! Get out of the grass! Turn their right flank! . . . God, no! Don't shoot so much! You're wasting powder. Use the bayonet! The bayonet! Covington!—the bayonet! Bear down on 'em! Make 'em get up, sir!"

Wayne's aides rushed up to him. What was he thinking of? He must get back out of the firing range! The Commander-in-Chief had no right to expose himself that way! He was too valuable. Nobody could live in this . . .

Wayne laughed. But he turned his horse, and cantered with them over a dry stream bed, hidden from the enemy's guns.

Yet he persisted in hanging just on the rear of the front line, directing the charges himself, evidently trusting to no one. In order to make his advancing army a fluid thing, he was doing exactly what nobody thought he would do—ignoring all his usual plans of attacks and creating new methods on the spot.

The Unknown Diarist says that Wayne's "prolix and pompous orders of battle heretofore issued were entirely neglected and not a word was uttered about forming the Square" (one of Wayne's tricky formations for the purpose of taking prisoners which he had long rehearsed but had never been given the chance to use). The "C in C" was in such a mad rush that when the cavalry and light infantry fell back in the beginning, he was so impatient that he scarcely paid any attention to them in the next hour and let them shift for themselves.

Whisky was handed out in the midst of the turmoil. But whenever the militia men came up to get some it was grabbed away from them and they were told it was only for the regulars, "the holy regulars." Nevertheless, it went down a good many dusty throats and worked well in the last charge.

Wilkinson, who could work only on set rules of warfare, was so upset by Wayne's innovations in the midst of battle, that he constantly rode back to ask questions, very purple in the neck. Wayne was contemptuously tranquil in the face of his brigadier's panic.

"Be so very kind, sir, as to believe that I know what I am doing—and see that you do too!" Then he rode off. Wilkinson cursed, looked after him, and spurred his horse angrily to the front again.

After this, the writer says, Wayne became full of mad bravado. He tore about in full view of the Indians, and rode off at a fast clip whenever he saw one of his own worried officers approaching him. Their petty suggestions made him froth. For ten minutes at a time he would hide himself so successfully in the midst of the fray that his own lieutenants had to tear about madly in search of him, and he only came out to meet them when he had a new order to give.

Suddenly . . . the Indian fire dies down. There is only the lazy putt-putt of muskets from behind trees. The Americans drive on. The resistance is strangely weak. Wilkinson, sensing something, tore back to Wayne in a fever of excitement for fear it was only a possum trick and a trap to lead the Legion into, so that the savages could pounce down and corner them. The Legion should halt. This was dangerous moving. Wilkinson was shouting loud at his commander in the middle of the field.

Wayne looked at him quietly, then at the advancing charge of his infantry, and back again at Wilkinson. He took a long breath and pursed his lips. Then, with a sneer and a shrug:

"Well, halt, then! But, in God's name, General, not too long!"

VI

No, not for long! The Indians have only been recoiling for the spring . . . Now we come upon the hot surge before victory. The woods spurt fire. The noise is deafening. The redskins are attacking in a long line of offensive six men deep—a fatal formation. If they would come through like a wedge and attack only in one spot they might penetrate—but not now. They foam like waves against a sea wall—and ebb back, bloody.

It is a valiant charge. Little Turtle with the big mouth and flat broad arms threads in and out of his line, trying to give his braves spirit. Bunbury, the unforgiving, concentrates his energies on the killing of American officers—but he finds it is not so easy. They are fighting desperately now. There is a jabber of strange, excited voices, and ghastly yells, and the twisted faces of dark men dying. The fate of the Six Nations is in the balance.

Shaumburg, tall and gallant, rushes down upon them with sword high, leading his men before Claiborne's Light Infantry. He charges around the Indians hidden in the deep grass and the timbers of the higher ground, comes down furiously upon their side and rear, and drives them right up into the teeth of Claiborne's advancing bayonets.

The Mounted Volunteers are riding. They are a gust that breaks all that stands before them. They skim across the tree-strewn ground, clearing logs and broken trenches, and the Wyandottes and Canadian militia go down under the furious wave of horses and riders. Scott, throwing himself upon the Delawares, breaks their line and drives them down the hill. He tears on, looking for more, and curses them for cowardice. How can a man fight an enemy that flees as fast as he approaches?

The Shawnees, staunch and long suffering, lurk with tomahawks, but they can find no skulls to sink them into. The Wyandottes lose their great chief—a passionate hater of the United States—and with him goes their spirit. The Pottawotamies lie dead and wounded in terrible number, and the agile Chippewas fall back on weakened knees, their brown bodies bloody and torn.

Whatever the Indians had worn in the way of clothing was torn off now in the heat of battle and lay in colorful tatters on the ground, black-red with blood. Wayne yells:

"They are fighting as naked, by the Eternal God, as they came out of their mothers' wombs!"

VII

Now the end. The Indians have fallen back two miles. The British soldiers can be seen trying to force them back into battle, but they will only retreat, weeping and wailing. They are right under the brow of the British fort now. Their rear is in horrible disorder, and men are staggering across broken trees, carrying on their shoulders the dead bodies of their beloved chiefs.

Wayne rides up. He orders his men to cease firing and to let the chaotic and mangled rear of the enemy escape without further punishment. He sends Covington and Wells on with the dragoons to keep the redskins from forming again—but he holds the rest of the army in check. The Unknown Diarist says that Wayne had forty-seven hundred men he could have turned loose upon the tail of the enemy—and certainly he didn't withhold them because he was afraid of either the Indians or the force in the British garrison. This statement as to Wayne's clemency (which has been corroborated) does not tally very well with Wilkinson's report that Wayne's only idea was to massacre every redskin on the continent.

However, this estimate of forty-seven hundred men in the Legion's advance force seems rather exaggerated. Perhaps there were this number in the entire army, but about nine hundred had been left behind to garrison Fort Defiance. Others were guarding the stores at Roche du Bout in case the enemy came around the inland routes with a detachment to close in on Wayne's rear. Still others were at Greeneville. Roosevelt says that about three thousand men were in the force and that less than a thousand were engaged. The estimate of three thousand is probably about right; but he took the other computation from Wayne's letter in which he underestimated his force as usual. It would seem that the correct number of fighting men in the advance would be about twelve hundred and fifty—and when I say fighting men I mean men who were in the thick of the battle when the halt was called. There were at least a thousand others who hung on the rear and never got a chance to fire a shot or to thrust a bayonet.

Wayne said that the enemy numbered over two thousand, Indians, whites, but "a Mr. Williams, a half-breed Wyandotte," who came into camp a few days after the battle to discuss terms with Wayne, reported that "the whole force did not exceed twelve hundred, including white men and a hundred boys." This same Isaac Williams said that the Indians had told him that they fully expected to be pursued and probably exterminated, and that the British garrison was getting ready to surrender just when Wayne called his halt.

A Frenchman dressed and painted as an Indian was found wandering the next day in the woods, having lost his way, and was captured and brought back to camp. He said he had been a peaceful trader, plying up and down the river, but that the British had grabbed him and his boat and forced him into the battle; though he had not fired his gun, he swore. He reported that the attacking party had been composed of about nine hundred Indians and forty white men, and that the whole British garrison could boast of only about two hundred and fifty men, with fifty of them sick. It was this Frenchman who maintained that the Indians had not prepared for the battle and were only forced into it, much against their will and better judgment, by Major Campbell of the British fort and McFee and Elliot, the assistant commanders, who had offered them a large bounty. This statement is not scrupulously true. The British undoubtedly pushed the attack, but a deserter from their camp said that "the Indians prepared two days for the engagement and were thoroughly frightened." In fact, it was probably more than two days, because a message announcing the intended assault had been sent to all the tribes of the Six Nations about a week before.

VIII

In reality, it was not a very smashing end to a two years' campaign; it was rather mild, in fact; but it did the work. The Unknown Diarist called it "this affair which does not deserve the name of a battle." Wayne lost thirty-one and had one hundred and two wounded; the enemy's loss, according to the writer of the journal, was about fifty; but from what Wayne, Campbell, Daniel Bradley, Brickle (a white man who was in the Delaware tribe), and Thomas Duggan, the Englishman, said, the loss among the Indians alone was probably twice fifty and more, and it is to be remembered that the British themselves lost close on to a score. Of course, nobody on their side dared mention this fact, as they had no right on the field of battle.

The Unknown Diarist wrote that a deserter from the British told him that there were "less than 100 Indians engaged and 800 soldiers of the Crown." Of course this is ridiculous; but it is quite probable that there were about two hundred Britishers from the garrison and many more English frontiersmen who were paid by Campbell for serving in the battle.

Wilkinson, who was the very man who pretended to be so much afraid that the poor Indians would be exterminated, said Wayne had ruined his chances by calling halt so early! He and his colleagues worked their mightiest, by dint of many letters, to make the battle that day look insignificant in retrospect.

The Unknown Diarist berates Wayne for not sending out a detachment to collect the blankets and belongings lost in the rush of the first charge, and to bury the dead. Two days after the battle a wounded man was found in the timber, still alive, but too weak to talk from loss of blood and lack of food. Of course, since this is a fact, there was outrageous neglect somewhere.

The Cabal wrote home about it and blamed Wayne. But a major general and a commander-in-chief does not collect wounded men on the field of arms. He merely gives orders to some one else. And the some one else, in this case, was Dr. Alison, surgeon of the Fifth regiment, who was to see that all the injured were found and put in the hospital.

This was the same Alison who accused Wayne of being lax in the matter of medical supplies and wrote to Knox that the commander had no sense of moral responsibility in regard to the comfort and health of his men.

IX

Wayne was in an ecstasy over Fallen Timbers. This was victory! The afternoon that followed the engagement saw him very nimble for the first time in weeks. The thrill and movement of battle had deadened the pain in his leg, and the swelling seemed to have gone down considerably. On his horse, he reconnoitered the new position and decided that he would stay right here for a while—at least until that damned English flag came down from the pole on the garrison.

Wilkinson remonstrated. Where were they going to get food? Wayne burst out laughing, pointed with a sweep of his arm to the wide fields of Indian corn, the rows of cabbages and beans, silently answering. Poor Wilkinson! Wayne was afraid he would starve in Canaan! The brigadier said nothing more.

When evening came on it was hot and sticky, with no air stirring. Wayne, strolling through camp, came upon Ford's battalion sitting on the ground, talking and drinking, with their coats off. "The C in C got into a violent passion with Captain Ford"; he swore and accused him of disrespect. "I have fought under the hottest and coldest suns," he roared, "and such a thing was never permitted; nor shall it be now. It is damned cowardly—that's all!"

It is noticeable that when Wayne was buoyed up in spirit and confidence by a victory, he generally reverted to the "dandy" of the old days. After Stony Point he did it. After Yorktown. And here he did it again. The love of fine clothes stood by him almost as consistently as did the reality of rags!

The morning after Fallen Timbers, William Campbell, commander of the British garrison, wrote to Wayne demanding what he meant by encamping on the skirts of a fort belonging to His Majesty the King of Great Britain, and occupied by His Majesty's troops. Aye, what, indeed?

If Henry Knox had seen Wayne's answer before it was delivered, he would have trembled in his boots. A challenge to a war with England! he would have said. For in it Wayne was ruffling the composure of the gods.

> I think I may, without breach of decorum, observe to you that, were you entitled to an answer, the most full and satisfactory one was announced to you from the muzzles of my small arms yesterday morning in the action against the hordes of savages in the vicinity of your post, which terminated gloriously to the American arms; but had it continued until the Indians, *etc.*, were driven under the post and guns you mention, they would not have much impeded the progress of the Victorious Army under my command.

"The Indians, *etc.*" . . . Oh, what delicacy in that *"etc"!* It left nothing for Campbell to say.

Yet, it does not seem that Wayne ever thought seriously of attacking this garrison, in spite of what the British deserter said as to its enfeebled condition. "The C in C felt it was too strong to be carried" without endangering his men too much.

But he was willing to do it if he had to. Campbell wrote to say that Wayne's reply seemed a very disgusting document from a gentleman, and warned him that unless the American soldiers stayed away from the fort he would fire upon them . . . Go ahead, Wayne said. Fire! Just try it! But he advised Major Campbell at the same time that his wisest move would be to vacate.

He waited to see what Campbell would say. Days passed. No answer came. The garrison shut up like a clam. But the British didn't vacate.

Whereupon Wayne began his wholesale work of destruction . . . Slash! Wreck! Burn! His men went out with scythes and torches. The broad fields of Indian corn lay flat. The vegetables were cut and heaped in a great pile. The buildings of the "peaceful" British agents were torn down and strewn over the ground. Then suddenly, all was flame! The corn and the vegetables and the fruit, the houses of the British, with McKee's included, settled to earth forever in the softness of gray ashes. Right up to the garrison all lay dead and charred.

Indian scouts came straggling into camp from time to time under white flags, saying they wanted peace and only peace. But it seemed hard to say how unanimous the decision was. Some chiefs wanted to prolong the war, the scouts said, but most of them were ready to shake hands. But not Bunbury, the bulldog; Bunbury wanted to fight to the finish. And Little Turtle, who had been so valiant at Fallen Timbers, wrote: "We will not stop our brother for ten days. We shall then have all our force collected and will go up and fight him."

Ten days passed. No gesture of hostility. The charred earth seemed like a great black blanket that was stretched farther every day.

Then the British awoke one morning to find Wayne gone and the American camp silent and deserted . . . So they were alone in the wide wilderness, sick and without food. And the Legion had gayly departed.

X

Wayne stopped off at Defiance for a time, to replenish his stores and to fortify the garrison in such a way that it could stand a heavy assault from the ever threatening British regulars. September was cold. The men, weakened from the long campaign, went down badly from fever and ague. Supplies were short, and if it had not been for corn and vegetables plundered from Indian farms, they could never have managed. About a score of soldiers out of every regiment considered that the utter lack of whisky, which had all been drunk on the march, was an excellent cause for desertion.

Leaving a garrison of trained men at Defiance, the Legion marched, about the middle of the month, to the ground where Harmar had been routed four years before, and settled themselves squarely in the heart of the Miami towns. The Indians were sunk by the result of Fallen Timbers and seemed to have lost heart. They simply looked on in drunken dismay while the Americans built Fort Wayne in their midst and ravaged through their territory, burning the crops and plundering the stores that meant life to them.

They said that they had never seen a man who could build a fort as Wayne could. As a soldier, he had beaten them; now as an engineer he was filling them with wonder.

About the 1 October, the Mounted Volunteers from Kentucky began to growl ominously, and threatened to mutiny. But Scott, tough and brawny, bounced them back into order and told Wayne that the only way he could treat these upstarts was to wrap a whip around them. Most of them were so worthless that when their terms of service expired, Scott told them to take their whores and go home.

Then the regulars picked up at Fort Wayne, left a detachment of troops to command the new garrison, and marched back to Greeneville. When Wayne and his Legion arrived, it was just ninety-eight days since they had started out from there one morning on the triumphant campaign.

Now forty years of bloodshed were at an end, and peace was creeping softly over the western country like a dawn.

CHAPTER XXI

DARK MOLLY WITH THE GREAT SOFT EYES

I

WAYNE and his officers were a good deal perturbed at first lest the campaign should not be quite over and the Indians might try it again, as Little Turtle had threatened.

Weeks passed. Nothing happened. Then winter came. And with winter came another army. The army of snowflakes. Softly, decisively, they triumphed. They finished forever the little that Wayne had left undone.

The Indians, with their crops and homes and storehouses utterly destroyed and lying in a flat uniformity of ashes under the snow, faced bitter poverty and hunger. They appealed to the British, but the British seeing their long hopes of a hold in the west lying as flat as the villages, no longer were resourceful. They could not help the redskins; they were extremely sorry. When the tribes accused them of breaking their promises, the officers of the Crown said that they had never made any. Indians do not swallow lies very gracefully; the British lost all they had left.

The red brothers began to come to Wayne for help. They exchanged prisoners and traded their most precious possessions for food. They said they were tired, disgusted with the English traitors and backsliders, and were now ready for peace with their Elder Brother, Wayne.

As soon as the Indians had told their story and it became evident how peaceable they were, the men of the Legion began to accept them as friends. One Connecticut captain speaks of how the Indians hunted and chummed with the officers, and made painstaking, if amusing, attempts to teach one another their own languages. The redskins "anathematized the hypocrisy of the British on the 20th of August," and said they had been solely responsible for prolonging the war.

Strange things began to develop as the friendships became closer and more intimate. For instance, the Indians had been ready to sign a treaty of peace in the beginning of 1793! The envoys, of whom the Unknown Diarist speaks, who had come to camp in the January of that year had been among those who were the most anxious for settlement; but all was thrown to the ground by the meddling interference of the British agents who had come to Indian councils and bribed the chiefs to continue fighting, promising them large rewards which never materialized.

The main thing that made the great Iroquois chief, Brant, rage was that not only had the British lured them on with big balloons of promises and lies, but that when the Indians, seeing the size of Wayne's force wanted to settle amicably before they lost ground through defeat, the Crown's agents literally forced them into war by threatening to destroy their towns and to sweep the country with fire. Yet, when John Jay's treaty was signed finally, the British immediately picked up and contemptuously ignored the brave warriors who had now become useless in their machinations, and refused them even skimmed-milk justice. Brant wrote a sad letter to Joseph Chew, the Secretary of Indian Affairs in Canada. He said:

> This is the second time the poor Indians have been left in the lurch. I cannot avoid lamenting that they were prevented at a time when they had it in their power to make an Honourable and Advantageous Peace.

Even McKee, who had "translated" the corrupt designs of the Indian Office into action, felt remorse when he saw what was done. He said it seemed a pity that "the distressed situation of the poor Indians who have long fought for us and bled farely for us" should be forgotten by the Crown just because she wished to make peace with America, and that they should be "left to shift for themselves." They had lost a great battle, but they had not broken faith. The British had! Coming from McKee, who was pretty hardboiled, this is a terrible indictment!

And a dread confession is in that, too. He speaks of "the poor Indians who have so long fought *for us* and bled farely *for us*." For the British! Not for themselves!

II

The Wyandottes came first with the flag of truce. Wayne took them into his tent and talked to them like a father, with a pitying sternness. He told them he was glad they were to have no more to do with the British; for these men had been very willing to help them so long as they could reap the profits, but when they saw their own chances sinking they were small customers and mean ones. If the Indians were ready for peace that was very good and he was full of joy; but if they had any further thought of war he swore that he would rise to arms and wipe them off the face of the earth.

When the chiefs left Greeneville, they were gravely reflective. They sat long before their tribal fires, and soon it became evident that peace would be for to-morrow.

The Pottawotamies, the Chippewas, the Delawares, the Miamis, and some of the smaller tribes sent envoys to Greeneville with news for the Great White Chief that they wanted to shake his hand. The Shawnees, under the ferocious influence of Little Turtle, the mighty warrior of the Miamis, still held out and painted in the bright colors of war; but Little Turtle, when he saw that he was to stand alone, also sent his ambassadors to Greeneville with the pipe of peace.

On the 11 February the preliminary treaty was signed under Wayne's eye; and the great gathering of all the tribes was set for midsummer.

III

Then, while the Indians came and went among them as friends, and Wayne even granted Blue Jacket (another of the great chiefs) permission to plant corn on the Au'Glaize—a sure sign of peace—internal dissension rose rampant in the Legion. Men grew impatient and deserted. Others got desperately sick and died. The discipline was so rigid that the whole camp revolted against this wartime strictness when peace was at hand and war was over. Officers were distracted; it was impossible to satisfy men who said they were infuriated by "the C in C's martial law and the rod of his authority."

Joseph Strong wrote early in 1795 that there were, besides the sick, only six hundred and nine privates ready for active duty, and that this number was being diminished every day. This Strong was a young dunderhead whose tongue hung in the middle. He was a physician from Middletown, Connecticut, and wrote home long tirades in regard to the abuses in Wayne's camp hospital. He calls him "the Great Mogul," and says that he has no respect for human life. Strong was another link of the Wilkinson chain. But he only harmed his cause by overstating every case.

Captain Heyward, one of the outraged rascals who bored Wayne into giving him his dismissal, wrote to John Pratt from Middletown in the early part of 1796, after having been away from Greeneville since fall: "I have worked Old Toney out of a furlong and am thus on my way to Plymouth." He says he will certainly leave service forever now that he has escaped Wayne's vigilance, and will never go back to his "bloody" master.

In another letter to Pratt, Heyward congratulates his friend on his marriage and on having "enlisted for life in a Service as diametrically opposed to Toney's as the greatest felicity and happiness from the most abject slavery in Algiers." He says he hopes to see Pratt soon and to "talk over the malconduct of others—particularly of *Toney himself.*" He adds that Thomas H. Cushing "is locked up for knowing too much!"

Wilkinson, harassed by the failure of his underhanded plans and seeing his dreams turning into nightmares, wrote a long letter to Jeremiah Wadsworth. The tone shows that he was slowly being found out. He speaks, as a distracted man, of the "damned whelps who are hounding and barking at me from all sides."

> General Wayne (he writes) has established a shortlived fame—you must not be surprized at it—nothing is more common than men should succeed without merit. We may look for the foundations of his unmerited Honours in view of those meritorious Generals Harmar and St. Clair. What their misfortunes founded hath been perfected by misrepresentation and the general ignorance of the theatre of the War and the poverty of the Enemy opposed to him.

He goes on to say that the Indians had struck such horror, with the ghastly faces, tomahawks, and war whoops, into the whole country that any defeat of them was considered as miraculous. He neglects to say that "the trivial skirmish" at Fallen Timbers has put an end to four decades of slaughter, and he upbraids Wayne for not making a real battle out of it—he who was so sore adread that the Indians would be exterminated! He goes on:

> Yet, my friend, believe me, the undeserved laurels of our hero are short lived—they will wither beneath the pen of the candid and [illegible] Historian and vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. I have pledged myself to become his Biographer, and if he does not hasten out of the World, he may be gratified by the sight of his portrait taken from the life, and drawn at full size.
>
> These observations are for your private satisfaction. I have received from the President ample redress for personal wrongs offered to me by Mr. Wayne, and am enjoined to silence, as well by the public consideration, as by the delicacy of my particular situation.

He speaks of a "Miss Buell," who had upset the camp in some way or other, and had left with Wayne's curse upon her. "For this," says Wilkinson, "I think you will find her his panegyrist—an office which he has detailed upon himself." He makes a veiled hint that she had been Wayne's mistress for a time.

As for Wilkinson, he confesses himself to be "in love" with a Mr. Alsop, a neighbor of Pratt's in Connecticut!

IV

Midsummer, 1795. The Indian delegations began to gather at Greeneville as early as June. All through July they came. Some tribes, loathing at this moment of final peace to admit on paper that their immortal spirit had been broken by Big Wind (their new name for Wayne), held back until the last days. But finally they, too, arrived, gravely to a grave council, swelling the tide of great chiefs and sachems and mighty warriors to well over a hundred.

The festival of oratory commenced. The Elder Brother, Wayne, gave his Younger Brothers to understand their new place in the sun. After many words, the Indians met him on his terms. In the name of the great gray Father in Philadelphia, the President of the United States, the grave chiefs granted to Wayne the far lands of the west-southern Ohio, southeastern Indiana, eastern Michigan, the territory of the Elder Brother's forts, and the land on the Ohio in the vicinity of the old French towns where Clark had come like a meteor almost twenty years before.

What remained was for the Indians, and they were to receive from the government a yearly annuity that was but a few hundred short of ten thousand dollars. The state of war was over. Once more they were brothers, and they would work together and all good things would come to them equally. A great Chippewa chief rose in his place and addressed Wayne.

> Elder Brother, you asked who were the true owners of the land now ceded to the United States. In answer I tell you, if any nations should call themselves the owners of it they would be guilty of falsehood; our claim to it is equal; our Elder Brother has conquered it.

More great speeches remained; but against the fierce light of what had already been said they were but the silverings of reflection.

For a while the Indians stayed on. Splendid feasts conveyed friendship when words could not. The wilderness fairly sang. Men who had taken desperate shots at each other's hearts only a year ago now drank together in surging jollity. The Indians danced, flinging their arms and bodies before the shifting light of fires, chanting hymns of praise and joy, and telling of the great love for their Elder Brother that had come into their hearts.

The day of accord. The day of gayety. The day of peace.

V

No more wars for the warrior! The fighting man was quiet; the career of shot and powder and the sharp edge of steel became only of yesterday. The work was done.

But not even Mad Anthony himself grasped the colossal proportions of it. That he had opened up a vast continent, that he wedged apart the sluice-doors of empire, occurred to him only remotely. He knew but a small part of the story then—only that when he sheathed his sword, he would never draw it again. But he said he was content. Thirty years on the field of arms was enough for a man. He was getting old. He was very tired. He had come upon the time in life when "new pastures" are disturbing and the quiet of a rose arbor and the faces of a merry company are adventures large enough.

During the autumn of 1795 he revisited his forts and appointed the permanent garrisons. There seemed no spirit of hurry in him. He traveled casually, and appeared to be thinking much of going home, but thinking of it as a man who did not have quite the heart to face it. Waynesborough without Polly was what it meant. And it made life seem too near over to have to sleep in a wide bed alone.

In December the final preparations to leave were made. When he appointed a man to take command of the army during his absence, a strange murmur went through camp. For he had named Brigadier James Wilkinson!

It is incomprehensible! It amounts to pigheadedness. What was his idea? Did he want to avoid Wilkinson's jealousy? But why? Certainly Wilkinson was no man to fear. It was no longer possible for Wayne to lose anything to this rascal.

Wayne's greatest stupidity here was his indifference to the rumors about the Cabal that kept reaching his ears. He didn't seem to take them seriously. He made no attempt at investigation. Of course the darker doings had not yet come to light, but Wayne let many a dark shadow cross the blind without bothering his head about it.

It was only Wilkinson's dull impotence that saved Wayne's trust in him from proving fatal. The plotter's tedious, important mind squdged laboriously in mire.

In midwinter the Commander-in-Chief bade farewell to his men for a time. With his staff, he turned his back on the west and the field of victory. Through the huge hungry wilderness and over far frozen waters, he started on the grueling winter journey back to the city of Philadelphia.

William Heyward wrote to Pratt:

> Toney, I hear, is on his way to Philadelphia loaded with laurels taken from the heads of those who prevented his own pate from being shaved.
>
> Unless Toney has taken the precaution of giving leave of absence to his tools and toadeaters they will soon meet the fate their pimping conduct has long deserved.

VI

The 6 February, 1796. A bright, clear morning. Bitter cold and without snow. From the high hills above the Great Valley, the frozen Schuylkill is like a glistening snail's track across the brown doormat of the earth. The winds sing thinly through the bare branches of the trees. No birds. No sounds in this lonely world, except a startled buck waking into sudden fright in some solitary clearing.

Wayne and his staff wind along the crests of the hills, scouts ahead and the little baggage train behind. All eyes are to the eastward. Noon comes and passes. Suddenly, and far away, a sea gull flashes white in the sunlight. Then a lean arm of water is visible over the broad fields and woods. The Delaware! The men spur their horses; they ride faster. Some clouds of wood smoke can be seen drifting lazily to heaven! A city! Philadelphia! They are home!

They find themselves on a good road now, and they canter on. The afternoon drifts brightly on towards four o'clock. The sun is at their backs, and the wind too.

Suddenly, far ahead, men are seen riding towards them. The sun glistens on the arms they carry and on the shining bridles of their horses. They get closer and closer. Presently Wayne discerns a banner that streams above them—the flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse Brigade. Rapidly the two troops come together. There are cheers and loud welcomes. Wayne takes their hands, and smiles; he greets his old friends and says that four years are but a day. A major, gorgeously bedecked in regimentals, hangs a wreath of laurel over the neck of Wayne's horse. The conqueror bows and blushes.

They face. They spur. They ride. The Philadelphia Light Horse goes ahead. The Stars and Stripes and the standard of the Legion are unfurled and carried high. A party of drummers meets them and there is martial music.

The late afternoon sun sifts in pale patterns through the covered bridges as the gay troops thud heavily over the Schuylkill. Wayne is just in the middle of the bridge when a great roar goes up in Centre Square. It is the booming of cannon saluting him. Again and again. He rides off the bridge and onto the cobblestone street.

Philadelphia has declared a holiday in his honor; all business is suspended. Women and children scream their huzzas and wave bright handkerchiefs. The cannon boom again. Bells ring—deep bells, shrill bells, thin bells; they peal from every church tower and meeting house. Music stridently fills the city. Men lift their hands and salute the Commander-in-Chief and the conqueror—men whose faces are strangely familiar—men whose faces Wayne had seen before in less happy days, pain-racked before the light of northern fires or tortured and twisted in the heat of battles and gray mutinies. He tries to see them all; he gives back smile for smile and bow for bow. He leans from his horse to grasp the hands of those who are closest. The long fixings of memory return with those faces. They are his friends now, not his soldiers. War is over. Those days are but shadows. War is a memory. . . . War is a dream. . . .

The surging crowd follows him, crying and calling and singing. It grows dusk and they light torches. At the City Tavern "the great man" alights from his horse and is borne through the throng on the shoulders of singing men.

The dignitaries assemble for the huge banquet in honor of the man who has saved and opened up the Great Northwest. All the famed in that wide circle of countryside are there; it is a sort of gathering of the immortals. They drink to the conqueror; they feast; they drink again to the conqueror. Toasts fairly surge around the table. Nobody can drink enough to do him honor. Spirits soar to heaven, though certain notables cannot move their bodies from their chairs.

Then outside a great display of fireworks is shot off. Wayne goes to a big window and welcomes the crowd. They cheer and scream and push each other with friendly roughness. Everybody has been drinking to his health. . . .

Afterwards the dignitaries move to one of the mansions of the great, where there is another reception and Wayne is fêted again. Philadelphia is packed with famous visitors at this time of the year, which is the height of the social season. The illustrious move about in the huge rooms, and Wayne stands in the midst of them with Rush and Delany and President Washington, bowing and shaking hands. Isaac Wayne is there to see his sire. Margaretta and her husband, Will Atlee, have brought the new baby daughter to meet her grandfather.

Everybody is dancing. The music has become a din. Wayne is tired. His eyes blink wearily in spite of himself.

A crowd of late comers enter. They come up and speak to him; he greets them with polite carelessness, bowing almost automatically. . . . But suddenly his manner changes; he is no longer lackadaisical.

Out of the sea of people a slim dark creature is approaching on the arm of an elderly gentleman. For a moment Wayne stares at her. Then he sees the red lips smile; he sees the soft dreamy eyes smile. The little chin goes coquettishly upwards. A hand points a fan at him playfully. He goes swiftly forward.

It is Mary Vining. . . .

Softly she gives him her hand. He stoops and kisses it, and holds it to his face longer than he should. . . .

VII

Late into the night they sat and talked. She was thirty-nine now, but scarcely less beautiful than she was before Brandywine, nineteen long years ago. That unforgettable smile was the same—the dew-soft lips parting over the perfect teeth, the dimple coming shyly in the corner of that mouth, and the brave liquid gleam of her eyes.

They spoke of the old days. Until 1792 she had heard often from their good friend La Fayette. But now he was still in that damp, terrible dungeon at Olmütz where the Austrians had him imprisoned. He had not written for a long while and she was worried. . . . Twelve years since he had gone home for good. How short a time it seemed, when that funny, quick accent in his voice could almost be heard as an echo of the moment before! Wayne complained of the passing of years. He was getting old. He was beginning to feel it heavily. Yes, he was fifty-one!

Molly Vining lightly brushed his cheek with her fan. He must not be sad. They were really young, yet. The best of life was still on the way to them . . . the best of life. . . .

VIII

Next day he saw her again. Heavily bundled up, they drove in a carriage about the town. He had interviewed Washington that morning and he was tired; he wanted only the fresh air and the sight of her face. Dear God, how beautiful she was!

Weeks passed. They were constantly together. The impetuous, headlong love of the younger days had returned. Wayne drifted through his official business like a man with his eyes shut; he seemed to have lost interest. He was happy only when Molly was in his arms. The touch of her lips put age away. His hair was gray; he could not see even heavy print without glasses; but youth of the heart had come back again. No woman could return a man's hungry passion as she could. And now

Molly Vining, the beautiful, the unassailable, the aloof, was swept out to sea, lost to herself, by the fierce adoration of this middle-aged lover.

She left for Wilmington. He followed. They went to New Castle together and he stayed in her house there. Rumor waked and flew. Scandal stalked. There were nights when they were all alone in that house, except for the servants! In a few days everybody knew it; Molly, forever fearless, shrugged her shoulders, and her lover stayed. The Ridgelys and the Rodneys, her relatives, recoiled in horror. Mrs. Caldwalder, wife of the duelist who made Conway spit blood, wrote to Mrs. Charles Ridgely:

> Is it true that Miss Vining is engaged to General Wayne? Can one so refined marry this coarse soldier? . . . True, he is brave, wonderfully brave! And none but the brave deserve the fair.

The family shuddered and protested. They pled with Molly. They almost bribed her. But she who had said, almost sadly, that she had been so spoiled by the admiration of the whole world that the admiration of one man would never satisfy her, now had found her mate. She stood her ground. The family was ignored. Mary Vining was taking her own imperious way again.

Wayne presented her with a set of fine old India china as an engagement present. Together they shopped in Wilmington and Philadelphia, buying silver services and furniture and rugs, and completely refurnished the handsome old house at New Castle, Delaware, which they planned to use as a winter home. Either it was that Wayne had supersensitive scruples about taking his new wife to Waynesborough, where his children and the new granddaughter had settled down for good, or else he wished to be alone with his love, away from his family, who made it quite plain that they thought he had become frivolous. He made no alteration in the old place, nor did he even redecorate it.

The wedding date was set. The ceremonies were to take place at New Castle in the January of 1797.

Youth had returned. Life took on new colors and new gayety for this Indian summer of the heart.

◆

CHAPTER XXII

INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE

I

WAYNE completely lost himself in his passion. The cascade of political events went by like happenings in a dream. For the first time in his life he became indifferent to the cymbals in the public square; he knew that he had done his work and done it well and that his fame would take care of itself. The kind eyes of a woman were all that mattered now. . . . War was a dream. . . .

His friends, busying themselves for him, tried to make Congress recognize the magnitude and importance of the general's conquest of the west. But Congress was blind; Congress was adamant and stupid. They refused to see the vital significance of the work. They refused to see that static independence was worthless, and that all the true value was in an independence that held vast room to progress, to expand, to reach its fingers over the soft bosoms of prairies, over mountains, over far western waters. A new spirit had to carry it into the great open country of the west, to start new blood and new life. They saw that it was good to have this Ohio country, but they refused to see that it held greatness beyond measure.

At last, when Congress, almost at the demand of Washington, who profoundly appreciated the importance of it all, begrudgingly gave its thanks and recognition to Wayne, he was unmoved. He seemed to have lost faith in government. He saw the metallic coilings of party jealousy, the venomous tongue of spleen and hatred, the swarming hive of political mud-honey. With naïve honesty, he showed his disgust. He felt that his long loyalty had been insulted. Because he was as candid as a child, he could not understand why government always acts like a magnet to attract the corrupt and the shriveled and the mean.

He knew his work was not appreciated, but yet he was satisfied. He knew that a great and peaceful civilization would thank him, some day, and would call counties and towns and streets and rivers by his name. . . . Now it did not matter very much. For the time being, fame could ride. It could go by. Never mind now. It could not touch him deeply. He was a man in love—and love was enough. The hands and the eyes and the mouth of a beloved woman were enough. He asked for no more. He was happy.

II

Wayne was never greatly impressed by Jay's efforts to sign a treaty with England, under which the British forts that were left in the west would be surrendered into the hands of the United States. In the first place, he had very little trust in Jay. He seemed to dislike him as a person and said that anybody who would fawn upon him could win his heart in less than a minute. He had no faith in his force as a political representative on an important mission and thought that Washington made a serious mistake in appointing him. The accounts that came home concerning the splurge that Jay had made in London society only fortified Wayne's impression of him as a tea-party minister. Wayne kept himself out of the maelstrom of quarreling that surged around this treaty; and when finally news came that the King had signed, he said he was confident that it was not Jay's fault that the thing had turned out even as well as it had.

As soon as the burden of the thing was thrown upon Congress, Wayne began to get vitally interested, if only because he found himself getting furious. Here was the treaty signed, and now Congress was saying that it would cost too much to make appropriations to carry it into effect! What a government! So he had gone through a four years' campaign for fun, had he? Fighting Indian wars had been playing in a doll's house, then. Nobody had really meant it to be serious. Just sport, to furnish the country with amusement! Now that they had to do their own part, they found this form of entertainment too expensive.

They whined and whimpered. They raked up a multitude of little objections, like men determined to hang crêpe upon the doors of empire.

Only at the end of April, 1796, when the terrifying rumor swept the country that the British were trying to get together the Indians who had not signed the Treaty of Greeneville—the small scattered tribes—and band them all for another western war, did Congress, by dint of fear and Fisher Ames's magnificent plea, vote money and supplies for carrying out Jay's plan. But it had been like squeezing water out of sawdust.

III

Washington and James McHenry, the new Secretary of War, immediately sought Wayne out to talk over a future program with him. They wanted him to be the man to take over the delicate negotiations in the west for the delivery of the British posts.

Wayne debated and hesitated. The government had treated him badly, but he would let that pass. The main worry was that his health could not endure another wilderness march, with the heat of summer and the rigors of autumn and winter weather. But Rush gave him a thorough physical examination, found there was nothing seriously wrong with him, and pronounced him well enough to do the work, provided he was careful and did not overwork.

Still he hesitated. Only when Washington convinced him that he was the only man familiar enough with the country and capable enough to succeed in the precarious program, and pled with him on the grounds of friendship, did Wayne finally accept the appointment.

There was no time to be lost. Washington was intent that Wayne should get out to the west as soon as possible. He hurried and bustled. Wayne dashed about and got his staff together, and then at the last moment made a flying trip to Wilmington to stay for a few days with his bride-to-be and to bid her farewell until he should return for the marriage.

Then westward. . . .

IV

Wayne was utterly dumbfounded when he arrived at Niagara, his first port of call. For instead of finding the English bitter and sulky, he was welcomed with almost overbearing hospitality and taken into the open arms of men who made it only too obvious that they were delighted to give up the ground and to be rid of the dark business forever.

From Niagara he went to Oswego, to be given almost the same reception. The long legal proceedings bored him, and his job as civil commissioner was tedious to him for whom action was better than still-life diplomacy. However, he was fêted and entertained by the British officers and altogether rather enjoyed himself. There were dances and pretty women.

In August he arrived on the Miami, made the definite appointments there, and went on post haste to Detroit, like a man trying to make time.

His reception at Detroit swept him off his feet. He was met miles out of town by Indian chiefs on horseback who shook his hand until his arm was stiff and addressed him as "Father." They escorted him to the fort, where they were received by great Indian bands, screaming and yelling, firing guns, and dancing in their joy. As he rode through the gates of the stockaded city of Detroit, the great cannon boomed a federal salute, and Indian voices singing and huge drums beating and shrill pipes playing, accompanied the Great White Chief and his staff to the garrison.

Here Wilkinson, white-faced but all pleasantry, met him. He offered his quarters and pushed all comforts upon his chief with such gracious slyness that Wayne never suspected that he was trying to conceal a cancerous hatred under all his divine gum of respect.

At once Wayne was told of the great distinction bestowed upon his name by Winthrop Sargent, now Acting Governor of the Northwest Territory in the absence of St. Clair. In August, without orders from Congress, Sargent, always generous and charming, had taken it upon himself to go to Detroit and to draw up the boundaries of a great territory which in the name of the government he had christened "Wayne County." It covered a tremendous stretch of country, including what is now the state of Ohio, the state of Michigan, a large part of Indiana, the site of Chicago, much of Wisconsin, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior.

Wayne was profoundly touched and told Sargent that the gracious-ness of his act had overwhelmed him. But Sargent and his friends were not yet through. They framed a program to give Wayne a magnificent time, and banqueted him and fêted him and celebrated him at every turn. Wayne, partly through Sargent's unremitting efforts, found Detroit delightful.

He settled down and seemed to be in no hurry to get away. He wrote a letter to his son, who had just been admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and said it was one of the most interesting places he had ever been in.

He seemed to be thinking seriously of bringing Molly here after they were married; he wanted to escape the weary round of the old life and to start out anew.

His health was considerably better. Every afternoon he and Sargent took a little stroll through the narrow streets, watching the people in their colorful clothes, and often, when it grew too hot, they stopped at some little café for a long cool drink. There men of all nations gathered to talk over their cups, and to laugh and tell jokes and sing. Good will and peace seemed to abound in that merry company.

Then Wayne and Sargent would leave, to walk some more. Wayne seemed amused that every Indian who passed him in those little streets gave him a military salute and then bowed his head. Wayne was impressed by the good order of the place. At twilight every redskin who had come into the city during the day left to go to his home outside the walls, and the big gates were swung shut as the sun went down, not to open again until it rose in the morning.

Wayne met some interesting and wealthy people who were living in Detroit and seemed much taken by the "Elegant, fashionable, and well-bred women." In the evenings there were balls and entertainments. He said the people were simpler and seemed to enjoy themselves more than Philadelphians. They all knew one another and every day the whole city turned out to promenade up and down the river front, to see their friends and to watch the colorful procession of "large vessels and merchantmen lying at the wharfs or sailing up and down the pleasant river of about one mile wide, as if passing and repassing to and from the Ocean."

Wayne said that the way things had turned out for peace and international harmony would "afford the highest pleasure & satisfaction to Every Friend of Government and good Order," with the exception, perhaps, of "a few *Demon*crats."

Wayne, who was a staunch Federalist, supporting his friend Alexander Hamilton, was at open war with "the *Demon*crats" and Jefferson's whole crew of states'-rights men who were patiently waiting for Washington's administration to flounder in deep sea.

Now Wilkinson, catching on to the Anti-Federalists' abomination for Wayne, went to his last court of appeals. These men worked for him. He, together with Clark, plied James McHenry with accusations against Wayne and vilified him for his every act, lying and exaggerating. He was making a last desperate effort to put Wayne out of the running, with the hope of becoming Commander-in-Chief in his place.

McHenry ignored the hysteria then, but—the miracle of stupidity!—Wilkinson finally did manage to become Commander-in-Chief of the Army, after Wayne's death. A major general, he still accepted money from the Spanish. One of his first official acts was to stir the Spanish and Indians into a revolution to prevent the United States' survey of the southern border in 1798.

Suspicion began to grow, but somehow he was always too clever to be caught. Later he played around with the filibusterer, Philip Nolan. He attempted to conquer the Spanish provinces for Mexico—thus betraying two governments—and entered into dark dealing with Aaron Burr in his stinking conspiracy. But again he blabbed, as he had during the Conway Cabal, and at the ensuing court martial he fared no better than the rest and barely escaped imprisonment.

He made a sweating jackass of himself in the assault on Montreal in the War of 1812 and brought his name to hopeless dishonor. Then he mysteriously disappeared.

Years later he turned up one day in Mexico City, acting as agent for The American Bible Society! He wore his hair Christ-like and had hallucinations. Then down, down. He died in abject poverty in 1825. The tall, clever-looking boy who fought at Trois Rivières was now a diseased, shriveled up little opium addict. Wilkinson's *Memoirs* is a superb study of a psychopathic ego, inverted and unhealthy, but is useless as information. He was a born liar.

V

Just before Wayne left Detroit in November on the way home to be married, Wilkinson's conspiracy was exposed openly. Excitement ran high among the officers. The plotters had been so clever that some innocent men found themselves involved in the dirty business without realizing that they had been dragged in. Wayne conferred with his staff as to what steps to take—for they had been vilified along with their chief—and finally it was decided to keep contemptuously still until McHenry could be seen and interviewed. To face Wilkinson with his lies would accomplish nothing and might start serious trouble among the soldiers whom this scoundrel had bribed. Mum was the word.

Curiously enough, this ominous silence managed to scare Wilkinson more than all the threats of court martial in the world.

VI

On the 17 November, 1796, Wayne boarded the sloop *Detroit* with his staff of officers. The sails were set amid the thunderous cheering on the wharf. Then the ropes were thrown off and he waved farewell to his army—forever! They pointed their prow towards Presqu'isle (now

Erie, Pennsylvania). A bitter day, with a wind. The chill blue surface of the lake was alive with whitecaps.

Wayne seemed in excellent spirits. Detroit had cheered him. And now he was a free man, too. His public life was virtually over. He was, except for his command, about to become a private citizen again—a private citizen who, by the grace of God, was going home to marry a beautiful woman whom he loved.

Molly Vining filled his thoughts. He spoke of her to the intimates of his staff and seemed like a young man in the heyday of his enthusiasm. Each morning he walked the small decks for an hour and played games with his men, and spent the afternoons in his cabin writing the account of his negotiations and correcting papers.

When, on the 21st, one of his officers noticed that he was looking pale, Wayne casually replied that he thought he had taken a little cold. At mess that evening he ate almost nothing, and complained that he felt chilly. He was given whisky. Before he went to bed he looked better.

During the night one of his aides was awakened by his calls and went into his cabin to find him writhing in agony on his bunk, hardly able to speak from the pain. Gout had come with the cold. They put on hot applications and swathed the swollen leg in flannels, and gave Wayne more whisky to soothe him.

When the sloop reached Prequ'isle the next afternoon, Wayne seemed to have slightly improved. He was taken immediately to the quarters of Captain Russell Bissell, commander of the post, and was put to bed in Bissell's room on the second floor of the blockhouse. There was no doctor to be had. A certain George Balfour, who knew something about medicine, watched over him constantly.

Wayne, knowing that he was a very ill man, asked that Benjamin Rush come to his aid. He seemed to have an ugly premonition, and wanted his friend. A special fast messenger was sent to Philadelphia with orders for Rush to come immediately.

Philadelphia seemed too far to Bissell. So another summons was sent, to Dr. J. C. Wallace, at Fort La Fayette, who had been Wayne's doctor at Greeneville, telling him to come at once.

The disease worked rapidly to the stomach, and Wayne occasionally became unconscious from the intense pain. On the 5th of December, Balfour thought his patient very near death and was on the point of performing a draining operation when Wayne seemed suddenly to rally. His temperature dropped and the swelling went down. The operation was postponed until the arrival of either Rush or Wallace.

For a week or ten days he seemed to improve, with occasional attacks that were not alarming when compared to the first one. On the 12th he sat up and ate more than he had for weeks. The whisky allowance was modified. Balfour said that it was not good for him to drink so much when he did not need it to quiet the agony in his stomach.

That night he slept well and seemed cheerful when he awoke the morning of the 13th. But about noon Balfour noticed that his complexion had become very yellow, and he complained of a return of the pain. All during the afternoon and night he was restless and finally lapsed into a delirium with a raging fever.

The 14th found him desperately ill. Neither Rush nor Wallace had arrived. They could scarcely be counted on for another two or three days. Wayne was crying out and cursing in a senseless delirium, his face horribly twisted and his eyes staring glassily.

During the afternoon, Balfour bled him. That relieved him momentarily and he sank into a little sleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke he seemed slightly quieter, but still cried out military orders and cursed incoherently. Night came. They lit candles and put them beside him. At nine o'clock in the evening he was bled again. He called for liquor.

It was probably the alcohol and the bleeding that hastened his end. It seems to stand to reason that part of his delirium was the result of drink. Balfour, who had never dealt with a case of gout before, didn't know enough to keep spirits away from his patient.

About eleven o'clock Wayne became unconscious, after calling piteously for Molly Vining. Then shortly before two in the morning he came to himself again and appeared quieter. He looked up at Balfour and smiled wanly. He saw Bissell and seemed to recognize him, for he touched his sleeve and said thickly and weakly:

"This is the end. . . . I am dying. . . . I can't bear up much longer. . . . Bury me here on the hill—by the flagpole. . . ."

He said something else, but it trailed off incoherently. He shut his eyes and seemed to sleep. About five minutes after two he began breathing very hard and moving convulsively, with rending groans. For three or four minutes, the breathing grew heavier, and then began to come more evenly, though weaker. . . . One breath was long and steady. Then suddenly all was quiet. Balfour slowly took his hand away from Wayne's heart and looked long upon his face, very waxen in the light of candles.

VII

Henry de Butts sat down in the early hours of the morning to write that Anthony Wayne had died at ten minutes past two.

At dawn a special messenger, riding a fast horse, started off from Presqu'isle to bear the tragic news to Congress and to Mary Vining.

VIII

At noon of the 18th, they buried Anthony Wayne at the foot of the flagpole where he had asked to be.

A cloudy, penetrating day, with the thermometer rising in a heavy dampness. The sky is pale gray and immeasurably high. Snow covers the earth. The edge of Lake Erie is like the rim of an immense pewter platter lying on a white tablecloth.

Wayne's body is carried out onto the grounds of the fort to receive a last farewell from those who are gathered there. The bier is draped with the standard of the Legion. On the flagpole the Stars and Stripes hangs limply at half mast.

Then the soldiers pick up the casket and move away. The figures in the train walk like automatons in their bowed march. Groups of Indians stand with bent heads, watching the body of their Great White Chief go by them on the way to eternity.

The procession reaches the blockhouse. They lower him into the dug grave and put his sword beside him. The chaplain, white-haired and clad in long black fur, turns the fluttering pages of a book. Then, in the midst of that silent wilderness, rise the ringing, deep-chested words of the Church of England:

> Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears;
>
> For I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner; as all my fathers were.
>
> O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength; before I go hence and be no more seen.
>
> Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost;
>
> As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. *Amen.*

That is all. The men and officers step up to take a last look at the face of him who is lying there. The chaplain murmurs a parting prayer and they step away.

Then four men with spades come up and begin to shovel the loose soil back into its place in the mortal earth again.

They go. He is alone, with one standing sentinel. Wind comes. Snow falls.

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EPILOGUE

I

THIRTEEN years later. 4 July 1809. The churchyard at St. David's at Radnor. The body of Anthony Wayne has been taken from Erie and is being laid to rest with his fathers.

In the midst of the crowd stands a slim little lady in a long black veil, with bowed head and clasped hands. To those who watch there she is unknown. For none but her intimates have seen Mary Vining's unveiled face since that New Year's morning of 1797 when a messenger brought the news that her lover was dead, and she put on mourning and retired from the world forever.

She is instinct with sadness. Her brother, "the Pet of Delaware," has just died, a dissipated bankrupt, and taken her fortune with him. She is caring for his four children, and has come to Philadelphia to put one of them in school. She is very poor; but her beauty, which she has hidden from the sight of men, is still upon her. Only her gay spirit is gone. She who had been loved by all the world had lost the only man she had ever loved in return. Now she is merely one whose beauty and name are legend, and who lives alone in Wilmington and spends the dragging days by writing a history of the American Revolution.

The services are over. No one notices that the unknown little lady in black, who walks to her carriage on the arm of a friend, is weeping softly.

II

Fifteen more years have passed. It is 1824. La Fayette is revisiting the scenes of his youth—a sad old man, like a ghost out of another age. Wayne and Washington have been dead a generation now; the parade of his world has gone by, and he is alone.

Leaving Waynesborough, where he has been visiting the son of his old friend, he goes in his coach-and-four to Valley Forge to meditate sadly upon the men, long departed, with whom he fired guns and laughed and drank. And then on to Wilmington, where Mary Vining has been dead three years.

He had corresponded with her to the end. Her last letter had said that she was to be accepted into the Church on Easter morning. Later the news came that she had died on Good Friday evening—the final irony in a hounded later life—and that she had called upon Wayne in her last waking moment.

La Fayette went to stand by her grave. He was the last of the trio, then. His friend Wayne was gone long years ago, and now she whom he had loved was lying here.

But he thought that perhaps it was better that he had not seen her grown old, and could remember her only as the gay, beautiful creature she had been when she bade him farewell for the last time, almost forty years ago.

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Sherlock, Chelsa C. *Homes of Famous Americans.* Des Moines: 1926.

Contains a rhapsodic account of Waynesborough and some incorrect facts about its occupants down the centuries.

Smith, Goldwin. *The United States: An Outline of Political History, 1492–1871.* New York: 1893.

In which Smith, a very pro-British historian, had the temerity to say, in the face of records and the letters of men like McKee and Brant and the participants themselves, that no paid British fought at Fallen Timbers and that the Crown never helped the Indians by means of munitions and supplies.

Spears, John R. *Anthony Wayne: Sometimes Called "Mad Anthony."* New York: 1903.

A mere rewriting of Moore and Stillé. Spears paraphrased Stillé throughout the book and slavishly followed his chronological order, which was not always correct.

Stillé, Charles J. *Major-General Anthony Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line in the Continental Army.* Philadelphia: 1893.

A dull, arid Life of "the most brilliant and picturesque figure in the Revolutionary army." Yet, in spite of the dragging quality of its writing, this is by far the best biography of Wayne to date. Stillé was honest and painstaking. He shied away from the personal side of his hero, discussed Wayne's courtship and marriage, for example, in two lines, and never referred to it again; but he lied about nothing, as did the other biographers. His transcript of the Wayne letters in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, of which he was President, are exact copies of the originals, with all Wayne's characteristic spelling and punctuation; unlike some of his contemporaries, Stillé never gave his heroes a posthumous education! This book may be entirely relied upon, except for certain dates and the precise order of events.

Taylor, Frank H. *Valley Forge: A Chronicle of American Heroism.* Philadelphia: 1905.

Timberlake, Henri. *Voyages du Lieutenant Henri Timberlake; Qui Fut Chargé, dans l'Année 1760, de Conduire en Angleterre Trois Sauvages de la Tribu des Cherokees.* Paris: 1797.

An interesting diary of the man who was one of the first Europeans to come to America for the purpose of studying the Indians in their native habitat.

Todd, Charles Burr. *The Real Benedict Arnold.* New York: 1903.

Trevelyan, Sir George Otto. *George the Third and Charles Fox; The Concluding Part of the American Revolution.* 2 volumes. New York: 1915.

Upton, Major General Emory. *The Military Policy of the United States.* Washington: 1917.

A splendid piece of work, invaluable to the student of America's wars. General Upton went thoroughly into every question of army administration. The monthly pay of every officer and private in the Revolution is listed here, and the condition of the army is traced from week to week. For any one wishing to get an unbiased, clear view of the conditions of the American army at Valley Forge, Yorktown, etc., will find this book more helpful than a whole library of conventional histories.

Van Tyne, Claude Halstead. *The Loyalists in the American Revolution.* New York: 1902.

Veditz, C. William A. *History of North America: The Revolution.* Philadelphia: 1904.

Walcutt, William. *My Grandfather's Recollections of the Revolution.* The Republic: n.d., n.p.

This "recollecting" grandfather went up Stony Point with Wayne and is the only participant who ever told the story in print. His account would seem to prove that the traditional "Forward, my brave fellows, forward!" which Wayne is said to have yelled when he fell, is a fiction invented by H. N. Moore. Wayne was not the sort of man to yell such an inanity. On the contrary, he probably drove his men on with a curse, just as Walcutt says.

Washington, George. *The Diaries of George Washington, 1748–1799*. Edited by John Fitzpatrick, A.M. 4 volumes. Boston: 1925.

Watson, Thomas E. *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*. New York: 1903.

Watson, Winslow C. *Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, 1777–1842*. Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson. New York: 1856.

Wayne, Anthony. *General Anthony Wayne's Orderly Book of the Northern Army*. Albany: 1859.

Whitaker, Arthur Preston. *The Spanish American Frontier*. Boston: 1927.

An excellent account of the Spanish intrigues along the Mississippi, with Wilkinson and Carondelet as central figures. The character of Wayne's most treacherous enemy is mercilessly exposed.

Whitlock, Brand. *La Fayette*. 2 volumes. New York: 1929.

Wilkinson, James. *Memoirs of My Own Times*. 3 volumes. Philadelphia: 1816.

Recollections of the greatest rascal that ever wore the uniform of General in the United States Army. His writing is full of lies and dirty accusations. At the time Wilkinson wrote his book—twenty years after Wayne's death—Wayne's glory as the Conqueror of the West had become so permanent in the American heart, that he saw he would make himself unpopular if he attacked his former commander. As a recourse, and as a means of smoothing over the sharp edges of criticism which had submerged him as Wayne's vilifier, Wilkinson slobbered and sentimentalized, but nothing he did could cover up the cancerous hatred of Wayne which had begun to gnaw at his heart a whole generation before.

Willard, Margaret Wheeler. *Letters on the American Revolution, 1774–1776*. Edited by Margaret Wheeler Willard. Boston: 1925.

Wilson, Woodrow. *A History of the American People*. 10 volumes. New York: 1901, 1902.

Wilstach, Paul. *Patriots Off Their Pedestals*. Indianapolis: 1927.

Woodward, W. E. *George Washington: The Image and the Man*. New York: 1926.

The best and most interesting life of Washington that I have ever read, by one of the finest of American biographers.

Wrong, George M. *Washington and His Comrades in Arms: A Chronicle of the War of Independence*. New Haven: 1921.

Wynne, Mr. *A General History of the British Empire in America*. London: 1770.

Contains the only mention I have been able to find of the Franklin expedition to Nova Scotia, headed by young Anthony Wayne.

UNPUBLISHED SOURCES

New York Public Library.

Correspondence of General Anthony Wayne. In 3 volumes. (Bancroft collection.)

Attack on the Block-House. (Bancroft collection.)

Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Correspondence of General Anthony Wayne. In 26 volumes.

Miscellaneous Wayne Items. In 3 volumes.

New York Historical Society.

Miscellaneous Wayne Mss., the Joseph Reed Papers, the Gates Papers, the Steuben Papers, the Stewart Papers, and miscellaneous mss. of Aaron Burr, John Lacey, William Finnie, etc.

Connecticut State Library.

The Captain John Pratt Collection, 1780–1824.

Gov. Joseph Trumbull Collection, 1764–1798.

Letters of William Heyward, Joseph Strong, James Wilkinson, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Thomas H. Cushing, etc.

Miscellaneous Letters and Papers, 1760–1807 (containing the account by the Unknown Diarist).

West Point Military Academy.

General Anthony Wayne's "General Orders, 1792–1796."

Chester County Historical Society, West Chester, Pa.

Miscellaneous Papers of Wayne, and letters addressed to Wayne by Washington, Greene, La Fayette, Steuben, Reed, Knox, etc.

West Chester Court House.

Probate Wills of the Wayne Family, and Land Grants.

Additional material, considerably more scattered in interest and less important, may be found at The Office of Indian Affairs (Washington, D. C.), Wisconsin Historical Society (Madison, Wisconsin), Detroit Public Library, Congressional Library (Washington, D. C.), Georgia Historical Society (Savannah), and the Durrett Collection at the University of Chicago.

THE LITERARY SCENE

LITERATURE AND THE MODERN AGE

LITERATURE in the past has always had a tendency to deal with the grandiose. The commonplace has usually been looked upon as prosaic. The obvious concern of Greek and Roman literature was with the great events, expeditions, wars, conquests, or with the career of the gods or godlike heroes who perpetuated the illusion of grandeur. Medieval literature, reaching its great climax in Dante, contained the same trend, although it shifted its emphasis toward the religious. Shakespeare confined his tragic heroes to men of *noble* origin. In point of fact we can say that the entire history of literature, with but an occasional exception here and there, was the history of the *great* in one guise or another. Oliver Goldsmith's words—Goldsmith himself it should not be forgotten was the son of a poor curate—about this tendency are very pertinent here:

> We do not strongly sympathize with one born in humbler circumstances . . . so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarce give half-pence to the beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity; the other our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of tragedy, since the *great* excite our pity by their fall.

The first revolt against this tendency was to be found when the middle-class rose to power in modern society, and brought with it the democratic concept of life and literature. The first important instance of this revolt in the English drama, for example, centered about the play of George Lillo's *The London Merchant* (1731). The town came to it, as we now understand, with doubt and amusement, sneering at "the presumption of the author, in hoping to make them (the audience) sympathize in the sorrows of any man beneath the rank of an emperor, king or statesman." The play was a volcanic anomaly. It excited immediate attention, discussion, and controversy. Night after night, in the tense heat of midsummer, the drama drew eager and enchanted audiences. It moved and thrilled and overwhelmed. Queen Caroline sent for the play to read from the manuscript, and Pope, approaching with dubiety, left with enthusiasm. His praise was clear and candid. The drama went through five authorized editions in a few years. As years sped on the leading actors and actresses of each generation played in *The London Merchant,* including such Thespian cynosures as Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, and Sir Henry Irving. Since the whole world was going through a set of economic changes similar to those in England, only at a rate less rapid, the effect of the play was not confined to the insular appreciation of English readers and spectators. Rousseau in his *Lettre a D'Alambert* favored it with outstanding praise; Diderot in *Entretiens sur Le Fils Naturel* compared it to the enduring art of Sophocles and Euripides. In his *Poetique française,* Marmontel placed it side by side with Racine's chef d'œuvre. Prevost in *Le Pour et Contre* gave the play extensive consideration; Goethe and Schiller referred to it with esteem, and Lessing in *Miss Sara Sampson* had taken it as the model for his most striking drama. Not long after its stage presentation the drama cropped up in narrative literature. In three volumes dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, Thomas Skinner Surr told the tragedy of George Barnwell in the form of the novel. In 1810, fourteen years later, appeared *The Memoirs of George Barnwell,* the Unhappy Subject of Lillo's celebrated Tragedy; derived from the most Authentic Sources, and intended for the Perusal and Instruction of the Rising Generation, by a Descendant of the Barnwell Family. Not more than ten years later these Memoirs were condensed and published as *The Life and History of George Barnwell.*

Such, in brief, is the history of this one play. Its epoch-making character, in the face of these facts, cannot be denied.

Since the time of *The London Merchant* literature has been more and more democratized—and in Soviet Russia to-day it has been proletarianized. One of the most interesting of American writers whose work has fallen within this democratizing trend is Sherwood Anderson. Anderson in *Winesburg, Ohio* dealt with those humble souls that Shakespeare and his contemporaries scorned as "mean," and "beneath contempt." Anderson, however, romanticized these people, and in making them heroes, as he often did, in their own mental world, he saved them from something of the drabness of their environment. The more difficult task of giving these characters reality without romanticizing them he seldom ventured. After all, the task of doing that is an extremely difficult one. One of the characters in George Gissing's *New Grub Street* set out upon that task, and produced the most realistic and at the same time the most boring novel ever written. Despite its difficulties, it is just this task that Edwin Seaver in his novel *The Company* set out upon—and succeeded in!

The Company is a remarkable book simply because it manages to save the commonplace from becoming obvious and the prosaic from becoming dull. Its materials are drab—and yet Mr. Seaver, through the simple artistry of style and conception, manages to make them significant. Therein lies the genius of his art.

It is a long leap from the middle-class characters of *The London Merchant* to the vice presidents, clerks and stenographers in *The Company*. In the eighteenth century the machine-age was but a prediction. To-day it has become a reality. *The Company* is a symbolic embodiment of that age. The individuals are lost in the machine—and yet their individual struggles and frustrations remain.

In a few lines Mr. Seaver will catch a phase of personality that is unforgettably vivid:

> Mr. Porter made a mental resolution to stick to his diet much more strictly. Lying back in his bed he stared up at the ceiling. It was too bad about Mrs. Townsend but we all have to go when our time comes. Personally, Mr. Porter didn't see how he could very well die just yet. He had too much work still to do. The public needed his services too much for him to be derelict in his obligations. It was a comforting thought. One forgot all thoughts of self when working for the public. It kept one young.
>
> That was a good idea for a radio talk. He would have to tell Reynolds to work at it.
>
> Mr. Porter reflected that he was in complete accordance with Henry Ford in his views on immortality. Of course a man could not really be annihilated when his life on this earth was finished. It was unthinkable. How could a man die and leave his work behind him incomplete? Why it was actually unethical. A man needed countless other lives and then still there wouldn't be enough time.
>
> Mr. James Putnam Porter bargaining shrewdly with his god for more time to live rested his eyes contentedly on his distended belly bulging under the coverlet and continued to meditate on the mysteries of death.

> Miss Virginia Childe said bye-bye to her husband at the entrance to the subway and still smiling sweetly turned and walked quickly toward the office. Gradually, as she walked, Miss Childe forgot to concentrate upon her personality and the smile thawed from her face. She felt much better then.
>
> It was hard to learn to concentrate if you had to do all the personality lecturer said was necessary. The personality lecturer said you didn't really know how to concentrate unless you could recite a poem by heart, count backward from twenty-five and read a book all at the same time. Miss Childe had tried to do this, being a college graduate she naturally thought that if she couldn't who could, but she had to confess that so far she hadn't been very successful.

To-day, then, the characters in literature have been reversed. Kings and queens have passed out of fashion—except in certain dime-novel romances—and men and women of undistinguished birth have at last come in for consideration. Mr. Seaver makes these latter people live in the most vital sense of the word—in a sense that most American authors have failed to do. It is that achievement which makes his art so interesting and significant.

V. F. Calverton
Book Review Editor

A FAREWELL TO WAR

Good-bye to All That. *Robert Graves.* Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00.

This is advertised as a book about the war, and it is that in very large part. But there are portions—the beginning and the end—which do not deal with the war, and they are important. They are more important, indeed, for the light they throw on the character of Mr. Graves than the sensational middle portion is for the light it throws on the fate of an intelligent and sensitive young man submitted to the inhuman discipline of a trench. Mr. Graves happens to have a mind of rare distinction, and he happens to have written some of the most interesting of modern poems. For the purposes of a book I should say he was quite as interesting as the war in which he played his part.

The early chapters, dealing with Mr. Graves's boyhood and schooldays, are as fascinating as fiction—and indeed they reveal a novelist in Mr. Graves who some time should be encouraged to show himself. The parents, one Irish and one German, are more than sketched in; they become full-life figures, with color and warmth and with innumerable shadings of detail. This is particularly true of the German mother, whose methodical and energetic manner of bringing up her children, whose goodness, and whose lack of humor are seldom away from our attention as we read—though she is never summed up in these words, and indeed is never presented in any other way than action. The schools to which Mr. Graves was sent in various parts of England, with their various masters and their various brands of barbarism among the pupils, are hit off with an equal skill, as are the vacation places in Germany and Wales where Mr. Graves spent perhaps his happiest days.

Mr. Graves was only a schoolboy, of course, when he went to war, being only eighteen when he passed out of Charterhouse to begin training as one of His Majesty's officers. Half-German, already intelligent, already a poet, and already possessed of the remarkable independence and strength of mind which were to distinguish him later, he yet fell into perfect line with the purposes of the war as they were taught to young men in those days; he started off to save the world from Germany. His disillusionment came slowly, and not much is made of it here in the way of execrations upon the hypocrisy of the war-lords, or their stupidity. Mr. Graves does not work that way. His way is to tell the story as he lived it, with as little comment as possible and with the emphasis always upon the note of moderation and common sense. The result is one of the completest indictments of the business that I know—an indictment not merely of war in general, and of this war in particular, but of the system, possibly quite inevitable, whereby all of the human beings involved ceased to be human beings—I mean, dropped into the habit of doing things which now, under normal circumstances, are absolutely incredible. The swinishness of the superior officers impresses me in this connection more than the brutishness and lust of the soldier and the subaltern. I am willing to admit that it was necessary for these colonels to tyrannize as they did; but that very necessity damns the war as nothing else could damn it. I do not speak of the equally incredible need there seemed to be of sending millions of men up out of holes in the ground to be filled full of dirty steel and lead. Mr. Graves was shot through the lung and groin.

The post-war portion of the book was evidently written in great haste, as for that matter most of the book was, but it is no less interesting. The gradual realization that some of the best people in England, including Lytton Strachey and Bertrand Russell, did not believe in the war and never had; the marriage and the four small children; the keeping of a shop at Oxford; the writing of several dozen books and pamphlets; the composing of poetry whenever time permitted; the visit to Hardy; the friendship with Colonel Lawrence; the period of teaching in Egypt—all these details, with many more, crowd themselves pell-mell into a hundred pages or so, and enrich the picture beyond all possibilities of any one's reproducing it in a review. Better yet, they bring Mr. Graves's demonic character up to date. I fancy that in the long run the character of Mr. Graves, who is probably destined to be a writer of genuine importance, will be what we return to this book to get.

Mark Van Doren

AN OLD SCHOOL

The School for Wives. *Andre Gide*. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

It is best said for M. Gide at once that he has not written another masterpiece. The reader who has no acquaintance with his previous books will not appreciate, from this one, the reputation he has earned through, notably, *The Counterfeiters*. It will be apparent, however, to those who have, that while M. Gide has not set himself the task of a Colossus, he has made a figurine, perfect to the sight and bearing unmistakably the imprint of the master's hand.

The story, told in the form of a diary, is reminiscent of M. Gide's favorite method in *The Counterfeiters*. It is a form of which writers have made many uses; chiefly within the narrative, for dramatic effect, or as a means of remaining aloof while exposing the thoughts of the characters; or purely, as one finds for example in Smollett, for the exercise of epistolary style. M. Gide has found in it a use, perfect for accomplishing a single effect: the revelation of character through its own process of discovering itself—as if by photography, the author shows the unconscious mind, gray as a silhouette, finally disclosing its features as well as its form. The revelation, if successful, occurs for the reader as well as for the writer (the diarist). As the writer develops, enlarges out of what already exists for him, the reader simultaneously finds a similar focus on the dispersed surface of reality that has at first surrounded all the characters of the book.

In *The School for Wives* M. Gide performs this mode of characterization with remarkable skill. Eveline is the diarist. She has married Robert whose talents overwhelm her and whose appearance of self-assurance has made it possible for her to shrink modestly into the shadow of his personality. Robert remains constant throughout the book, by inference, a rather tragic man whose success with the world is unsatisfying, unconvincing to himself; and in whom Eveline's insight burns defeat. For twenty years later, when the diary is resumed, Eveline despises the man she once adored, and in the discovery of his weakness she at last discovers for herself her strength.

The School for Wives will not be a place to go to study how to be a wife or how to know one's husband, unless one is satisfied, by its moral, to accept appearances and make a sacrifice of humility. If you are like Eveline, you will prefer to face death, rather than such a life, courageously.

Helen Berlin

MR. BOSWELL'S BOSWELL

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell. *Harry Salpeter.* Coward-McCann. $3.00.

In Boswell's advertisement of the first edition of *The Life of Samuel Johnson* he says, "Let me only observe, as a specimen of my trouble, that I have sometimes been obliged to run half over London, in order to fix a date correctly; which, when I had accomplished, I knew would obtain me no praise, though a failure would have been to my discredit." We think we might use the same phrase without changing a letter, in writing of "Mr. Boswell's Boswell." Mr. Salpeter has, in *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell* created a labor of love, and those who read it will find it a book which is in every way authoritative and in every way interesting.

Not only does Mr. Salpeter know his Dr. Johnson, and his Mr. Boswell, but he understands them, and loves them. If you are one of those who like to think of the times when the Coffee House ruled the Empire, or if you like to speak of Dr. Johnson with affection, or of Boswell with respect or contempt, which very often depends upon whether you are a disciple of Tinker or Macaulay, you must not miss this most recent excursion in Johnsoniana. The fine contemporary sketches, and the excellent caricatures by Rowlandson and Hogarth, will intrigue you at the start. There is not a dull page in the volume. The chapter about the club and its members—tall names to conjure with: Langton and Beauclerk, Walpole and Burke—is perhaps the best one in the book. Those were indeed the good days. They live in this book.

If you are not a "Johnsonian," this book will provide you with an excellent introduction into that most interesting circle. If you are, you will find the old tales re-told fascinatingly. Macaulay thought Boswell an ass. Tinker discovered that he was a great man. But it is Mr. Salpeter who has made Boswell lovable. The one weakness of Mr. Salpeter's account is that he seems to love Boswell so well that he is a little jealous of Mrs. Thrale and of her intimacy with the "old bear." But that weakness was entirely in keeping with the times. Every one was jealous in those days of the fortunate woman who spent the late and early hours with Dr. Johnson.

It is easy to imagine Mr. Salpeter looking for one of those restaurants where he might sit over his coffee and discuss the affairs of state and finish by wiping his hands on the Newfoundland dog that would be under the table. We can see him walking down the Avenue, stick in hand, striking every lamppost as he goes by, and being very careful to go back if he should miss one. For he has lived in the age of Johnson, and the age of Johnson lives in his *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell.*

S. L. Thomas

THE THEATRE AS A TEMPLE

The Theatre: Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft. *Sheldon Cheney.* Longmans, Green and Company. $10.00.

The subtitle of this book is a true indication of its pretensions. That is to say, this is the most pretentious theatrical work thus far written in English, and probably in any language. Any effort to compress within four or five hundred pages the significant history of so prolific and complex an art as that of the theatre will be met, inevitably, by cheers and jeers, yet I think there are few who, after reading Mr. Cheney's book, will deny him their gratitude and admiration for the noble and richly-colored panorama he has spread before them.

Sheldon Cheney is, I should think, one of the three or four best-equipped men in America to write this kind of book—and by "this kind of book" I mean a theatrical history which combines scholarship and passion. There are many, no doubt, who could provide the scholarship, and some possessed of the passion, but few indeed capable of the synthesis. It is therefore one of the particular merits of Mr. Cheney's volume that while it supplies the searcher after facts with a multitude of related names, places, dates, and incidents, it also and at the same time satisfies the desires of those readers who value spirit and feeling. In other words this is impassioned scholarship, the result not of mere erudition but of love and enthusiasm.

The author's plan is to indicate the origins of drama and then to trace dramatic development through all its important phases. He follows, in general, a chronological method, and to a less exacting degree, a geographical system. Chiefly he is concerned, and rightly, with the evolution of what we term the "legitimate drama," and with the various arts necessary to its production. His aim is to give us a brief but complete portrait of the theatrical life of each epoch—including the playhouses, the actors, the audiences, the stage-scenery, the plays themselves—that we may carry away from the printed page a vision and an emotional experience. This aim, naturally, precludes the possibility of entering too deeply into technical considerations, or of dwelling for long upon any one aspect of the whole. Consequently the reader who is especially interested in problems of staging or in dramatic literature, or in any other single phase of the theatre, is apt to feel at times a certain jumpiness in the narrative. But what is a defect to one is certainly a virtue to another, and the general reader (to whom obviously the book is addressed) profits from that which disturbs the specialist. Another technical matter which, though superficial, is decidedly noticeable, is the author's constant use of the historical present, alternating, sometimes too rapidly, with the ordinary past tense. This too, I feel, is an attempt to win favor of the "popular" reader, and while consistent with the general dramatic style of the book, is not always agreeable to a reader who finds it possible to take a lively interest in the past even when it is treated as past.

But laying aside these minor objections, let us admit the general success of Mr. Cheney's stupendous effort. He has vivified theatrical history. And in doing so he has not resorted to racy anecdote or apocryphal romance. He has stuck to known facts, and has illuminated them with a keen æsthetic faculty, an intensely human, emotional approach, and a rich, vigorous narrative style. He has spared no pains in research among documents and actual theatres, and in many cases his chapters have been written in the environment which gave birth to the particular theatrical developments concerned. In other words, the Roman chapter was written in Rome, the Renaissance chapter in Florence, and so on. A felicitous method, I should say, and one which has in this instance proved its excellence by its results.

The tone of the entire book is one of faith in the eternal glory of the theatre. The Prologue is concerned with the birth of Dionysus, the patron-deity of drama, and the Epilogue voices the conviction that a new drama, a new theatre, is being born to-day (or at least will be born to-morrow) which will hold the same spirit of exaltation, the same human-divine spark, that inhabited the drama of the Greeks. Mr. Cheney considers the realistic thesis drama of the late nineteenth century, and the peep-hole theatre which it created, of minor importance in relation to the spiritual-poetic-philosophical dramas of past great epochs. He is, like Gordon Craig, inclined toward æsthetic mysticism, and the theatre is to him above all else a temple. It exists not so much for the mind as for the soul; not for argument but for communion. With this conception of the theatre at the heart of his writing, it is thus not at all surprising that his book should pulse so strongly with a kind of religious faith. His reason tells him more than once—especially as he walks the length of Broadway or contemplates the prodigious inanity of Hollywood manufactures—that the glory of the theatre has departed; but his heart tells him that the gods will walk again, and that Dionysus is but sleeping in the brake.

Whether or not we believe that a resurrection is at hand, we must admit that a book of this kind is heartening. Its spirit is so robust that we cannot but share it; and we are convinced that the theatre cannot be very near death when it inspires such a lively causerie.

Glenn Hughes

THE PEASANT SPEAKS

One from Baumugnes. *Jean Giono.* Brentano's. $2.50.

Jean Giono made his first appearance upon the French literary scene with his Brentano-Prize novel *Colline.* The case was interesting. After some ten years of work during which he contributed only to a few magazines, a new writer of vast power brought out his first novel. It was an impressive fresco of life on a hillside: a dozen inhabitants of a village cut off from the world, become somewhat queer through their isolation and convinced that an old man among them, raving on his deathbed, is damning them. In truth, first drought, then fire befall them and they imagine their only salvation will be to kill the old man. Fortunately he dies before the crime is committed; the fire wanes, water flows again, and life continues on the *Hill of Destiny.*

When Giono's first book appeared, the second was ready for publication. Here it is, at a few months' interval, and it has helped to spread its author's reputation which had to the present remained circumscribed within the field of literary devotees. The title of this new book, *One from Baumugnes* is a first revelation. Previously the author had dealt with Nature overpowering the ten-odd mountaineers; now he is devoting himself to "one," to a man, and this will be a human story. And just as he had captured the milling sense of Nature's crushing forces before, he here goes deep into human feelings.

One from Baumugnes is written in the jargon of Southern France already used in *Colline.* But here it is accentuated, as the story is directly in the mouth of a peasant. As a matter of fact, there is a story in a story, and in some parts, another in that. Some critics found it unclear; that is not true for the concentrating reader. Giono tells us the story of the story-teller's friend, a fellow-farmhand who had fallen in love with a girl he had seen only at a distance. But at that time, he was working on a farm next to that of the girl's father, and one of his companions, a worthless exploiter, had seduced the girl and taken her away to Marseillais to commercialize her. Time has elapsed, and the *One from Baumugnes* has lost all of his faith in life: he is going back to his mountain-town (Baumugnes) to end his days in hopelessness. The story-teller mixes in, as he says he always has to, and persuades the man to keep his job until after the harvest. He promises him he'll go to the girl's father's farm, get work there and scout the news down. So he does. And he finds out the girl has come back with an illegitimate child and is being kept secreted away by her tyrannic father. But the hiding-place cannot be found. The one from Baumugnes is called for anyway, and he comes by night. The fact that he is "from Baumugnes" has its importance: he descends from those Protestants who were exiled to the hills with their tongues cut and who learned to talk on their "monicas." The first night he plays his harmonica nothing happens, but consternation is spread on the farm: the tyrannic father is furious, the martyred mother cringing, and the story-teller has his pack ready. But after a few nights a result is reached, and through the keyhole the one from Baumugnes talks to his love. She hears his story but she can no longer be his: I don't know who my child's father is, she says, and should not even talk to people with this mouth that has been abjected. . . . "But that is Baumugnes," says the story-teller. With the child and with her past, he loves her still. They go off to Baumugnes and the story-teller goes his way. But this is no paltry sentimentality; it is life.

How can one sum it up? Thinking of it, I feel the same uneasiness as when I read those pages that vibrate from start to finish. In their compactness, their conciseness, they say everything and nothing. Giono has conquered an emotive medium that portrays this peasant-life as nothing else can. A constant veil covers the story and another the eyes of the most hard-boiled reader. Just as in *Colline* Nature loomed at last completely pictured in its immensity, so here human nature, the virtue of those who work with their hands, overpowers the reader and spins a tale of profound truth and eternal beauty. The handling and the style are adapted to the matter and the conception, and those who announced a master writer after Giono's first book were certainly right. That a man should appear so vast after producing two short novels seems almost incredible. But here is the type of writer that is not born every year. Moaning, hard and beautiful peasantry, filled with anostalgia for expression, surrounded by feelings that instinct is not sufficiently powerful to express, what other writer has so portrayed it? These are characters whose lives need no art, but are art, or can be expressed only by the genius of a man such as Giono. To do it we need an author without artistic pretensions, with mere human feeling, ready to descend to the root of mankind in order to find the everlasting fibers of humanity. Giono is such, he plays upon a cord which is one of the vitals of life; he recreates the unexpressed, unexpressible, emotions of the neglected, meandering farmhands, the toilers who know no world beyond what they see, what they feel; and he creates a masterpiece. The unadulterated strains of man's character are to be found in such places only as those he has explored, and it is for that reason that he explored them. And he did it with the calm and reflection of a man who has a lifetime to work; he went toward the man who does work and he found life, unsophisticated, wholesome, tender, ripe and still rough, rough with illiteracy and lack of analysis, rough because untouched, unspoiled, natural.

Harold J. Salemson

THE LEGAL ART

For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. *Edward Marjoribanks.* The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

"If you were a doctor, would you refuse to aid a poor Magdalen dying of a horrible disease?" Thus, Sir Richard Webster, attorney-general of England, to a rising young barrister who had come to him with a troubled conscience. The young man had been engaged to defend a client who, he believed, was guilty. Could he conscientiously continue with the case? Accepting Sir Richard's definition of his duty (though the parallel is not especially apt) the barrister worked diligently in his client's interest—so diligently that he convinced himself that his man was innocent. In fact his conviction was so thorough that he was able to transmit it to the jury, and obtain a verdict of "not guilty."

That young man was Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and for forty years this incident was the key to repeated successes in the career of one of England's greatest advocates. In the vast tidal wave of biographies which threatens to engulf the literate world, his deserves more than casual mention, for it is a revelation of the highest type of legal mind, a mind so little understood and so often misjudged. The normal man looks askance upon the processes of the law. He observes its delays, its circumlocutions, its quirks and quibbles, its doddering juries, its verdicts that frequently seem to bear no relation to law or justice, and out of all this springs a deep-rooted distrust of the entire judicial system.

Now it is quite common knowledge that genius such as Marshall Hall's will occasionally enable a guilty man to escape punishment, but it is not so generally appreciated that without such able counsel, many innocent men might be convicted. Hall had experiences of both kinds.

There was the case of a minister, accused of gross immorality. Hall's cross-examination completely discredited the principal witness for the Crown, and the clergyman was acquitted, but when that worthy turned to his counsel and said, "I told you I was innocent and now you have proved it," Hall retorted, "I have proved nothing of the kind. I have only induced the Bench to say that you are not proved guilty."

On the other hand, there was the famous Camden Town murder case. Robert Wood, a young artist, accused of killing a woman of the streets with whom he had some acquaintance, involved himself in a tissue of falsehoods which made his guilt appear obvious and his conviction inevitable. Hall extricated the youth from the peril brought on by his own folly, and when the jury set him free, the mob, which had been ready to lynch him, was now prepared to turn upon a girl who, with absolutely honest motives, had appeared in the rôle of his betrayer. Hall's genius not merely convinced the jury, but, what is rarer still, convinced the world at large, that the accused man was innocent. He was able to do so, because he first convinced himself.

However, Hall's biographer (and friend) says that the great defender did not consider it any part of an advocate's duty to believe in the innocence of his client. When it is remembered that Hall defended such men as Seddon, the poisoner, and Smith, the bath-tub murderer, this is quite clear. In an unhappy period of his own life, human weakness and frailty had been brought home to him in a tragedy which almost wrecked his career. Out of that experience there was born sympathy and understanding, and he once said there was no man so bad that he was not worth saving. In all his famous trials it is significant that his weapons were not the conventional legal technicalities. When such issues arose he would whisper to his junior counsel, "You must take this point; there's some law in it."

From the moment a trial opened he thought only of the effect he desired to create in the minds of the jurors. He would fight the witnesses, the opposing counsel, even the judges themselves, and then at the conclusion turn upon the jury with such a burst of eloquence that nothing short of absolute proof could stand against him.

Here was a life of adventure, of constant excitement. In his own mind he lived the experiences of the men and women who came to him for help, lived their misdeeds and their misfortunes, their fears and escapes, their perils of cell and rope. His story is beautifully told, for the biographer approached his task with enthusiasm, and the book will, perhaps, help laymen to reach a better understanding of lawyers. But this means less to the reader than that it is a record of a life in which grief and happiness, defeat and victory, failure and success, each reflects in its own way the essential greatness of a man.

Randolph Bartlett

LOVE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

Critique of Love. *Dr. Fritz Wittels.* The Macaulay Company. $3.00.

Since the world has gone Freudian, Freudianism has lost its lure of adventure. Psychoanalysis, once a heresy and a revolutionary creed, has become respectable, almost plebeian in popular acclaim and exhibitionism. There are so many Freudians in our midst that it is almost a distinction to claim immunity from their company. Yet, I confess, I am one of the crowd, though not of the craft. I remain a faithful follower of the master who has been robbed of his crown of thorns.

At the same time, I must confess, I cannot allay my fears and scruples of taste. I often find myself in the position of the conscientious objector. Apparently, my "oral complex," the organ of speech being a formidable erogenous zone, as you know, has made me rather sensitive. I prize the value of the word above all earthly possession; hence, my aversion to the literary debauchery and irrelevancy, which unfortunately make up nine-tenths of what passes for psychoanalytic literature. A "psychic cathartic" may have as nauseating a flavor as the lubricant used by the Fascisti to purge the souls and the bowels of recalcitrant political adversaries.

The lack of an authoritative, popular treatise on psychoanalysis, written in a simple, readable language without the customary intricacies, evasions and poise has been deplored by friend and foe alike. Dr. Wittels has filled the gap. His new volume, *The Critique of Love,* answers a long-felt need.

Dr. Wittels, who is an authority on the subject and a faithful follower of Freud, has drawn from a vast experience, which he has utilized with great skill. In the short space of a little more than 300 pages, the author has contrived to give a well-rounded review of most of the phases of love, the mystery of all mysteries. His premises and conclusions are profusely illustrated with a rich background of facts taken from life and letters. He is a connoisseur who knows his limitations. In short, *The Critique of Love* is a book which recommends itself to the layman and will please the expert.

The book starts with a chapter called "Freud's Pathway," which is a dramatic review of the gradual development of a great truth breaking through the thick ice of set notions and accepted scientific dogmas. In "Sex Deviations," we encounter the masked as well as the overt perversions. In "Masked Sadism," the author has correctly indicated the harmful effects of the division of power which permits the state and its functionaries to follow their sadistic orgies with more gusto than apprehension. In "Bisexuality," we have a very notable contribution to the understanding of human nature. Suicide is explained as an attempt to throw off one's sexual double. In "Narcissism," the vagaries of the libido thwarted in the outside world and driven into the realm of fantastic substitutes have been expertly discussed and amply documented. Wittels has avoided the error of perceiving fantasy life in an entirely negativistic sense. Fantasies and day-dreaming are not only shadows of reality. They are more often the tentacles and feelers of what Jung calls the "collective psyche," a dim light thrown out into the uncharted roads of an unknown future. They are conative: and therefore, creative prerealistic symbols. The dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow.

I cannot agree with the author who conceives humor as a narcissistic, sadistic entity. Indeed, humor, which Max Eastman calls the philosophy of emotion, is a social reaction, a function of our gregarious instinct, a means rather of overcoming than inflating our incorrigible *amour propre.* The *Galgenhumor,* cited by Wittels in the case of a Gypsy about to be hanged, proves the opposite of his contention. The narcissist is a tragedian rather than a comedian. Prophets never laugh. They take themselves too seriously.

In "Parents and Children," we have a fine introduction to education, which every parent and teacher could read with profit. In "Le Grand Amour" and "Great Haters," there are many excellent observations, though I doubt if the pragmatic historian will subscribe to the linking of revolutions with the workings of the Œdipus complex. In "Love and Marriage," Wittels has given us a thorough analysis of the psychic roots of love and of the conflicts in marriage. The last chapter deals with the psychology of the "Child-Woman," which the fair sex will find, perhaps, harsh, and not entirely unfair in point of conclusions.

It may be true that "the small, delicate child-woman who looks upon the world with large, clear and astonished eyes," is essentially untrue, "does not learn to renounce and to blush, and that one man is the same to her as the other. . . ." However, with all this in mind, she is by no stretch of the imagination inferior to her male partner. What she has done, is to adopt an impromptu imitation of the much boasted-of infidelity of the male, his flightiness and his "the devil may care" attitude.

I rather believe with H. L. Mencken that women who are the "supreme realists of the race" have realized, belatedly to be sure, that "perhaps their chief charm lies in the fact that they are dishonorable"—strictly dishonorable, if you please.

However, this does not detract in any way from the intrinsic value of the book. Dr. Wittels is to be commended for his courageous, clear and concise analysis of contemporary love and marriage. His book does not supplant the classics in this field, but as a popular treatise, it has great merits. It is a good book and deserves a good reception.

JOSEPH TENENBAUM

A GALLERY OF DREISER

A GALLERY OF WOMEN. *Theodore Dreiser.* Horace Liveright. $5.00.

THOSE of us who have the Dreiser habit regard an unread volume with the same anticipatory thrill as tickles the spine of a football enthusiast taking his seat in the stadium, or a gourmet scanning the menu at a restaurant in the Bois. And what a feast this book offers to Dreiser-lovers: two thick volumes, 822½ pages, on which are recorded portraits of fifteen women, each one more than a mere sketch; each one a life history in condensed form; each one a potential novel in the abundance of raw material.

Raw material! There we have it. Every time I read a short way in a new book of Theodore Dreiser's, I wince anew at the rawness of the material. Dreiser in his lumbering majesty is the dinosaur of authors, pounding, trampling through the forest of words, swinging heavily from side to side, letting his voice bellow forth, but missing with his eyes no detail of the life about him be it above or below the tree tops.

Perhaps it is unfair to expect Dreiser to be more than the "chronicler of fact" he terms himself in one of the stories. But are not all writers chroniclers of facts—to be sure, of different and far less factual facts, but facts nevertheless as they see them? Most other writers get (and give) pleasure in cadence and grace of expression. Poetic though Dreiser is at times—he is a poet in the truest sense, as Hardy, though harsh in music, is a poet—he does not ordinarily concern himself with the sound of what he writes. Apt his words are, forceful and striking they are, but often so clumsy and blatantly raucous as to grate on the mental ear. A phrase like "for and although"—a double, uncoördinate pair of conjunctions, occurring in pattern over and over again, does not seem to add weight to an idea. Many exclamations minus verbs—these one expects to meet in Dreiser's pages, but, like the wall eye of a seldom seen relation, affect one with fresh embarrassment at each renewed encounter.

"Therefore and notwithstanding" these stylistic defects, the wealth of Dreiser's material and the depth of his insight stand splendidly forth. Of the fifteen studies of women, no two are alike in setting. Each milieu is painted with the deftness of a master scenic artist. The amount the man knows, one thinks in Dreiserian phraseology—with what varieties of social strata is he acquainted! These stories treat with equal sureness low New York Irish, and high social aspirants; the pitiful drifter of the Village and the brisk owner of a public stenographer's office; the virtuous and successful writer of popular stories and the drug addict; the drudge on a Middle Western farm and the pathetically absurd old fortune teller. Each one of the fifteen cannot but bite incisively and unforgettably into the reader's mind. Each one is a separate entity, a woman to remember.

And yet, not entirely separate after all. Through all these stories runs a common note of the frustration and futility which we associate with Dreiser's attitude towards life. These women, varied in character and circumstance though they are, meet fulfillment, if at all, only for a brief while. But parallel with the emphasis on life's thwarting, is the indication wherein lies the way to fruition, did we but take it. In his own words:

> Positively, as she uttered these conservative *obiter dicta* the while I sat to one side and contemplated her physical pulchritude, I was astonished. To think, as I there and then said to myself, that any one so shrewd and observant as well as attractive as this charming Emanuela should fail to grasp the central significance of sex in life, its enormous and so often deranging force. Had she really within herself no indicative passions, or moods even, which might serve, however determinedly she might seek to avoid the leer of the satyr in us all, to guide her toward a clearer perception as to what it is that motivates the most of us? I could scarcely believe that she was so set in so emasculate a version of the good, the true, and the beautiful. And yet there she was, talking as she was.

To this reviewer's mind, here is the positive answer of Dreiser to those who consider him an irremediable pessimist. Pessimist he is, certainly, in the sense that he believes, with most intelligent people, that our lives are too warped to attain their ultimate richness of experience, sensory or otherwise. But if we are fortunate enough not to be pursued by poverty and disease, within us, he indicates, lies the potentiality for completeness, however short lived, the potentiality to experiance beauty, æsthetic or more directly emotional. Only to the clods is denied the possibility of such experience, to the clods who, if they should chance to read this book, would not close it with the almost tearful sense of grandeur and pity that comes after hearing a Brahms symphony.

Marjorie M. Jacobson

ANOTHER BUBBLE PUNCTURED

Why We Fought. *C. Hartley Grattan*. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

One of the greatest revolutions in the nature of historical beliefs ever achieved has been the transformation of our conceptions of the responsibility for the World War during the last ten years. The epic which passed current during wartime represented the Central Powers as deliberately and exclusively responsible for the great conflict. As a result of the publication of the documents relative to the crisis of 1914 and the preceding diplomacy we have now come to see that in 1914 Serbia, France and Russia were the only states which desired a European war; that Austria wished a local punitive war on Serbia; and that Germany, Great Britain and Italy did not desire any kind of a war but were too timid, stupid or dilatory to prevent war from breaking out.

The books on various phases of European responsibility for the World War have appeared in abundance, and certain scholars like Montgelas, Fay, Fabre-Luce, Renouvin, Fischer and others have brought the facts together in general surveys of war guilt. On the other hand, there has been a lamentable paucity of books on America's entry into the War. The works of Professors McMaster and Bassett were written too early to be based on much reliable factual material and must be regarded as a part and parcel of the wartime grist of near propaganda. The most valuable and realistic book on the subject still remained John Kenneth Turner's *Shall It Be Again?* But this was a specialized work designed to prove a particular thesis and could not be regarded as a definitive treatment of the important subject. The memoirs of Page, House, Houston and others threw a great deal of light on various phases of the problem but presented no clear general picture. It was high time that somebody went at the task in workmanlike fashion, especially as Professor Joseph V. Fuller was editing the American documents on the period from 1914 to 1918.

This engaging challenge to an honest and ambitious student has been accepted by Mr. Grattan. He had already gained a name for himself in this field of work by his notable blasting of the Walter Hines Page legend in the *American Mercury* for September, 1925, and by his devastating article on the American historians and war propaganda in the *American Mercury* for August, 1927. He also finished Paxton Hibben's biography of William Jennings Bryan and was thus afforded an opportunity to acquaint himself with the relations of the American State Department to the neutrality problem and other issues during Bryan's incumbency of the office. Mr. Grattan has done a large amount of reading around his subject. He is a trained and talented writer. The result is a very useful, well-organized and reliable story of how we were transformed from a neutral nation into a bellicose participant in the general carnage. In 1914 Mr. Wilson was telling the American people that they must remain neutral in thought as well as in action. In 1917 he was informing the country that "God helping her she could do no other" than spring to the aid of the Allies. Mr. Grattan has cleared up the puzzle of this revolution in Mr. Wilson's attitude and in the conduct of the nation over which he was president.

Mr. Grattan starts off with a fine brief summary of the revisionist position with respect to war responsibility, but he gets down to business only with his elaborate survey of the propaganda efforts of the contending European states in their attempt to sway American opinion. He proves clearly the enormously more effective nature of the Entente propaganda. The dice were loaded in favor of the Entente from the outset through their control of the seas, the cables and other media of transmitting information. Further, the Entente propagandists were infinitely more clever and subtle in their operations than the German agents. The Entente states, particularly Great Britain, took the propaganda campaign far more seriously than did the Central Powers. Again, the Entente propagandists were aided by the German blunders, such as the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and by the blatant boasts of German annexationists. The Allies were astute enough to hide their annexation plans in the Secret Treaties while they confined their public declarations to protestations of solicitude for the sanctity of treaties, the rights of small nations, the future of democracy, the termination of the war system and other manifestations of high-minded idealism.

When facts and events were not adequate for the purposes of Entente propaganda downright falsehood was resorted to unabashed. The most notorious example of this patriotic lying was the myth of German atrocities, especially in Belgium. The great documentary product of this type of mendacity was the so-called "Bryce Report." The success of the Entente propaganda was still further aided by the highly divergent attitudes of the American Ambassadors at London and Berlin. At London we were represented by Walter Hines Page, whom Wilson himself called "more British than the British themselves." Page actively seconded the Entente propaganda and did all he could to turn the sympathy of this country towards the Allies. In Berlin Mr. Gerard was at best only coolly courteous towards Germany and the Central Powers and was decidedly sympathetic with the Allies. He was less than any help to the German propagandists. As a result of the triumph of Entente propaganda in the United States the Allied Epic was sold to this country with great success and we were well prepared psychologically to enter the War on the side of the Entente as soon as Mr. Wilson deemed it wise to take the step.

Not only were we badly taken in by Entente propaganda; we were also more closely bound to the Allied Powers in material interests. We sold most of our munitions to the Entente and floated most of our great loans in their favor. Consequently, our conceptions of moral right were admirably adapted and adjusted to our notions of pecuniary profit. Moreover, the Entente states were getting into desperate financial straits by the winter of 1916-1917 and private loans were proving more and more inadequate. Only by passing the burden on to the United States Treasury could the Entente be carried safely along in its expensive contest against the Central Powers. Propaganda and material interests sufficed to capture the American press, and the great majority of the papers were whooping it up for the cause of an Allied victory long before we entered the War. They urged American intervention with ever increasing vehemence.

Mr. Wilson was not directly affected by the material interests which attached us to the Entente Powers. He had steadfastly refused to allow members of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company to visit the White House. He was, however, considerably affected by the Entente propaganda and was led to believe that the Entente was carrying on the battle for human civilization against the brutal and savage Germans. He was by study and inclination decisively pro-British and the propaganda led him to envisage the War as the conflict of Britain for the maintenance of the most precious ideals of human culture against the inroads of what were essentially wild beasts, to use Wilson's own description of the Germans at war. The essence of the matter is that Mr. Wilson did not desire to go to war if Britain could save civilization without our aid. When he became convinced that she might not or could not he became a convert to intervention, and he intervened just as soon as he believed it expedient. Obtaining general knowledge of the Secret Treaties very early from his Ambassadors and by implication from Colonel House, Wilson also desired to intervene so that he could be at the Peace Conference and frustrate any extreme vindictiveness which might provoke another war. He confessed this motive freely to Jane Addams just before we entered the War.

Mr. Grattan deals with certain important incidental details with great skill. He reviews at length the unofficial rovings of Colonel House from the spring of 1914 to the entry of our country into the War. Especially illuminating is the account of House's journey to Europe in the winter of 1915-16 with a plan to align us actively with the Entente in the conflict. This Wilson-House scheme was too statesmanlike and too gentle with Germany, so the Allies summarily rejected it. House was pretty sane in the spring of 1914 as he traveled throughout Europe, but he later fell a victim to Entente propaganda. Yet he never shut his eyes entirely to the facts, and he was by no means a pollyanna believer in the unmitigated idealism of the Entente. The *Lusitania* episode is admirably dissected. The net verdict is that the Germans were easily within their moral and legal rights in sinking the ship but committed a gross strategic blunder in giving the Entente so powerful an argument to sway American opinion and secure our sympathy. Mr. Grattan is skeptical of the legend of the Sunrise Conference of the spring of 1916 at which Mr. Wilson is supposed to have revealed to Congressional leaders his determination to put us into the War. But he shows that the House mission of the previous winter convicts Wilson of all that has been alleged against him by those who accept the Sunrise Conference story. Finally, Mr. Grattan makes it clear that the resumption of submarine warfare was not the cause but only the occasion of our entry into the War. It was comparable to the invasion of Belgium in relation to British policy. The Germans played into Wilson's hands in 1917 as they had into Grey's in 1914.

All in all, the publication of this book was the most important event of the Armistice season of the year 1929. Nothing could do more to put our present foreign policy on a realistic and sensible basis than a careful perusal of this volume and an intelligent assimilation of its contents. It punctures for all time a bubble which has hypnotized the American public for more than a decade.

Harry Elmer Barnes

THORNTON WILDER AS AN ARTIST

The Woman of Andros. *Thornton Wilder.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

When Mr. Wilder's first novel appeared in 1926 there was no general public excitement to be noted. Here and there discriminating persons spoke quietly together, "You should read *The Cabala.*" And some who obeyed the injunction lifted puzzled or outraged glances above the last page while others closed the book gently and went to seek out their chosen friends, "*You* should read *The Cabala.*" Then out of this kindly obscurity there burst *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* and the author's fame was made. Critics and the buying public held a love-feast. Here was a book that was interesting, that had color and incident, that told a story, and here was the outline of a philosophy, and a style that called out all the most highly respected adjectives. Those who had read the earlier study of disillusionment in Rome went about saying that it was even better, but everybody had a good time in the pleasant flurry over Peru and everybody was heartened by the discovery that what was undeniably popular was indubitably art.

After the brilliant characterizations of *The Cabala* and the engaging pageantry of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* Thornton Wilder was established as a highly intelligent observer of life and letters and as a conscious stylist. His prose was worth reading for its own sake and under the white light of publicity his ideas appeared to cast large shadows. The sophisticates readily—too readily—assumed that Mr. Wilder was speaking their own language of disillusionment and ironic futility, although some felt that he weakened slightly at the end of "The Bridge" in a concession to the popular desire for a silver lining. Optimistic persons found in the catastrophe of the bridge encouraging evidence of a purposeful universe, although some of them felt that the author should have had the courage of his implications to gratify them in the end with a ringing pronouncement in favor of meaning in life, the good life, or God's will.

Mr. Wilder's position became an enviable one, although not lacking in difficulties. Obviously a new book by him should be something of an event. But as an event *The Woman of Andros* is disappointing. It does not at first glance line up with the two earlier novels but rather with the collection of three-minute plays brought out under the title of *The Angel That Troubled the Waters.* These plays, mostly from the author's apprentice years, had been interesting chiefly to those concerned with the technique of a developing style. They showed the author learning to condense and to eliminate in preparation for the beautiful economy of his novels, and they indicated a surprising preoccupation with the lore of Christianity, reviving rumors as to his theological background.

If we consider *The Woman of Andros* in the light of *The Angel That Troubled the Waters* we cannot evade the question, is Christianity going to fall like a blight upon the work of one of our most interesting writers? It is true that in England a number of bright young men have been attaining prominence through their recent discovery of Christ, a discovery for which they appear to find a happy variety of literary uses, but Mr. Wilder's fame has not needed to rest on such opportunism. Critics who ignore the evidence of the plays will not see this parable of the Andrian in its proper perspective. They may exclaim that after the questionings of his earlier novels he is maturing into an affirmation of the values of existence. But it is possible to suspect that Mr. Wilder's philosophical position has changed very little and that he is now as gently credulous as when he wrote the first playlet.

The Woman of Andros takes its characters from the "Andria" of Terence and the matrimonial complication is the same. Otherwise, the story has been re-made, both in details and in significance. It is concerned with the coming of a foreign woman to a small Greek island, her endeavor to civilize the profession of a courtezan, and her influence upon a few troubled persons. Chrysis aspires toward the virtues of the Stoics and is before the birth of Christ a practicing Christian. She longs for a god to hear her prayer and she concludes that she must learn to love more fully. She adopts the poor and the defective into her home and cares for them. She dies affirming that "I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and that nevertheless I praise the world and all living." In her last days she loves the young Pamphilus, whom the islanders consider to have something of the priest in him. To herself she says that such people are heralds from the future, she wishes that he might rest from pitying those who suffer although she thinks that some day men will be like him and she cries out "This is something new in the world, this concern for the unfit and the broken." The book closes as it began, with a picture and a promise, "And in the East the stars shone tranquilly down upon the land that was soon to be called Holy and that even then was preparing its precious burden."

Simo, the father of Pamphilus, finds that "Viewed from a distance life is harmonious and beautiful," but that the present remains a "succession of small domestic vexations." Pamphilus asks himself the questions that thoughtful adolescents must always be putting. How does one live? What does one do first? The shy and lovely Glycerium, who carries Pamphilus's child, learns that she has been wrong in thinking the world an easy place to live in, but she dies whispering to her lover, "do not be afraid." Pamphilus, in a heart-searching vigil, studies the words of Chrysis and sees how strangely "life's richest gift flowered from frustration and cruelty and separation." He comes to her conclusion as to the importance of love and sees the world about him burning with the perpetual flames of love. He wonders why this love seems so defeated, "as though it were waiting for a voice to come from the skies, declaring that therein lay the secret of the world."

The coming of Christ is in all the overtones. *The Woman of Andros* is a delicate and beautiful affirmation of faith in the Christ-like doctrines. It contains many lovely sentences, although the cadences are more sober than in Mr. Wilder's other books. It has a wistful charm, and one suspects that its author must have loved it dearly, the flat houses of the Greeks, the curving harbor with its colored sails, the olive groves and rushing torrents and the firm, fine speech of Chrysis in her epigrams and fables. The descriptions of the sea at the beginning and of the rain at the close are brilliant bits, and Mr. Wilder has an especial capacity for conveying to us the wild, sweet fragrance of the very young. "The caress of the hands in first love," he writes, "and never so simply again, seems to be a sharing of courage, an alliance of two courages against a confusing world." And he tells that, beneath the dwarfed olive-trees, "those caresses that seemed to be for courage, for pity and for admiration, were turned by Nature to her own uses."

The Woman of Andros is a minor example of the exquisite. It is as coolly carved as a work by James Branch Cabell. Its reader may be pleasantly conscious of the author's sensitive appreciation of form and balance. But the story is a little thin, and the argument may not seem enough to compensate for this. Paganism passes, doubting, troubled, seeking; Christ is born. But is this enough for us to-day? Mr. Wilder's fable is concerned with the doubts and difficulties of to-day, while his answer lies two thousand years in the past. It is possible to suspect that in literature the futilitarians have had their day, and that any affirmative writings will be hailed with a certain relief. When the fun has quite gone out of the study of offal, for the time being, men will very likely return to a contemplation of the stars. An age of faith may well be just ahead, but of faith in what? It scarcely seems that we shall find the answer in a backward glance. It is true that the doctrine of love is being variously affirmed, by Raymond Duncan, fervent admirers of the soviets, and now by Thornton Wilder. Mr. Wilder's irony has been duly mentioned, but little has been said of his naïve and sentimental streak, rather startlingly displayed in the summoning of the shade of Virgil at the close of "The Cabala." The present trend in *The Woman of Andros* is clear enough. It has reverence and pity, tenderness and flashes of beauty, but it lacks the terror and the agony that would seem to have a rightful place in any story of a man's life, it lacks strength as does the ineffectual figure of Pamphilus. And as the fourth in an uncounted series of productions, it makes the future unfolding of a serious artist distressingly suspect.

LORINE PRUETTE

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THE CORE OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Note: *David Herbert Lawrence, one of the foremost English novelists of our generation, a man whose artistic gift was so overwhelming that it also found important expression in poetry and painting, died in Southern France on March 2, at the age of 44. Because of the striking individuality of Lawrence's work, and his powerful influence on Twentieth Century literature, The Book League Monthly includes this article on D. H. Lawrence by Thomas Seltzer, who published many of Lawrence's greatest works and was his very close personal friend.*

Though I know well that an author is his own worst critic, it was only human to feel flattered when Lawrence, who was so little given to flattery, once told me that I was the only one who understood the core of him. And now that the Editor of The Book League Monthly has asked me for a few words on Lawrence, it perhaps becomes my duty to tell the world what *is* the core of his works, as I understand it.

The remark in itself is significant. Imagine Hardy, or Shakespeare, or even G. B. Shaw, who is forever explaining himself, saying that so and so is "the core of me." It is inconceivable, because we have the feeling that great writers regard themselves, in the way the world regards them—as artists, and one no more speaks of the core of the artists' work than of the core of the universe! An artist's creation is coextensive, or should be coextensive with the life of mankind, and in the vast conglomeration that constitutes life, how is one to find the core? Certainly up to the present no genius has succeeded in disclosing it, whether in philosophy, literature or science, and it is doubtful, if ever it were disclosed, that it would make any difference in imaginative writing.

Now, why did Lawrence, who was a born artist, take so much stock in the core of him? The phrase, in the way he used it, uncovers a world of meaning and furnishes a key to much that is puzzling in Lawrence's complex personality. It reveals as does nothing in his books or anything else that I have ever heard him say the tragedy of his being—a tragedy for Lawrence himself, and because of his genius a tragic loss to literature.

It was in the character of prophet that Lawrence spoke of his core, a character which I am convinced that Lawrence the poet and novelist utterly repudiated. I have never met another author in whom two contrasting elements revealed themselves as such distinct and separate entities, constantly at war with one another. He was well aware of these two conflicting traits of his nature. He was fond of saying, as he put his hands horizontally across his lips: "Here, you see, there are two Lawrences, the one of the soft fair hair on my head, and the one of the rough red hair that makes my beard, and you can't combine them into one. There is no use trying." It was a heritage from his parents, the educated, middle-class mother, and the illiterate miner, his father.

In his rôle of prophet he often literally imagined himself a Christ come to preach a new gospel to the world. At such times his magnificent writings, by which alone he will remain known, meant nothing to him. One can laugh at this if one chooses. I, who am a skeptic by nature, have never been able to laugh at it, though I deplored it because it came between him and the pure imaginative creations he otherwise would have wrought. There was a grandeur and a majesty to the man in such moments that compelled reverence. You could not mock at it; it was too genuine and too big at the same time. It was not ridiculous because in this as in everything else Lawrence never posed. Whatever Lawrence did was natural to him and you accepted him as in the best parts of his work you accepted him; you felt the inevitability of it all. One could not have expected Lawrence, as one can expect almost any one else, to play a part on occasion or to write what he was not driven to write. A wise publisher or a wise editor never gave him an assignment. Lawrence might out of the goodness of his heart accede to an editor's request to write, say, an article on Thomas Hardy whom he greatly admired. But then let the editor be prepared not for an article on Hardy at all but for a piece of Lawrentiana, or he would be greatly disappointed. One had to allow Lawrence his bent whether in the guise of Christ coming to bring salvation into the world, or as a cook moving about in the kitchen and preparing dishes as though cooking was his life's profession. In both parts he was equally natural.

What, then, was his mission? It was to rid the world of female domination. The female will to be more than the man's sex mate, to be loved by the man too,—this, he felt, is the great evil of the age, this it is that produces our overwhelming *Weltschmerz*. Man has lost his maleness; he has yielded to the female will, and this it is that is producing the degeneracy of the male and is threatening the destruction of our human world.

Think of the wonderful writing wasted on such a theme, on such a mission. All the magic of Lawrence which gave us a Gudrun and an Ursula and a Gerald in *Women in Love,* and the earthly, soil-steeped men and women of *The Rainbow,* recruited in the service of a worse than Mother Eddy message. It is the literary catastrophe of our epoch. It worked slow but sure ruin to the man whom nature had so manifestly and so marvellously endowed to be the highest representative of our age in literature.

One need not be mystical to see in the catastrophe of Lawrence the catastrophe of our times. He was a sensitive instrument that registered the pathologic conditions of society and in so doing absorbed the maladies which afflicted the social body into his own system. A good diagnostician he was, though poor in the remedies which he proposed. Time and time again he bemoaned our lack of faith. This he regarded our chief affliction. Yet he himself, for all his longing to believe, was in the forefront of the iconoclasts and unbelievers. Give him a religion that was sound and plausible and that intelligent men could honestly embrace, and he would rush to embrace it. But he was not the man to fool himself with make-believe. So he went along ranting against the machine, which he loathed, and against science, for he knew it was that which deprived us of our faith, and deprived him besides of his rightful heritage, the normal exercise of his mighty gift as an artist. Had he been born into an age firmly anchored in ethical and social principles in which it believed implicitly and which ensured it stability, he would not have been divided against himself and his art would have achieved a free and harmonious development. He would then have felt no need to bring salvation to the world and it would have sufficed him to be the writer that he was, carrying on the mighty tradition of English literature.

So the core of Lawrence is not at all what he conceived it to be. We can well do without his philosophy even now. But his real contribution deserves to be handed down to the future, and it is a safe prediction that it will be. He struck new notes out of the instrument of the English language and produced effects of beauty, of superbness which have never been revealed before. His descriptions of scenery, particularly of the English country, his characters, often of heroic dimensions like those of the Greek tragic poets and yet subtly held within the realm of reality, his deep notes that reverberate like the sounds of Wagnerian music in the halls of Walhalla and seem to carry into the beyond, the electric currents that he sets going between his characters, sometimes in the simplest scenes, like a tea party on a railroad coach, for instance—these are of the core of Lawrence to the lovers of Lawrence. They are qualities which appear in full, not in *Sons and Lovers,* —those who consider *Sons and Lovers* as his greatest book seem to me to miss the essence of Lawrence's originality—but in his later books, *The Rainbow, Women in Love,* and in parts of *The Lost Girl.*

Sons and Lovers, to be sure, is a well-rounded work, technically the most perfect of Lawrence's books, and not much of a departure from the Hardy school of English novels. It is closely autobiographical, Paul of course being Lawrence himself, and the data almost a literal recounting of the story of Lawrence's early life and surroundings. Its use of a familiar technique in fiction, combined with a mastery of treatment and a certain frankness in self-revelation, mild for our day but sufficient to give it the piquancy of novelty then, won for it an immediate critical success. Lawrence was instantly received as a peer by those who had reached the pinnacle of fame in the world of books, by Barrie, May Sinclair, Arnold Bennett, and others. Had he gone on writing more *Sons and Lovers,* as he himself put it, he could easily have attained the highest popularity. But great a novel as is *Sons and Lovers* it only contained the germs of those characteristically Lawrentian elements which reached the climax of their expression in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love,* and which stamps Lawrence as a writer of unique originality.

The very opening paragraph of *The Rainbow* places Lawrence in his peculiar transcendent niche. Here is a magician whose wand strikes a super-life from whatever it touches, whether rock, flower, man, child, animal, or human converse—a demi-god fashioning new creations from the world of creation. Compare this paragraph with Hardy's opening description of the heath in *The Return of the Native;* compare it with a whole book, Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil.* In a stroke of the pen that sets the blood tingling as with a fermenting sap, generations of folk life on the soil come into being—vast, simple, elemental, earthy, but striking the senses with concrete, concentrated, electric force. Hardy's heath stirs with beauty and mystery and majesty; it does not, however, throb with the primal beat of life. When Lawrence is not tortured by his cerebral obsession of male dominance, his writing is as undeniable as sun, rain, mountain torrent, earthquake or tornado.

This living force of Lawrence is to be found scattered here and there even in his less known books, *Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent,* to a larger extent in *The Captain's Doll,* and even in his non-fiction works, *Sea and Sardinia, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious,* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious.* But it is in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* that it appears in a constant flow. Excepting Natasha in Tolstoi's *War and Peace* I know of no girls as alive as Anna the "pole-cat" or Winifred. There is nothing in literature comparable to the dying-away, like the slow going from life, of Mr. Crich. The nearest to this perhaps is the death scene of Lavran in Sigrid Undset's famous trilogy. The statue of the young naked girl a-straddle the huge horse in *Women in Love* is vivid to the eye with the vision of Lawrence—a thing unique.

Examples could be multiplied, but enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate what Lawrence means to those who consider him the great literary figure of the age.

Thomas Seltzer

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A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Woman of Andros. *Thornton Wilder.* Boni. $2.50.

"The story of *The Woman of Andros* is even more elusively simple than was that of *The Bridge;* a delicate and tender allegory of the few brief months in which love as opposed to duty disclosed itself in the Greek island of Brynos, in the days when the glory of Greece had departed and Christ had not yet come. It is a series of lovely scenes and of character sketches the economy of whose drawing is only matched by their strength and richness. Notably fine are the characterizations of the stoic Andrian hetæra, of the great sea captain become a child again through suffering, and of Simo, town father and father of the youth who loved the Andrian's obscure sister, a virile and moving type.

"*The Woman of Andros* is rich in pleasure-giving qualities, but it prompts no fresh comment upon Wilder's style or content. He seems likely to occupy about the same place in American literature that Pater does in English. His prose is pure, lyric, metrical rather than rhythmic and marked by the true poet's sense of the right word. His philosophy is Epicurean. He loves the good because he is too sensitive to endure evil or the consequences of evil. Indeed all consequences frighten him and God's love is never so apparent as when He shuts eyes which have looked too long upon emptiness or to which the morrow could disclose only a prospect of disillusion. Inasmuch as he shrinks from consummations he must be called a decadent. And it is perhaps his touching pity for his fellows, prompting him to bestow even upon frustration some sense of Beauty as its own reward, and some beneficent wisdom upon those ways of Providence which are inscrutable to men, which gives to his work, carrying that illusion of reassurance, its enormous popularity in this frightened land."

Frances Lamont Robbins
Outlook

"With that serene disregard of current fashions in writing which is his distinguishing trait, Thornton Wilder presents his third novel, *The Woman of Andros,* to the public. Again a novel of philosophical content, it is wholly different from *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Cabala.* Mr. Wilder turns for his inspiration not to modern or medieval times but to a Latin poet who inherited his plots from the Greek. and with this ancient legacy develops his conception that life, whether for good or ill, is a precious adventure. With the plot Mr. Wilder inherits also the dignity, poise and orderliness of the classical writers; the story seems to shape his style, and the mood in which he writes is much more temperate and contemplative than that reflecting the uncertain longings, heartaches and despairs of La Perichole and her retainers. Like all of the Wilder books, this story is very short; properly it is only a long short story, but the author, writing with scholarly precision, has crowded the emotions of a long novel into these pages."

Harry Hansen
N. Y. World

"Chrysis, the woman from Andros, is infected by modern motives. For besides carrying on her profession—which has its night club side, except that she herself recites Plato and Aristophanes instead of inviting the guests to give some other little girl a hand—besides this, she supports a whole household of the lame, the halt and the blind. Drab unfortunates who come to life only when she herself is about, and who yet maintain toward her such an air of dissatisfaction that they had even been known to regret the lost felicities of the slave markets, the mills and the massacred villages. And she recognizes in Pamphilus another modern. In the quality of his love for her sister Glycerium, and in other ways, too.

"There will be quite as much opportunity for study circles to discuss what Mr. Wilder means by *The Woman of Andros* as there was with *The Bridge.*"

Susan Wilbur
Chicago Evening Post

"*The Woman of Andros,* like its predecessors, is a story of mystical content. For all the jeweled brilliance of style in his two earlier books, Mr. Wilder was gravely turning over in his mind the puzzling abstractions of love and death, and recording the baffled searching of his characters for a meaning in their lives. With these speculations he is still concerned; only the pattern is changed. The style of *The Woman of Andros* is still more disciplined, a trifle more grave, and that is fitting, for the story would suffer by any other treatment. It has at the same time a stronger infusion of poetry, a more subtle rhythm in its structure. In this book, as in the others, Mr. Wilder sees life as a tragic spectacle. There is not a man or woman in his tale who is not thwarted by life, as were the members of that strange circle he described in *The Cabala,* and those five who came to death on the Bridge of San Luis Rey. But there is in *The Woman of Andros* a clearer note of affirmation, a more determined effort to summon courage out of frustration and despair."

N. Y. Times

MARRIAGE AND MORALS. *Bertrand Russell.* Liveright. $3.00.

"There is a good deal in the book with which traditional moralists will take issue. His whole position on individual freedom, the legal aspect of marriage, and family life is very advanced. Marriage, he believes. that is to say the legal contract, should begin with the immediate prospect of children, not before. Divorce courts should concern themselves, not with fixing the blame for a breakdown of domestic relations, but in establishing or disproving the seriousness of the breakdown. Social ethics should require that jealousy, self-righteousness, and interference with other people be controlled, not indulged. In general, the whole emphasis should be shifted to a different basis, that of generous, open-hearted love as the ideal. Whether or not one agrees with these conclusions—and he makes them very easy to accept in argument—the importance of such a book and such a writer as Russell is immense. This importance lies in giving us perspective, more of a bird's-eye view of problems that lie all too close to everyday life and experience. The trouble with marriage, or with a sane point of view about marriage, is that it is a personal and individual problem with every one, and yet it always involves at least two people. Russell insists that we stand off from it a little and look to see what idea or instinct lies behind a social code which we are taught in childhood to accept without question. In this he lives up to his own principles of education, which are to teach a child to think, rather than what thoughts are good and what are bad."

Isabel Proudfit
N. Y. Times

"This is anybody's book because sexual morality, as it bears on marriage, is reviewed and discussed in simple language, and with an earnestness of conviction sufficient to win the respect, if not the agreement of all. Mr. Russell views his subject first from the historical standpoint, tracing sexual ethics from the matrilineal, through the patriarchal to the Christian and contemporary convention, now tottering before the new—and in many respects regrettable—freedom for which decay in religious belief, the emancipation of women, and the introduction of contraceptives are responsible. He points to the injustices, injuries (chiefly psychological) and indecencies of current sexual morality, estimates their effect on all parties to marriage—the tremendous importance of the children is recognized—examines the bearing on the question of the economics of industrial civilization, the encroachment of the state on the domain of the parent, the population problem and, hence, international politics and the possibility of the international state. To the discussion of these topics Mr. Russell brings not only his acknowledged acumen, irony and wit. but—what is of far greater importance—a fine grasp of sexual and child-psychology, a very human understanding and a high idealism. Those who read his book will agree that a greater sexual freedom is by no means incompatible with a personal ethic of considerable strictness."

John Linnell
Saturday Night (Toronto)

Marriage and Morals is a thought-provoking book, and one in which those whose liberality of mind is founded rather upon reason than upon emotion. One may find arguable points, it may be stimulating to other readers if this one offers, without presumption, a few of the questions which the book has raised, instead of an outline of its contents. Mr. Russell opens his plea for a new sex ethic by a survey of the factors which have shaped modern marriage."

Frances Lamont Robbins
Outlook

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YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN. *Katharine Brush.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00.

"*Young Man of Manhattan,* by Katharine Brush, is the story of Toby McLean who loved his wife but couldn't say no to Puff Randolph, a Gilded Child of Manhattan! This tale of the marriage of a newspaper playboy is told with such swift deftness and humor that it stands out as something more than just another novel about people who live in studio apartments and have impromptu parties, unpaid bills and broken hearts. Much brittle conversation covers the pathetic attempts of these lovable young people to form a pattern of living in a metropolitan city."

Walter Brooks
Outlook

"In *Young Man of Manhattan* the romantic world of the newspaper people will stay in the mind long after the quarrel and reconciliation of Toby and Ann are forgotten. 'Glitter' is Miss Brush's word, in every sense; it is her title for one of her books; it is the word that comes to mind on reading her. All her scenes, prizefights and football games, studios and speakeasies, in this novel, have the glitter of verbal felicity and a glitter in their air like the sparkle in the air of New York. Her newspaper people are entirely delightful; they converse with the accent of life and yet are much more amusing than real talk often is. They have the appeal of all characters, in Restoration drama or modern fiction, who don't care too much about money or morals or to-morrow. One could not ask for anything pleasanter or more entertaining than the opening chapters, while Toby and Ann are still perfectly happy; one would be satisfied if there were no pretense of plot, if these witty people did nothing for three hundred pages but fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. But if there is to be a plot, it should be worthy of its reckless and unconventional setting; and one cannot say of this story that it is."

Basil Davenport
Saturday Review

"*Young Man of Manhattan,* by Katharine Brush, is as easy to read as a tabloid. Miss Brush writes gayly and excitingly of current events and characters of the moment. Against the inevitable romance of a light-fiction young man and another one of those girls, she describes a rich and dazzling background of the New York life you find in the movies and on the front pages. Miss Brush gathers up all that is gay, romantic, and picturesque in what is loosely known as modern life and crams it all into her book. Her book is glib, expert, and amusing."

A. W. S.
New Yorker

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THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. *Robert Bridges.* Oxford. $3.50.

"This poem is not only a Testament of Beauty, but of the amazing vitality of a spirit that, maintaining its supremacy over the wasting flesh, has, at an age when most other men who have lived as long are drifting into senility, attained increase of power and intensity of poetic vision. In the earlier poems of Mr. Bridges, or in those written in what one might have supposed to be his artistic maturity, we may look in vain for an intimation of this miraculous flower of his old age. There is evident in them the austere concentration of the good workman; there are flashes of insight and here and there a delicate and lovely lyric, but nothing to foreshadow the arch of the present work. It would almost seem as though from this consciousness, that must have been slowly enriching itself, had emerged a fresh entity. a spiritual body, of unjaded vigor, having in it a hale wisdom with the eager wonder of a child. Mr. Bridges is entranced by birds, by sweet inrushing mornings, by clouds.

. . . parcelling the icy inane
highspredd in fine diaper of silver and mother of pearl
freaking the intense azure . . .

Surely no one has ever brought a cloud more close without getting between it and the light. Here are serenity and altitude and high rare air. The poet's feet do not leave the ground, yet he at times, gives me a sense of ascension without volition. It is as though the hilltop whereon he stands had gained suddenly on the sky."

Lola Ridge
N. Y. Evening Post

"A long poem from the pen of England's poet laureate, whatever critical judgment is ultimately to be passed upon it—and time has often been severe with kingly appointees—is an event which may not at the moment lightly be passed by. The poem is in four books and a prologue, and runs to somewhat over 1,400 words. The verse is in the nature of an Alexandrine, but is not the conventional verse bearing that name. The poem is devoid of rime. There is throughout a suggestion of the sonorousness of Milton, but there is somewhat more flexibility to the Bridges line than the Miltonic line permits. Needless to say, Bridges is never so dramatic as his epic predecessor."

Percy Hutchison
N. Y. Times

"*The Testament of Beauty* is not a protest; it is an argument and. to Mr. Bridges, a proof that Beauty will prevail, that all forces work toward a greater spirituality in men and toward a consequent greater Art; it is indeed a survey of the past with intent to force the conclusion that man's moral and esthetic progress is one and the same, and that this progress points necessarily toward a conventional morality and religion. The compulsion toward religion remains important to his argument, but the religious emotion is lost through the author's attempt to use such modern abstractions as Force, Mind, Law, when he means God. If Mr. Bridges's argument remains unconvincing in view of the discoveries of history, science, anthropology, and psychology, if the proof is based upon an ephemeral idealism with which we today have little patience, this may not necessarily condemn the poem as poetry. Many a poet has gone badly astray in manipulating argument. But since, with the exception of the gracefully medieval tone of the Introduction, poetry here is freighted much too heavily with argument and philosophical jargon; since, inded, most of *The Testament of Beauty* cannot be called poetry at all—even in its ineptly applied literary echoes of earlier poets, its pallid allegory, archaisms, inversions, and rhetoric—but is rather a prose tract cast into verse. we may consider its logic and its argument rather than its poetic quality. Doubtless Mr. Bridges himself realizes something of the difference between the technique of this, his latest work, and the quality of those delicate and charming lyrics by which he is most likely to be remembered; doubtless he would lead his readers to a consideration of his thought, for he has, in his Testament, taken the tone of an instructor."

Eda Lou Walton
Nation

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LINCOLN. *Emil Ludwig.* Little, Brown. $5.00.

"This biography is entertaining and valuable to those who are just beginning their study of Lincoln, and absolutely useless to all others. There will always be a place for the well-written rudimentary biography of Lincoln; we should have one every few years. On its rather low plane, Mr. Ludwig's has distinctive merits. It possesses interest from start to finish. It levies impartially and uncritically upon all the standard works—upon Nicolay and Hay, Herndon, Ida Tarbell, John T. Morse, Beveridge, and the rest; and since Mr. Ludwig has a real eye for the significant, it takes a good deal of the best from each source. The use of the quotations from Lincoln is always good and often highly effective. At times, especially in the closing pages of the book, the reader feels that Mr. Ludwig has no really compelling and moving admiration for Lincoln. He is so intent on rendering his homely human side that he has failed to see the magnificent qualities he developed under stress of the war. His two final chapters are entitled 'Liberator' and 'Father,' and he brings out adequately Lincoln's service in freeing the slave, and his paternal love for the American people; but he nowhere perceives the greatness of his service and station as a vindicator of democratic government. Compared with Lord Charnwood's infinitely superior biography, the book lacks almost as much in warmth as it does in penetration. But for the abecedarians it will be useful, and we may be sure that many thousands will read it."

Allan Nevins
Saturday Review

"In the treatment of Lincoln's slow-emerging reconstruction policy, Ludwig fails to assess the pros and cons adequately, although he is entirely right in his estimate of the President's moderation. In the hope of bringing several Southern states back into the Union before the election of 1864, Lincoln agreed that Southern state conventions might decide when emancipation should become effective, that is, they might take thirty or forty years to apply the policy. Meanwhile voting and representation were to be left with the states. This was in part designed to bring about a renewal of the former alliance of South and West in the hope of weakening the influence of tariff and financial men in the East who were at the time attempting to dictate both the economic and the war policies of the government. In a popular biography, however, designed to stir the interest of the masses of Germany in the life and work of a great American idealist and humanitarian, these minor oversights need not be stressed."

William E. Dodd
N. Y. Herald Tribune

"The author makes little pretension of dealing in full with the political background of Lincoln's early life, or with the complicated political and military situation of the Civil War. Yet he achieves a remarkable effect of completeness because he succeeds in relating all the cross-purposes of that era to a single libertarian idea, which need not be described here, and because this idea is focused almost entirely upon Lincoln. This is the dramatic destiny that Herr Ludwig speaks of; its chief principle of action, we begin to suspect, is main force. For the simple facts will not sustain such a view of the first half of our nineteenth century, and Lincoln's early life will not bear it for a moment. It is a fascinating book."

Allen Tate
Nation

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Humanity Uprooted. *Maurice Hindus.* Cape & Smith. $3.00.

"Born in Russia, transplanted in boyhood to America, returning to his native land in 1923 for a year, and afterwards for long roaming visits, Mr. Hindus gives here the most penetrating study of the New Russia, literally uprooted from its past, that has yet appeared. It is objective in the sense that he imports no perceptible personal bias, but its supreme value consists in the convincing interpretations of the changes in thought and feelings which the sudden severance from the past has brought about. He opens with a study of the collapse of orthodox religion and its apparent displacement by a scientific Communism kept at white heat by education and propaganda. Can this banishment of the old institutions and traditions, the seizure of the young and their education in an environment where private property is reduced to its lowest terms, and coöperative labor for the community so improve what have been deemed the ineradicable disposition of man as to make the new order self-sustaining and successful? Here is the question. Mr. Hindus offers no confident reply, but states the deeper pros and cons with skill and sympathy."

J. A. H.
Manchester Guardian

"*Humanity Uprooted* moves from group to group and over the vast country. There is a chapter on the Jews and one on the intelligentsia; another on the Cossacks and on the Russian attitude toward England; an exasperated account of bureaucracy in the provinces, and the fears and finickiness that may, or may not, attend the cashing of an American check. Wherever he is narrative he is dramatic; his material is rich and varied. If the lardings of opinion do not always seem to me as valuable as mere accumulation of fact and incident would have been, to another reader the buoying sense of Mr. Hindus's non-committal attitude may be just the waterwings needed for splashing in the rough and salty waters that give the taste of revolutionary ways and manners."

Ernestine Evans
N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Mr. Hindus makes no bones about putting the Bolshevik case a good deal more bluntly than it usually is stated. The Communist attack on religion, for example, is not, as it has sometimes seemed to 'liberal' observers, the more or less inevitable reaction from the rottenness existing in the old Russian Church and the obscurantism of a religion never yet touched by the tonic fires of the Reformation. It is a definite attack on religion, as such, as the word is generally understood. The new order would recognize no power beyond those material and understandable forces which control the here and now. Property goes; the family, as it has hitherto existed, goes; love. too, except as a 'bio-chemical process.' In short, the new order would scrap most of the things that man has hitherto been supposed to live by."

Arthur Ruhl
Saturday Review

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An Anthology of American Negro Literature. *Edited by V. F. Calverton.* Modern Library. $0.95.

"Perhaps no other American anthology could gather together material from so many different sources as has this one. Here are stories, and essays and poems and spirituals and labor songs."

Philadelphia Record

"On one hand is the audience entertained, amused, exhilarated by the efforts of the negro writers. On the other is the audience who perceives the evolution, slow and painful, of a genuinely native art founded in the social and spiritual struggle of the negro race. Mr. V. F. Calverton has edited *An Anthology of American Negro Literature* which has just appeared as the newest edition to the admirable and inexpensive Modern Library. The collection of representative works which he has assembled indicates clearly and intelligently the direction of that literary movement."

N. Y. Evening Post

"More than an anthology of beautiful letters—it is also a statement of the modern American Negro's creed, esthetic, religious, social and economic."

Cincinnati Times-Star

"This is a penetrating and sympathetic analysis. By means of this broad, lucid interpretation of the roots, Calverton is later able to explain reasonably the resultant blossoms. The whole introduction is one of the best essays on Negro literature I have yet seen, although Calverton's prose style is, as ever, a little cumbersome."

Bernard Smith
New Masses

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IRON MAN. *W. R. Burnett.* Dial. $2.50.

"Mr. Burnett's new novel displays the same competence as in *Little Cæsar* and the same restricted order. The very effort he has made here and there in *Iron Man* to broaden his implications is earnest of the fact that his present extension is more or less final. One incident of clear pathos, in which Coke Mason feels back over his boyhood hopes and finds the realization flat in his mouth, is signal as an exception. Otherwise, as in *Little Cæsar,* the purely objective rendering without introspective reference is so focused upon concretion that the power of implication escapes it. The indicatives of emotion are supplied; no response is called out but the purely nervous blacklash of excitement.

"The central situation recalls the story that Dan Carroll imported Fitzsimmons to defeat Dempsey the Nonpareil, who had been his charge; but this is not material. Mr. Burnett's fight atmosphere is literal and distinct; and the scenes in the training camp before the last battle have some sense of overhanging fate in a setting of rough idyl. The dialogue, a little overblown, is not quite so crisp as the Sicilian idiom in *Little Cæsar.*"

Vincent McHugh
Forum

"This second novel deals with a glamorous phase of the American scene—the 'fight game.' The action here is not so rapid, nor are the dramatic moments so tense; and 'Coke' Mason, the 'dumb' middle-weight who becomes world's champion in his class only to go down in defeat because of a woman—who, by the way, happens to be his wife—cannot begin to compare as a hero with Rico, the gangster in *Little Cæsar*. But *Iron Man* should make a hit. The situations are plausible and skillfully handled, there are several thrilling reportorial accounts of ring battles, and the talk—of which there is a great deal—is authentic. Mr. Burnett knows his fighters; he has also studied his Hemingway—possibly too assiduously. Those who like the usual run of prize-fight stories will here find a book that tops the list. But the real prize-fight novel has yet to be written. As a work of art *Iron Man* is simply not in the running."

Nation

"For those who know nothing of the manner in which a pugilist prepares for a fight the training camp episodes will be enlightening. For the rest it is a record of the conversations of a world which few people, fortunately, know very much about. The book has vitality; the accounts of the various fights are exciting; the glimpses afforded of the underworld vivid."

A. Raymond Mullens
(Toronto) Saturday Night

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THE MAN CHARLES DICKENS: A VICTORIAN PORTRAIT. *Edward Wagenknecht.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.00.

"It is, perhaps, the most admirable book of its kind ever written. Good books on Dickens are very few. This is one of them. I knew such a book would be written but I did not expect to live to see it."

A. Edward Newton

"Mr. Wagenknecht has produced a most effective portrait, applying all the resources of psychography as a complicated science and all its possibilities as a creative art."

Gamaliel Bradford

"Of the several biographies of Charles Dickens, from that of John Forster down, the present writer is inclined to like best the 'life' which has just come from the pen of Edward Wagenknecht. . . ."

Percy Hutchison
New York Times

"This is a curious and very interesting book . . . composed of facts rather than of opinions, and there are enough facts here to enable any reader to form his own estimate of Dickens. Most readers, I think, will be of the opinion that Dickens has come through the ordeal by psychography with flying colors."

Robert Lynd
London Daily News

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Good-bye To All That. *Robert Graves.* Cape & Smith. $3.00.

"Few men have been able to make as good an impression—an impression of candor, level-headedness, good sense—as Robert Graves on the reader of his autobiography. That a poet may be sensible as good citizens are sensible, that a poet may be strong as athletes are strong, should not be, perhaps, the matter for surprised congratulation that we make it, when we are given the opportunity. But the author of *Fairies and Fusiliers,* in writing this prose apology for an interrupted life, has cast off the old Adam. He is only incidentally an autobiographer; professionally he is a poet. *Good-bye to All That* is a negation of what has been; in *Poems 1929* we are to find a statement of what is and what's to come. We have said good-by to all that; now we must say hello to all this. Unfortunately, it is hard to tell what we are greeting. In these twenty-five poems, the product of the Graves and Riding Seizin Press, there may be health, but there is little sense. Towards the end of his autobiography, Graves makes a sweeping disclaimer of all the opinions expressed there; and, if we are to take him at his word, we must suppose that his views on poetry have also changed. If they have, it is a pity, for of all the definitions of poetry extant, I have thought Graves's the plainest, the soundest, the most fundamental: the only one which approached a true definition, because it was also an explanation. He repeats it in his autobiography, but in an ominously reminiscent tone: 'I regarded poetry as, first, a personal cathartic for the poet suffering from some inner conflict, and then as a cathartic for readers in a similar conflict.' "

T. S. Matthews
New Republic

"The vogue of *Good-bye to All That* was instantaneous. And I don't know why. For a book so well written, so sensitive, so original, so odd, so challenging, so annoying to the sedate, seldom —hardly ever—captures the public with a single blow."

Arnold Bennett

"This is primarily a record of war experiences—and few better have been published either in fiction or elsewhere. Fresh from his rather unhappy school days at Charterhouse, Graves went to the front at the beginning of the war and stayed there for the greater part of its duration. He writes of those years with a wholesome detachment and poise which is more effective than bitterness or hysteria. He is frankly an admirer of the heroic tradition, the ideal of sturdy courage, yet he is alert to the horror and stupidity of the whole performance. His descriptions are sharp, illuminating, exact, his comments vigorously outspoken. On the whole, his account is not particularly subjective. It is not until later on that one realizes how cruelly his nerves had been shattered. This latter part of the book, covering the period of his marriage to Nancy Nicholson, is distinctly inferior, although its plentiful references to literary celebrities may please the potential lion hunter. In dealing with his life since the war Graves is less frank and, curiously enough, more inclined to indulge in pose and deliberate arrogance. It is for his admirable recreation of the war years that this autobiography is worth reading."

Forum

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ECHOES FROM THE PRESS

Many of our subscribers have written us that they would enjoy reading the published reviews of our monthly books, in order to compare their own impressions with those of literary critics in the newspapers and magazines throughout the country. In some of the earlier Book League issues, comments from the press were included in the Book League Forum but no attempt was made to reprint a large number of published book reviews. "Echoes From the Press" now becomes a monthly feature of The Book League. This month we are printing representative reviews of Wassermann's *The Maurizius Case,* the Book League book for last November. Next month we shall give reviews of some of our more recent books.

A POWERFUL NOVEL OF REVOLT AGAINST FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF HUMAN JUSTICE

Out of Germany there has come in the past two years a series of great novels imbued with a large humanity and a compassion which no other group of writers, nationally considered, have equalled. Much of this writing has received its inspiration, I imagine, from the work of Jacob Wassermann. To-day we have a novel by the author of *The World's Illusion* which continues his great tradition of spiritual tragedy. It is called *The Maurizius Case.* . . .

The very life and substance of almost every character in the case change before our eyes as the author applies his keen philosophical intuition to them. It is with a consummate understanding rather than with a polished literary eloquence that Wassermann makes us see Anna, the woman about whom the crime revolves, as a harried victim of her own psychological state, crucified by the love of two men and the enmity of her sister, rather than as a pale beauty whose simple flirtatious nature brought murderous ruin down upon their heads. The brilliant, cultural trickster whose talents kept the sophisticates and universities of Germany at his feet becomes, in the crucible of this story, merely Warschauer, a Jew who hated Jews and who, to escape to the Christians whom he loved, became an actor in the arts and sciences and literatures of the world, a monster who denied his own being and found final defeat in Anna. And there are many others.

Most powerful of all the revelations of character, however, is the picture of Maurizius himself, the innocent man whom the prosecuting attorney described in his address to the jury as a hedonist, the type of man who endangers society because 'enjoyment is the token which has fascinated and stunned his senses; he pays for this enjoyment with all that he has earned and all that he has struggled for, with all that he has become, with his heart, with his intelligence, and with the hearts of those who loved him. . . .'

Eighteen years later, when the dictates of conscience and humanity aroused by the son of the prosecutor send him to the cell of Maurizius there to become convinced of his innocence, Wassermann develops a recital of the horror of prison, of convict psychology, of men trapped in a penal machine, with a thundering and mighty power. It is an indictment, in terms of human suffering and mental agony, such as I have never read before. The entire crusade of purity and understanding which has pierced the complex and polished lies of social organization in this book seems to reach its climax in this exposition of the slaughter of the spirit which a prison cell accomplishes.

Such a book as *The Maurizius Case* reveals an actual and unsullied understanding of life in so many aspects and so many manifestations, one feels that overpowering sense of identity with almost evrey character of the story, lofty, lowly, heroic, mean, cheap or noble. One may truly feel with Wassermann that to know any man completely is to love him.

William Soskin
N. Y. Eve. Post (Oct. 18, 1929)

WASSERMANN'S NEW NOVEL A PROFOUND STUDY OF JUSTICE

Jacob Wassermann is one of the greatest of contemporary German novelists, and his new novel, *The Maurizius Case*—just published in an English translation by Horace Liveright—stands head and shoulders above nine-tenths of all the novels which have appeared so far this season.

As a philosophical novel, as a statement of an important problem, as a study of human passions and emotions, it reminds me of nothing so much as Dreiser's *An American Tragedy.* I believe that readers who relished Dreiser's monumental novel will, once they get into it, find much to interest them in *The Maurizius Case.*

Galveston, Texas, News (Nov. 24, 1929)

A SUBLIMATED THRILLER

Till now none of Jacob Wassermann's fiction has approached *The World's Illusion* in bulk or scope. *The Maurizius Case* does approach it and perhaps surpass it in "human interest" if not in imaginative powers. *The World's Illusion* was in its way a romantic parable. Close as it came to the world of every day a certain quality of mysticism kept it always apart. It was the everlasting fable of flesh and spirit, the quest for a perfection which eludes and mocks us poor mortals. The same theme is implicit in *The Maurizius Case*. The 546 packed pages of this narrative must be read slowly; they are packed not only with words but with meaning. In them you get, somewhat after the manner of Browning in *The Ring and the Book*, not a clear vision of the drama from one point of view, but a series of glimpses from all angles, out of which you must build for yourself a composite interpretation or synthesis of the whole affair.

N. Y. Evening Sun (October 16, 1929)

SUPERB STUDY OF HUMAN CHARACTER

A master analyst of human emotions as evidenced in his earlier books, *The World's Illusion* and *Casper Hauser*, Jacob Wassermann has surpassed any previous performance, it seems to me, in his just-published *The Maurizius Case*. It is such a book as comes once in a decade. It is absolutely unforgettable in plot, in technique and in the manner which he conducts his psychological probings into character.

Iowa Daily Time (Nov. 23, 1929)

THE STORY OF A CASE OF SOCIAL INJUSTICE

Two qualities make Wassermann's work stand out in significant contrast to most of the books of the present time. He is not preoccupied with any single individual and the ramifications of his personality, but rather with the relationship of each person to all others and the individual's position in the entire scheme of life. And he writes with a forcefulness of emotional expression that cuts deep into the mind of the reader, leaving a sharp and lasting impression.

P. L.
Boston Transcript

JUSTICE AND LAW IS WASSERMANN'S THEME

Jacob Wassermann's latest novel, *The Maurizius Case*, which has gone into fifty-five editions in Germany and has been selected by the Book League of America for its October book, has as its theme the travesty of justice in the courts of law, seen through the eyes of a sensitive boy in his teens. Ludwig Lewisohn, reviewing the German edition, said that he stayed awake the better part of two nights to read it, and considers it closer to *The World's Illusion*, both in spirit and structure, than any of Wassermann's other recent books.

Advertiser Journal (Sept. 24, 1929)
Auburn, N. Y.

YOUTH BLAZES INTO REVOLT AGAINST VERDICT OF COURT

In Jacob Wassermann we have the spirit of Dostoevsky moving west. *The Muarizius Case* is in a sense a detective story, but the mysteries explored are those of the human soul. Here, as in all great novels, there are many characters who grow to be more real than those we encounter in life.

The Maurizius Case is a long and serious book. At times it is theatrical. Although there are a couple of suicides and a murder, the miracle which Aristotle found to be the secret of all noble tragic art is once more performed, and the reader undergoes that catharsis, that purging through pity and fear, which is the great mystery of great literature. For it is a mystery that the total and inevitable effect on the reader of a book like this, the entire structure of which is tragic to the verge of morbidity, should be one of joy.

John Frederic Lewis, Jr.
Phila. Record (Sat., Oct. 19, 1929)

The story of Etzel's thrilling and defiant attempt to release from prison a man unjustly condemned by Etzel's own father becomes far more than a piece of vigorous propaganda. It is a complex study, in unconventional terms, of the eternal opposition between father and son. More than that, in its slow, heavy, ponderous, gradual unraveling of the past of Maurizius and of his prison-psychology, it gives an overwhelming Dostoievskian chiaroscuro of the convict-soul.

The book has some grave faults, but they are faults of style rather than conception. It is much too long, for one thing: it is filled with labyrinthine speeches and arguments which do not so much weary the reader as befog him; simple devices such as frequent paragraphing and the splitting-up of over-claused sentences are unknown both to Wassermann and his translator; and, finally, the appearance very late in the book, of Etzel's mother, is maladroitly handled and not specifically relevant to the story. But these weaknesses pale before the mass and power of the book as a whole, before the gravity of its emotion, and the inexorability of its psychic exploration. *The Maurizius Case* must be read.

The Bookman (Feb., 1930)

His characters do not talk often, and when they do talk they are half fulfilling their character and half expressing Wassermann himself. He weaves his people slowly, and often indirectly; in the end they are terribly lifelike, with the unnatural reality of dream images. There is no sensuous beauty and little attempted humor. When that humor does appear, it is the wounding humor which was also Heine's. Wassermann believes that the elements of human nature are wrong, and wishes for a world which will make it possible for man to be free from the complications producing them. But he does not present a solution of these wrongs. He is only an unprejudiced and disheartened spectator.

J. I. N.
The New Republic (Jan. 1, 1930)

Wassermann's method of unfolding the story, bit by bit, of withholding his important characters—building up their entrances in the best theatrical style—is wonderfully effective. He uses an outward sombreness to tone down a story that is startling and melodramatic. Underneath the serious and powerful manner of his writing is a narrative that twists and turns, full of abrupt surprises and sudden flashes. Like Dostoevski, he has the gift of projecting purely mental struggles vividly and graphically. There is, in his most static chapters, a feeling of great action.

The Maurizius Case, is, to be short about it, a completely satisfying book. Even those who buy it because they think it sounds like a good mystery story will get that—and more. Ignoring its dignity as a social chronicle, they will find a bold, exciting, and fascinating story.

Constant Reader
New Yorker (Nov. 3, 1929)

The present novel is of gigantic strength, overwhelming in some places and of unusual force in every paragraph. There is also some beauty in it that somehow or other finds expression in literature with such infrequency that we are reminded to become dubious about the abundance of truth.

Allen W. Porterfield
New York Herald-Tribune (Nov. 3, 1929)

As one peruses Jacob Wassermann's latest novel, *The Maurizius Case,* one cannot help thinking of its predecessors and making a comparison. And as we finish the story of Maurizius we come to the conclusion that it is in many respects a finer book than the rest. It contains the inspiring philosophy of *The World's Illusion,* the realism of *Wedlock,* the tragedy of *Gold,* and the mystery of *Caspar Hauser.*

Joseph F. Hecht
Baltimore Eve. Sun

The Maurizius Case is a brilliant social novel, a psychological novel, a detective novel all rolled into one. It took me two days to read it; it will take a month for me to shake off its immediate impress, and years to forget it—if I'll ever forget it at all. There's been nothing quite like it in this day and time.

Walter Yust
Phila. Public Ledger

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BOOK LEAGUE FORUM

"I have just received *—& Co.*, which, judging from the reviews in *The Times* and *Tribune* and the unstinted praise of Romain Rolland, must be a work of solid merit. You have evidently scored another hit.

"Two letters in the February Forum are of more than passing interest for very obvious reasons. Mr. Elson of New York University again returns to the attack on what he calls 'filth and sensationalism' with a dogged perseverance worthy of a much better cause. His attempt to class *Prima Donna* as mere pornography is absurd. Also, his reference to Dr. Phelps of Yale, implying that the good doctor's *obiter dicta* are of great critical value, is almost as fatuous. I am sure that many Book Leaguers have attained a sufficient degree of intellectual maturity to enable them to dispense with the milk and water diet prescribed by Dr. Phelps. In striking contrast to Mr. Elson's Polyanna-mindedness is the intelligent view-point of Mr. Roger Thomas of Boston University; from Boston, mind you, the home of the Watch and Ward Society! Mr. Thomas makes an issue of the matter and wants a show of hands on the question whether we are to have the equivalent of the Rollo books or literature that is Literature. I am with Mr. Thomas on this, heartily. He has my thanks for his frankness and courage. We want no 'moral tracts' or goody-goody propaganda masquerading as literature."

Phil Gauteaume
New York, N. Y.

"Have not yet received the March Monthly and can't wait to put my hands on it. If it contains anything as good as *—& Co.* I'll be satisfied.

Phil Gauteaume
New York, N. Y.

P.S.—Have just received the March Monthly."

"I hope there are many among the 'less literate of your readers' as one Roger Thomas describes us, who are provoked like me into giving him the 'show of hands' he wants, but not in favor of his preoccupation with sex. His criticism of us who were revolted by the coarse rutting of the heroine in *Prima Donna* misses fire entirely. For [illegible] not because of sexlessness that we obj[illegible] perversion of literature, but prec[illegible] opposite. It is precisely because we valu[illegible]x and realize its tremendous implications that we object to its being treated as a thing so light to be squandered on a wretch like Gonsalvo.

"Why can't 'literary art and morals' go along together? They can and they do. To marry them is not to confuse them but to create a finer thing by the blend than either can be alone. That is not art which only offends. And that is not morality which takes no offense at the grossest bestiality of a young girl and an elderly married man. You will continue, we trust, to recognize sex but to refuse to idolize it.

"Your selections are increasingly gratifying. Long life to The Book League of America."

J. B. Ely
Gate City, Va.

"Our Book League Monthlies are most of them enjoyed very much—not all—which is not to be expected— May I add my sincere appreciation of the comments of Mr. N. W. Elson on *Prima Donna* (February issue)? Music is my greatest love—and *Prima Donna* is certainly lewd and filthy and unworthy of the highest, purest, noblest in that art—music. Some feel it was artistically written. One's tastes and standards do certainly differ and who shall say that my standards and ideals are not right because I do not agree? So that book (much debated), is dismissed with a shrug, not entirely read even—but that very wonderful book of Wassermann's, *The Maurizius Case* and *—& Co.* and some others, overshadow it so completely that we feel well satisfied."

Alice Syrdal Tetlie
Two Harbors, Minn.

"Because I am sending in my fourth payment at this time—I desire to say a few things in favor of, and in criticism of Our League. If you wonder at the use of the word Our, I will say that I feel that I belong to your Board of Critics—an establishment of which very little has been said thus far, but I hope to have a little better Board in the near future because I am going to do my share—now.

"What would you like to read? If you want a standard book like *The Maurizius Case,* why not try *Crime and Punishment?* The books are not alike but the forms are alike. You can almost picture Maurizius as being the hero of Dostoevsky's novel, however the real hero is Raskolnikov—a student.

"If you should want another *Prima Donna* novel, why not try *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* which happens to be a story from the opposite stand-point—that of a boy.

"Perhaps you liked *Zola,* or *Louis XIV*. Well, just try *Marius the Epicurean* and see Zola doing the things. Then try *The Education of Henry Adams,* and get his viewpoint of education on character; perhaps after reading it you will not be so sure—some of you—that education did not make Louis that way. Because I am a teacher I can say what I would about my own calling, and I will say that 'Blessed are the poor students that can't understand the highest thoughts of their teachers, because they cannot fail in life by obtaining the foolish viewpoints that many teachers have obtained.'

"I cannot imagine a person that would like all of the Monthly books sent out last year. Having received fifteen novels or books in the magazine form thus far, please let me state my Big Three—*Joe Pete* comest first because it is a realistic novel, with a human appeal. I have made a study of the life and attitudes of the Indian, and Joe Pete would be the kind of an Indian that I should like to have as a friend. *Maurizius Case* comes second, because of the social background which it represents. Prison slavery represents, to my mind, the worst existence known to a thinking man. I know that if I should ever commit, or be found guilty of committing an act involving 'life sentence' I would much rather hang—guilty or not—because a thinker will go crazy, and I have been told that I think too much for my own good now. *The Rebel Generation* is selected as the final novel, because it represents the attitude of mind of the young person—the person that a teacher can, but almost never does reach, by schoolroom activities. It proves, if proof be needed, that culture for culture's sake is a thing of the past. Unless some agency takes the case in hand and works hard, culture cannot remain among the living forces in this world. With that in mind may I offer a suggestion? Select more books that would appeal to the average child of High School age. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean light fiction, but rather short stories, poems, essays and true life novels. Children can't and won't read historical fiction, sociological novels or books of psychology.

"I like your magazines. The three given above are all better than the twelve novels received from a much talked about and very popular company, and your worst novel is not as bad as their worst novel.

"Have read *—& Co.* with interest, but it does not rank up with any of the three books I named in my last letter. The characters are not so nearly human as those in any of the other three books. However, it is better than the books put out by a rival league for February."

Alton W. Arnold
Wharton, O.

"I am only a new member of The League, but I feel that I must write to tell you how delighted I am with the books that I have received. I have already started to antedate my subscription, and feel so much inclined to keep on antedating it so as to get all your publications, that I shall soon be taking out a new subscription before I have finished the old one—if you know what I mean!

"I am reveling in *Zola* just at present. It has made me appreciate even more a book of which I was already very fond, namely Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*. I have had to read it through again.

"*Louis XIV* I find extremely interesting and readable. I do not know why some members seem to dislike it so much. Perhaps the author does insist rather too frequently on the 'inferiority complex'—one can grasp that at the beginning—so as to be wearisome on that point, but otherwise I consider the book very enjoyable. Of course not on the high delightful plane of Fay's *Franklin*.

"*Mirabeau* I have yet to read. *The Maurizius Case* was simply splendid and *Daughters of Eve* thrills me with its delicate touch. *Joe Pete* is absolutely true. I lived for some years among Indians on a Reserve about six miles from here, and got to see them very much in the same light as the authoress of *Joe Pete*. I feel it is the book that I should have written but could not.

"You can guess with what longing I look forward to the classics coming. I am on an isolated farm and cut off from all 'culture.' Please include other titles as I have so many of those on your list. May I join my pleas with those members who have begged for *Jean Christophe*—a series I long to possess? Also Balzac's great books.

"I should very much like the monthly books to be more on the lines of belles lettres of *America Comes of Age* rather than too much fiction. But I am only suggesting, not criticizing. I am delighted. I sent *Joe Pete* to my father in England, so as to give him a real idea of Indian life, so I shall be wanting another copy for myself."

Marian Strapp
Wiarton, Ont.

"The two issues of the Monthly that I have received I have enjoyed wholeheartedly. To my mind *—& Co.* should rank with the finest in contemporary 'novel-ry.' I like characters of substance be they as high-minded as Hamlet or as villainous as Iago—coarse-grained or fine. The Simlers were characters of substance. As for *Gladiator*, it appealed to my romantic idealism and tweaked my imagination. Who hasn't imagined himself just such a super-man as Hugo Danner?"

Walter A. Davis, Jr.
Cornwall, Conn.

"What other Book Club has, in the same length of time, sent its patrons such fine books as *The Maurizius Case, Joe Pete, Daughters of Eve, — & Co.*? None. I could wish the Monthly shorter, so when bound the volumes would present a less awkward appearance, but that is rather like carping in view of your splendid selections. I continue to think *Prima Donna* one of your best and most important books. Uneventful, prosaic lives do not furnish material for interesting biography or fiction."

O. A. Williamson
Greenville, Miss.

"Many thanks for your prompt forwarding of the duplicate number of the January monthly to replace the one I never received. I should indeed have been [illegible] to miss the *Daughters of Eve*. I have [illegible] or three of these biographical sketc[illegible] issues of *The Yale Review* and am [illegible]ed to have more of them.

"I am enclosing check for the fourth installment of my subscription—this is one of the few instances when it is a pleasure to write a check."

Julia T. Colquitt
Washington, D. C.

"I enjoyed *Daughters of Eve* a great deal, but *The Maurizius Case* is far and away the grandest book you've given us yet. You deserve a word of praise for the cover designs on your paper editions. They are always interesting."

H. J. Horswill
Oakland, Cal.

"Have received ten of my twelve cloth-bound books and am very much pleased with them. Was very much pleased that the last Book League Monthly contained the writing of Gamaliel Bradford. Have not had a chance to read it yet, but I know I have a treat in store. Enjoyed *Joe Pete* very much, though it was sad. Thought *The Maurizius Case* was splendid."

Mrs. K. M. Hardy
Frankfort, Ind.

"The majority of your monthly selections have been very worth while, and I've enjoyed reading all of those that I've had time for. But can't you let us have a little more poetry? For example, *Firehead*, by Lola Ridges, would have made a splendid contribution. And may I add my voice to those clamoring for drama?"

Charles W. Sheldon
Newark, N. J.

"Considering the variety of tastes you must cater for, I think your selections are wonderful. My copy of *Joe Pete* is worn threadbare—I just adore it. *The Love of the Foolish Angel* was an exquisite thing—few volumes of its perfection are ever produced. On the whole my membership with you is a very satisfactory connection. May you have success, and your readers desire and get more real historical novels and more *Joe Pete.*"

Julia Rochelle
Indianapolis, Ind.

"I have enjoyed every number since *Zola* brought you before the public. *Daughters of Eve* just arrived. I have read just a few pages but I know I am going to like this selection. Let me especially commend you on *The Maurizius Case.* You deserve a large subscription list."

Scott D. Slaughter
London O.

"Thank you for the service you are rendering by making it possible for many of us to get the new books and old as well, at a moderate price."

Margaret F. Clifford
Kalispell, Mont.

"I enjoy my Book League books so much. The shipment of standard books sent the first of the year are all that I expected them to be and more. I hope every one feels the satisfaction I do in possessing them."

Esther B. Lee
Lexington, Mass.

"I have received my copy of the January issue of the Book League Monthly. It looks as if it will prove interesting. I have also received two of the bound books, *Kotto* and *Leaves of Grass.* These make a total of eleven, leaving one to be sent. I am well pleased with all my bound books, my only regret being that twelve is the limit.

"*The Maurizius Case* seems to get better with every page. You picked a prize-winner in that book."

Frank N. Volk
State College, Pa.

"My friend, Mrs. E. B. Beasley, is an enthusiastic member of the Book League. I have read several of the League Books. They are far above the average. *The Maurizius Case* thrilled me!"

Therese Waelchli
Ruxton, Md.

"I think *The Maurizius Case* is *magnificent.*"

Vivian Pierce
Executive Secretary, American League to Abolish Capital Punishment
New York, N. Y.

"This morning I received in the mail the February Monthly, which, from a cursory inspection, looks to be the best issue since *The Virtue of This Jest* and *The Love of the Foolish Angel,* both of which were grand.

"I am pleased to own all the bound copies and anticipate much pleasure and instruction from them. May I be another one to ask if the bindings of these books can't be varied just a little—at least vary the uniformity a little from year to year? As is, however, I consider The Book League by far the best book club in existence, after subscribing to two of the others. None of the monthly selections have been bad, and four or five have been superb."

Ensign F. C. Manville
San Pedro, Cal.

"I have enjoyed the service of the League a great deal and, in most cases, have found the selections worth while to me. I prize the first two and the last three which I have received most of all. *Zola* is powerful writing; I found it hard to put down *The Rebel Generation* until I had finished it; *Winter Words* I like best of all, from Mr. Colum's introduction to Mr. Bennet's woodcuts. I hope we may have more poetry and more woodcuts. *Joe Pete* is such a lovely human story that I shall have to read it again I know. *—& Co.* has some of the most striking descriptions in it that it has been my pleasure to read in a long time. These five are your prize selections so far, I think. Of the others, some were good writing that I was glad to have read, and some frankly bored me.

"Of course, I realize that you cannot please every one all the time. I was glad when *Joe Pete* came to find both the author and the subject American. I have been wondering why you slighted our own authors.

"Thank you too, for the twelve books of my own selection. I find them very attractive and pleasant to read and handle."

Mrs. Paul T. Heineman
Plattsmouth, Neb.

"*Daisy Miller,* by Henry James, rather touched me—the end was rather unexpected—too abrupt—but wonderfully and artistically introduced, then ended, thus leaving me unprepared for Daisy's death. It is a swift-moving, never-to-be-forgotten, pathetic, little romance—typical of your works. My favorite hobby is books. I am proud to say that such books as *Zola, The Virtue of This Jest, Dr. Krasinsky's Secret, The Maurizius Case, Joe Pete* adorn my shelves. With *The Travels of Marco Polo* I was through the East, and with *The Stormy Life of Mirabeau* and *Louis XIV* through the West of the Western Hemisphere. *Instinct and Intelligence* has made me think; *The Rebel Generation,* wonder; and *The Virtue of This Jest,* smile. Your books—a splendid offering to the wise."

H. Syd Racer
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The *Walt Whitman* by Bailey is more than interesting and how real Ben Franklin's own biography is. I read it after reading Fay's biography. I have yet to receive a monthly selection or a standard book that isn't to my satisfaction. I more than appreciate the service you are giving."

Philip A. Scott
Woburn, Mass.

"Suggestion for 1930 bound books: *Creative Chemistry,* by Slosson, surely, as a League Memorial. *Conquest of Mexico* by Prescott. Second the requests of other members of the League for something by Voltaire. Also Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of Rome. Woman, Church and State,* by Matilda Joslyn Gage.

"When are we to receive a scientific work in the Monthly?"

Harriet Lothrop Raasch
Fremont Centre, N. Y.

"May I suggest the following additions to your classics: *The Brothers Karamazov* (Dostoevsky), *War and Peace* (Tolstoy), *Anna Karenina* (Tolstoy), *Red and Black* (Stendhal), *Lavengro* (Borr[illegible] of Arthur Schnitzler's Plays, such [illegible]*y Way* (*Der Einsame Weg*) and [illegible] *of Life* (*Der Ruf des Lebens*), *The Cloister and the Hearth* (Reade), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (Hardy), *The Woodlanders* (Hardy), *The Count of Monte Cristo* (Dumas), *Les Miserable* (Hugo) some of Aristophanes, such as *The Clouds, The Frogs* and *The Birds.*"

Major J. S. Bragdon
Manila, P. I.

"In spite of all good intentions, I have so far failed to acknowledge the receipt of the very pleasing and satisfactory shipment of books received in January. I am becoming more enthusiastic in my support of the Book League Monthly every year and have told many friends about it. By choosing a fair proportion of books in which my husband is interested, I have transformed him from a lukewarm supporter into quite a booster.

"I wish to thank you for all the real enjoyment my whole family has gained from our subscription to the Book League Monthly at a cost which is certainly small compared with the benefits received. The children's books have been very charming and beautifully illustrated."

Mrs. Tremayne Hayden
Chicago, Ill.

"It was a splendid idea to include children's books in your supplementary list. They seem like a gift to our four, and they have read and reread the ones already received and look forward to having the rest.

"As for the Monthlies, we think that they are improving. The last four or five selections have been fine. I think you should be especially praised for distributing the exquisite *Love of the Foolish Angel.* We also hope that you will let us have a shocker like *Doctor Krazinski* occasionally. And don't lend too sharp an ear to those who would have you submit your selections to the Watch and Ward Society for approval."

Frank Shick
Jamaica, N. Y.

"This is the best book investment ever made; every one of the paper covers are bull's-eye shots.'

W. A. Spangler
Wyoming, O.

* * *

WHO'S WHO AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Harry Elmer Barnes	*Author of "The New History and Social Studies" and "Twilight of Christianity," and other books on cognate themes.*
Randolph Bartlett	*Has contributed historical studies to various magazines.*
Helen Berlin	*Contributor to periodicals.*
Glenn Hughes	*Professor of English and Dramatic Art, Scripps College; author of "The Story of the Theatre," and of a number of plays; editor of University of Washington Chapbooks.*
Marjory M. Jacobson	*Contributor to periodicals.*
Lorine Purette	*Is the author of "St. Genevieve" and several other fictions.*
Harold J. Salemson	*Editor of Tambour and a well-known critic of French and American letters.*
Joseph Tenenbaum	*Is a well-known psychiatrist and author of "The Riddle of Sex."*
S. L. Thomas	*Has been a student of Johnson's works for many years.*
Mark Van Doren	*Formerly Literary Editor of The Nation, a well-known poet, and author of a life of Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

THE BOOK LEAGUE MONTHLY IS SET THROUGHOUT IN TWELVE AND TEN POINT GRANJON, A TYPE FACE INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA LESS THAN TWO YEARS AGO. DESIGNED BY MR. GEORGE W. JONES OF LONDON, GRANJON HAS BEEN WIDELY ACCLAIMED BY THE EXPERTS AS ONE OF THE MOST STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL FACES EVER CUT FOR THE MACHINE. A RECENT ISSUE OF THE "FLEURON" DESCRIBED IT AS "A BOOK FACE WORTHY TO RANK WITH CASLON FOR USEFULNESS, WITH CENTAUR FOR BEAUTY; SHARP ENOUGH FOR PUBLICITY, CLEAR ENOUGH FOR A DICTIONARY." IT IS MODELLED ON A TYPE USED IN MANY BEAUTIFUL FRENCH BOOKS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY WHOSE DESIGN IS ATTRIBUTED TO CLAUDE GARAMOND. THE NAME OF GRANJON WAS DECIDED UPON AS A COMPLIMENT TO THE GREAT TYPE FOUNDER AND PRINTER, ALTHOUGH IT BEARS NO RELATION TO ANY FACE HE CUT. THE MANUFACTURING WAS DONE BY

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